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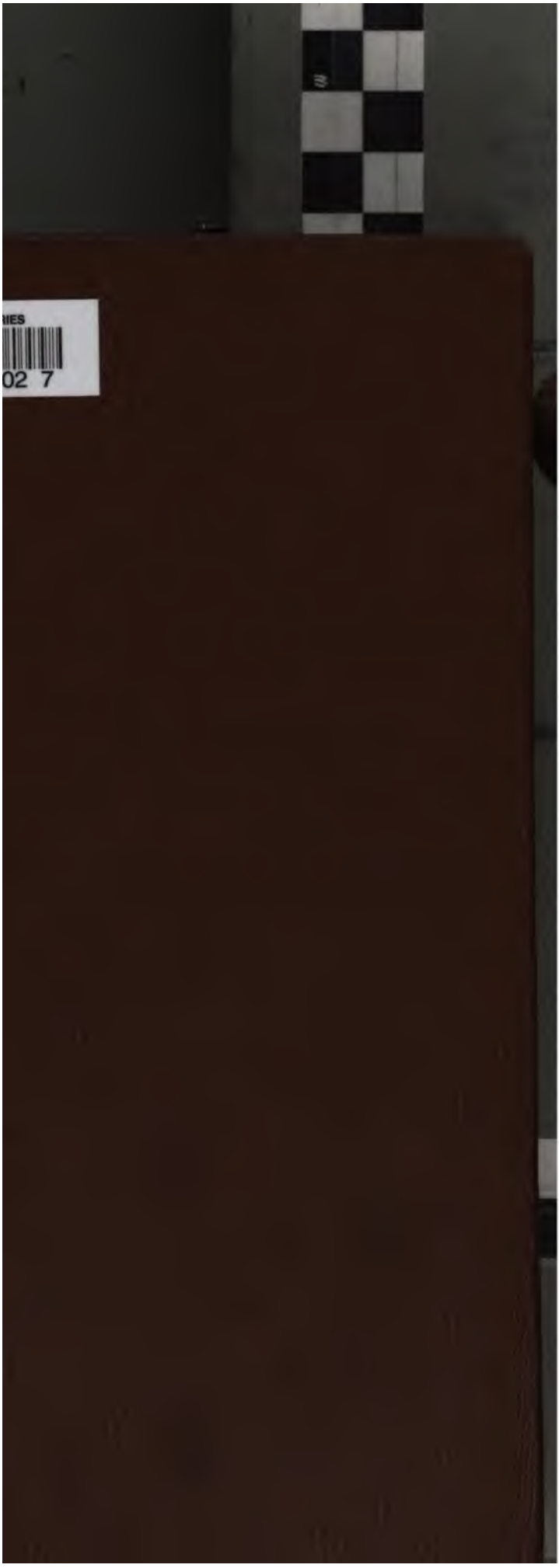
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Swift

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THE

WORKS

OF THE

Rev. Dr. Jonathan Swift,

DEAN OF ST. PATRICK's, DUBLIN.

ARRANGED, REVISED, AND CORRECTED,
WITH NOTES,
By THOMAS SHERIDAN, A. M.

A NEW EDITION,
IN SEVENTEEN VOLUMES.

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OF THE

FIFTEENTH VOLUME.

Journal to Stella *concluded.*

THE

Dr. SWIFT's JOURNAL

TO

STELLA.

LETTER XIX.

London, March 24, 1710-11.

IT was a little croſs in Preſto not to ſend to-day to the Coffee-houſe to ſee whether there was a letter from MD before I ſent away mine; but faith I did it on purpoſe, becauſe I would ſcorn to anſwer two letters of yours ſucceſſively. This way of journal is the worſt in the world for writing of news, unleſs one does it the laſt day; and ſo I will obſerve henceforward, if there be any politicks or ſtuff worth ſending. My ſhin mends in ſpite of the ſcratching laſt night. I dined to-day at Ned Southwell's with the Biſhop of Oſſory and a parcel of Iriſh gentlemen. Have you yet ſeen any of the Spectators? Juſt three weeks to-day ſince I had your laſt, N. 11. I am afraid I have loſt one by the pacquet that was taken; that will vex me, con-

ſidering the pains MD take to write, eſpecially poor Stella, and her weak eyes, God bleſs them and the owner, and ſend them well, and little me together, I hope ere long. This illneſs of Mr. Harley puts every thing backwards, and he is ſtill down, and like to be ſo, by that extravaſated blood which comes from his breaſt to the wound: it was by the ſecond blow Guiſcard gave him after the penknife was broken. I am ſhocked at that villainy whenever I think of it. Biddy Floyd is paſt danger, but will loſe all her beauty: ſhe had them mighty thick, eſpecially about her noſe.

25. Morning. I wiſh you a merry new-year; this is the firſt day of the year, you know, with us, and 'tis Lady-day. I muſt riſe and go to my Lord Keeper: it is not ſhaving-day to-day, ſo I ſhall be early. I am to dine with Mr. Secretary St. John. Good morrow, my miſtreſſes both, good morrow. Stella will be peeping out of her room at Mrs. de Caudres' down upon the folks as they come from church *; and there comes Mrs. Proby, and that's my Lady Southwell, and there's Lady Betty Rochfort. I long to hear how you are ſettled in your new lodgings. I wiſh I were rid of my old ones, and that Mrs. Brent could contrive to put up my books in boxes, and lodge them in ſome ſafe place, and you keep my papers of importance. But I muſt riſe, I tell you.—At night. So I viſited and dined as I told you, and what of that? We have let Guiſ-

* MD's lodgings were exactly oppoſite to St. Mary's church.

card

card be buried at laſt, after ſhewing him pickled in a trough this fortnight for two-pence a piece; and the fellow that ſhewed would point to his body, and, See, gentlemen, this is the wound that was given him by his Grace the Duke of Ormond; and this is the wound, &c. and then the ſhow was over, and another ſet of rabble came in. 'Tis hard that our laws would not ſuffer us to hang his body in chains, becauſe he was not tried; and in the eye of our law every man is innocent till then.—Mr. Harley is ſtill very weak, and never out of bed.

26. This was a moſt delicious day; and my ſhin being paſt danger, I walkt like lightning above two hours in the Park. We have generally one fair day, and then a great deal of rain for three or four days together. All things are at a ſtop in parliament for want of Mr. Harley; they cannot ſtir an inch without him in their moſt material affairs: and we fear by the caprice of Radcliffe, who will admit none but his own ſurgeon, he has not been well lookt after. I dined at an alehouſe with Mr. Lewis, but had his wine. Don't you begin to ſee the flowers and bloſſoms of the field? How buſy ſhould I now be at Laracor? No news of your box? I hope you have it, and are this minute drinking the chocolate, and that the ſmell of the Brazil tobacco has not affected it. I would be glad to know whether you like it, becauſe I would ſend you more by people that are now every day thinking of going to Ireland; therefore pray tell me, and tell me ſoon; and I will have the ſtrong box.

27. A rainy wretched ſcurvy day from morning till night: and my neighbour Vanhomrigh invited me to dine with them: and this evening I paſſed at Mr. Prior's with Dr. Friend; and 'tis now paſt twelve, ſo I muſt go ſleep.

28. Morning. Oh faith, you're an impudent ſaucy couple of ſluttekins for preſuming to write ſo ſoon, ſaid I to myſelf this morning; who knows but there may be a letter from MD at the Coffee-houſe? Well, you muſt know, and ſo, I juſt now ſent Patrick, and he brought me three letters, but not one from MD, no indeed, for I read all the ſuperſcriptions; and not one from MD. One I opened, it was from the Archbiſhop; t'other I opened, it was from Staunton; the third I took, and lookt at the hand. Whoſe hand is this? ſays I; yes, ſays I, whoſe hand is this? then there was wax between the folds; then I began to ſuſpect; then I peeped; faith, it was Walls's hand after all: then I opened it in a rage, and then it was little MD's hand, dear, little, pretty, charming MD's ſweet hand again. O Lord, en't here a clutter and a ſtir, and a buſtle, never ſaw the like. Faith, I believe yours lay ſome days at the poſt-office, and that it came before my eighteenth went, but that I did not expect it, and I hardly ever go there. Well, and ſo you think I'll anſwer this letter now; no faith, and ſo I won't. I'll make you wait, young women; but I'll enquire immediately about poor Dingley's exchequer trangum *. What, is that Ve-

* He muſt mean an Exchequer tally.

del

del again a ſoldier? Was he broke? I'll put it in Ben Tooke's hand. I hope Vedel could not ſell it. —At night. Vedel, Vedel, poh, pox, I think it is Vedeau; aye Vedeau, now I have it; let me ſee, do you name him in yours? Yes, Mr. John Vedeau is the brother; but where does this brother live? I'll enquire. This was a faſt-day for the publick; ſo I dined late with Sir Matthew Dudley, whom I have not been with a great while. He is one of thoſe that muſt loſe his employment whenever the great ſhake comes; and I can't contribute to keep him in, though I have dropt words in his favour to the miniſtry; but he has been too violent a whig, and friend to the Lord Treaſurer *, to ſtay in. 'Tis odd to think how long they let thoſe people keep their places; but the reaſon is, they have not enough to ſatisfy all expecters, and ſo they keep them all in hopes, that they may be good boys in the mean time; and thus the old ones hold in ſtill. The comptroller told me, that there are eight people expect his ſtaff. I walkt after dinner to-day round the Park. What, do I write politicks to little young women? Hold your tongue, and go to your dean's.

29. Morning. If this be a fine day I will walk into the city, and ſee Charles Barnard's library. What care I for your letter, your ſaucy N. 12? I will ſay nothing to it yet: faith, I believe this will be full before its time, and then go it muſt. I will always write once a fortnight; and if it goes ſooner by filling ſooner, why then there is ſo much clear

* Earl of Godolphin.

gain. Morrow, morrow, rogues and laſſes both, I can't lie ſcribbling here in bed for your play; I muſt riſe, and ſo morrow again.—At night. Your friend Montgomery and his ſiſter are here, as I am told by Patrick: I have ſeen him often, but take no notice of him: he is grown very ugly and pimpled. They tell me he is a gameſter, and wins money.—How could I help it, pray? Patrick ſnufft the candle too ſhort, and the greaſe ran down upon the paper *. It en't my fault, 'tis Patrick's fault; pray now don't blame Preſto. I walkt to-day into the city and dined at a private houſe, and went to ſee the auction of poor Charles Barnard's books; they were in the middle of the phyſick books, ſo I bought none; and they are ſo dear, I believe I ſhall buy none, and there's an end; and go to Stoyte's, and I'll go ſleep.

30. Morning. This is Good-Friday, you muſt know, and I muſt riſe and go to Mr. Secretary about ſome buſineſs, and Mrs. Vanhomrigh deſires me to breakfaſt with her, becauſe ſhe is to intercede for Patrick, who is ſo often drunk and quarrelſome in the houſe, that I was reſolved to ſend him over; but he knows all the places where I ſend, and is ſo uſed to my ways, that it would be inconvenient to me; but when I come to Ireland, I will diſcharge him †. Sir Thomas Manſel, one of the Lords of the Treaſury, ſetting me down at my door to-day,

* It cauſed a violent daub on the paper, which ſtill continues much diſcoloured in the original.

† He forgot here to ſay, At night. See what goes before.

ſaw

ſaw Patrick, and ſwore he was a Teaguelander. I am ſo uſed to his face, I never obſerved it, but thought him a pretty fellow. Sir Andrew Fountain and I ſupped this faſt-day with Mrs. Vanhomrigh. We were afraid Mr. Harley's wound would turn to a fiſtula; but we think the danger is now paſt. He riſes every day, and walks about his room, and we hope he'll be out in a fortnight. Prior ſhewed me a handſome paper of verſes he has writ on Mr. Harley's accident: they are not out; I will ſend them to you, if he will give me a copy.

31. Morning. What ſhall we do to make April fools this year, now it happens on Sunday? Patrick brings word that Mr. Harley ſtill mends, and is up every day. I deſign to ſee him in a few days: and he brings me word too that he has found out Vedeau's brother's ſhop: I ſhall call there in a day or two. It ſeems the wife lodges next door to the brother. I doubt the ſcoundrel was broke, and got a commiſſion, or perhaps is a voluntier gentleman, and expects to get one by his valour. Morrow, ſirrahs, let me riſe.—At night. I dined to-day with Sir Thomas Manſel. We were walking in the Park, and Mr. Lewis came to us. Manſel aſkt where we dined? We ſaid, together. He ſaid, we ſhould dine with him, only his wife deſired him to bring nobody, becauſe ſhe had only a leg of mutton. I ſaid, I would dine with him to chooſe; but he would ſend a ſervant to order a plate or two: yet this man has ten thouſand pounds a year in land, and is a Lord of the Treaſury, and is not covetous

neither, but runs out merely by flattering and negligence. The worſt dinner I ever ſaw at the Dean's was better: but ſo it is with abundance of people here. I called at night at Mr. Harley's, who begins to walk in his room with a ſtick, but is mighty weak.—See how much I have loſt with that ugly greaſe *. 'Tis your fault, pray; and I'll go to bed.

April 1. The Duke of Buckingham's houſe fell down laſt night with an earth-quake, and is half ſwallowed up;—Won't you go and ſee it?—An April fool, an April fool, oh ho, young women. Well, don't be angry, I'll make you an April fool no more till the next time: we had no ſport here, becauſe it is Sunday, and Eaſter-Sunday. I dined with the Secretary, who ſeemed terribly down and melancholy, which Mr. Prior and Lewis obſerved as well as I: perhaps ſomething is gone wrong; perhaps there is nothing in it. God bleſs my own deareſt MD, and all is well.

2. We have ſuch windy weather, 'tis troubleſome walking, yet all the rabble have got into our Park theſe Eaſter holidays. I am plagued with one Richardſon, an Iriſh parſon, and his project of printing Iriſh bibles, &c. to make you Chriſtians in that country: I befriend him what I can on account of the Archbiſhop and Biſhop of Clogher.—But what buſineſs have I to meddle, *&c.* Don't you

* The candle-greaſe mentioned before, which ſoaked through, and deformed this part of the paper on the ſecond page.

remember

remember that, ſirrah Stella? what was that about, when you thought I was meddling with ſomething that was not my buſineſs? Oh faith, you are an impudent ſlut, I remember your doings, I'll never forget you as long as I live. Lewis and I dined together at his lodgings. But where's the anſwer to this letter of MD's. O faith, Preſto, you muſt think of that. Time enough, ſays ſaucy Preſto.

3. I was this morning to ſee Mrs. Barton; I love her better than any one here, and ſee her ſeldomer. Why really now, ſo it often happens in the world, that where one loves a body beſt—pſhah, pſhah, you are ſo ſilly with your moral obſervations. Well, but ſhe told me a very good ſtory. An old gentlewoman died here two months ago, and left in her will, to have eight men and eight maids bearers, who ſhould have two guineas apiece, ten guineas to the parſon for a ſermon, and two guineas to the clerk. But bearers, parſon and clerk, muſt be all true virgins; and not to be admitted till they took their oaths of virginity: ſo the poor woman lies ſtill unburied, and ſo muſt do till the general reſurrection.—I called at Mr. Secretary's, to ſee what the D— ailed him on Sunday; I made him a very proper ſpeech, told him, I obſerved he was much out of temper; that I did not expect he would tell me the cauſe, but would be glad to ſee he was in better; and one thing I warned him of, never to appear cold to me, for I would not be treated like a ſchool-boy; that I had felt too much of that in my life already (meaning Sir William Temple) that I expected

every

every great Miniſter, who honoured me with his acquaintance, if he heard or ſaw any thing to my diſadvantage, would let me know it in plain words, and not put me in pain to gueſs by the change or coldneſs of his countenance or behaviour; for it was what I would hardly bear from a crowned head, and I thought no ſubject's favour was worth it; and that I deſigned to let my Lord Keeper and Mr. Harley know the ſame thing, that they might uſe me accordingly. He took all right; ſaid, I had reaſon; vowed nothing ailed him but ſitting up whole nights at buſineſs, and one night at drinking; would have had me dined with him and Mrs. Maſham's brother, to make up matters; but I would not. I don't know, but I would not. But indeed I was engaged with my old friend Rollinſon, you never heard of him before.

4. I ſometimes look a line or two back, and ſee plaguy miſtakes of the pen; how do you get over them? you are puzzled ſometimes. Why, I think what I ſaid to Mr. Secretary was right. Don't you remember how I uſed to be in pain when Sir William Temple would look cold and out of humour for three or four days, and I uſed to ſuſpect a hundred reaſons. I have pluckt up my ſpirit ſince then, faith; he ſpoiled a fine Gentleman. I dined with my neighbour Vanhomrigh, and MD, poor MD, at home on a loin of mutton and half a pint of wine, and the mutton was raw, poor Stella could not eat, poor dear rogue, and Dingley was ſo vext; but we'll dine at Stoyte's to-morrow. Mr. Harley

promiſed to ſee me in a day or two, ſo I called this evening; but his ſon and others were abroad, and he aſleep, ſo I came away, and found out Mrs. Vedeau. She drew out a letter from Dingley, and ſaid ſhe would get a friend to receive the money. I told her I would employ Mr. Tooke in it henceforward. Her huſband bought a lieutenancy of foot, and is gone to Portugal. He ſold his ſhare of the ſhop to his brother, and put out the money to maintain her, all but what bought the commiſſion. She lodges within two doors of her brother. She told me, it made her very melancholy to change her manner of life thus, but trade was dead, *&c.* She ſays, ſhe will write to you ſoon. I deſign to engage Ben Tooke, and then receive the parchment from her.—I gave Mr. Dopping a copy of Prior's verſes on Mr. Harley, he ſent them yeſterday to Ireland, ſo go look for them, for I won't be at the trouble to tranſcribe them here. They will be printed in a day or two. Give my hearty ſervice to Stoyte and Catherine; upon my word I love them dearly, and deſire you will tell them ſo: pray deſire goody Stoyte not to let Mrs. Walls and Mrs. Johnſon cheat her of her money at ombre, but aſſure her from me, that ſhe is a bungler. Dine with her to-day, and tell her ſo, and drink my health, and good voyage, and ſpeedy return, and ſo you're a rogue.

5. Morning. Now let us proceed to examine a ſaucy letter from one Madam MD.—God Almighty bleſs poor dear Stella, and ſend her a great many birth-days, all happy and healthy, and wealthy, and with

with me ever together, and never aſunder again, unleſs by chance. When I find you are happy or merry there, it makes me ſo here, and I can hardly imagine you abſent when I am reading your letter, or writing to you. No faith, you are juſt here upon this little paper, and therefore I ſee and talk with you every evening conſtantly, and ſometimes in the morning, but not always in the morning, becauſe that is not ſo modeſt to young Ladies.—What, you would fain palm a letter on me more than you ſent; and I, like a fool, muſt look over all yours, to ſee whether this was really N. 12. or more. Patrick has this moment brought me letters from the Biſhop of Clogher and Parviſol; my heart was at my mouth for fear of one from MD; what a diſgrace would it be to have two of yours to anſwer together? but faith this ſhall go to night, for fear, and then come when it will, I defy it. No, you are not naughty at all, write when you are diſpoſed. And ſo the Dean told you the ſtory of Mr. Harley from the Archbiſhop; I warrant it never ſpoiled your ſupper, or broke off your game. Nor yet, have not you the box; I wiſh Mrs. Edgworth had the —. But you have it now, I ſuppoſe; and is the chocolate good, or has the tobacco ſpoiled it? Leigh ſtays till Sterne has done his buſineſs, no longer; and when that will be, God knows: I befriend him as much as I can, but Mr. Harley's accident ſtops that as well as all things elſe. You gueſs, Madam Dingley, that I ſhall ſtay a round twelvemonth; as hope ſaved, I would come over, if I could, this minute; but we will

will talk of that bye and bye.—Your affair of Vedeau I have told you of already; now to the next, turn over the leaf. Mrs. Dobbins lies, I have no more proviſion here or in Ireland than I had. I am pleaſed that Stella the conjurer approves what I did with Mr. Harley *; but your generoſity makes me mad; I know you repine inwardly at Preſto's abſence; you think he has broken his word of coming in three months, and that this is always his trick; and now Stella ſays, ſhe does not ſee poſſibly how I can come away in haſte, and that MD is ſatisfied, &c. An't you a rogue to overpower me thus? I did not expect to find ſuch friends as I have done. They may indeed deceive me too. But there are important reaſons [Pox on this greaſe, this candle tallow!] why they ſhould not †. I have been uſed barbarouſly by the late Miniſtry; I am a little piqued in honour to let people ſee I am not to be deſpiſed. The aſſurances they give me, without any ſcruple or provocation, are ſuch as are uſually believed in the world; they may come to nothing, but the firſt opportunity that offers, and is neglected, I ſhall depend no more, but come away ‡. I could ſay a thouſand things on this head, if I were with you. I am thinking why Stella ſhould not go to the Bath, if ſhe be told it will do her good; I will make Parviſol get up fifty pounds, and pay it you;

* In relation to the Bank Note.

† Swift was, at this time, their great ſupport and champion.

‡ And ſo at laſt he threatened; or perhaps he never would have got that trifling Deanry of St. Patrick's.

and

and you may be good houſewives, and live cheap there ſome months, and return in Autumn, or viſit London, as you pleaſe: pray think of it. I writ to Bernage, directed to Curry's; I wiſh he had the letter. I will ſend the bohea tea, if I can. The Biſhop of Kilmore, I don't keep ſuch company; an old dying fool whom I was never with in my life. So I am no godfather; all the better. Pray, Stella, explain thoſe two words of yours to me, what you mean by *Villian*, and *Dainger* *, and you, Madam Dingley, what is *Chriſtianing?*——Lay your letter *this way*, *this way*, and the devil a bit of difference between this way and t'other way. No; I'll ſhew you, lay them *this way*, *this way*, and not *that way*, *that way* †.——You ſhall have your aprons; and I'll put all your commiſſions as they come, in a paper together, and don't think I'll forget MD's orders, becauſe they are friends; I'll be as careful, as if they were ſtrangers. I know not what to do about this Clements. Walls will not let me ſay any thing, as if Mr. Pratt was againſt him; and now the Biſhop of Clogher has written to me in his behalf. This thing does not rightly fall in my way, and that people never conſider: I always give my good offices where they are proper, and that I am judge of; however, I will do what I can. But, if

* It may be ſomewhat amazing to declare; but Stella, with all her wit and good ſenſe, ſpelled very ill. And Dr. Swift inſiſted greatly upon women's ſpelling well.

† The ſlope of the letters in the words *this way*, *this way*, is to the left hand, but the ſlope of the words *that way*, *that way*, is to the right hand.

he

he has the name of a Whig, it will be hard, conſidering my Lord Angleſea and Hyde are very much otherwiſe, and you know they have the employment of Deputy Treaſurer. If the frolick ſhould take you of going to the Bath, I here ſend you a note on Parviſol; if not, you may tear it, and there's an end. Farewel.

If you have an imagination that the Bath will do you good, I ſay again, I would have you go; if not, or it be inconvenient, burn this note. Or, if you would go, and not take ſo much money, take thirty pounds, and I will return you twenty from hence. Do as you pleaſe, ſirrahs. I ſuppoſe it will not be too late for the firſt ſeaſon; if it be, I would have you reſolve however to go the ſecond ſeaſon, if the Doctors ſay it will do you good, and you fancy ſo.

LETTER XX.

London, April 5, 1711.

I PUT my nineteenth in the poſt-office juſt now myſelf, as I came out of the city, where I dined. This rain ruins me in coach-hire; I walkt away ſixpennyworth, and came within a ſhilling length, and then took a coach, and got a lift back for nothing; and am now buſy.

6. Mr. Secretary deſired I would ſee him this morning, ſaid he had ſeveral things to ſay to me, and ſaid not one; and the Duke of Ormond ſent

to

to deſire I would meet him at Mr. Southwell's by ten this morning too, which I did, thinking it was ſome particular matter. All the Iriſh in town were there, to conſult upon preventing a bill for laying a duty on Iriſh yarn; ſo we talkt awhile, and then all went to the lobby of the Houſe of Commons, to ſolicit our friends, and the Duke came among the reſt; and Lord Angleſea ſolicited admirably, and I did wonders. But after all, the matter was put off till Monday, and then we are to be at it again. I dined with Lord Mountjoy, and lookt over him at cheſs, which put me in mind of Stella and Griffyth. I came home, and that dog Patrick was not within, ſo I fretted, and fretted, and what good did that do me? And ſo get you gone to your Deans, you couple of queans. I can't find rhyme to Walls and Stoyte.—Yes, yes, You expect Mrs. Walls, Be dreſs'd when ſhe calls, To carry you to Stoyte, Or elſe *honi ſoit*. Henley told me that the tories were inſupport-able people, becauſe they are for bringing in French claret, and will not ſup-port. Mr. Harley will hardly get abroad this week or ten days yet. I reckon when I ſend away this letter he will be juſt got into the houſe of commons. My laſt letter went in twelve days, and ſo perhaps may this. No it won't, for thoſe letters that go under a fortnight are anſwerers to one of yours, otherwiſe you muſt take the days as they happen, ſome dry, ſome wet, ſome barren, ſome fruitful, ſome merry, ſome inſipid; ſome, *&c.*—I will write you word exactly the firſt day I ſee young gooſeberries, and pray obſerve

ſerve how much later you are. We have not had five fine days this five weeks, but rain or wind. 'Tis a late Spring they ſay here.—Go to bed, you two dear ſaucy brats, and don't keep me up all night.

7. Ford has been at Epſom, to avoid Good-Friday and Eaſter-Sunday. He forced me to-day to dine with him; and tells me, there are letters from Ireland giving an account of a great indiſcretion in the Archbiſhop of Dublin, who applied a ſtory out of Tacitus very reflectingly on Mr. Harley, and that twenty people have written of it; I do not believe it yet. I called this evening to ſee Mr. Secretary, who had been very ill with the gravel and pain in his back, by Burgundy and Champagne, added to the ſitting up all night at buſineſs; I found him drinking tea while the reſt were at Champagne, and was very glad of it. I have chid him ſo ſeverely that I hardly knew whether he would take it well: then I went and ſat an hour with Mrs. St. John, who is growing a great favourite of mine; ſhe goes to the Bath on Wedneſday, for ſhe is much out of health, and has begged me to take care of the Secretary.

8. I dined to-day with Mr. Secretary St. John; he gave me a letter to read, which was from the publiſher of the news-paper called the Poſt-boy; in it there was a long copy of a letter from Dublin, giving an account of what the whigs ſaid upon Mr. Harley's being ſtabbed, and how much they abuſe him and Mr. Secretary St. John; and at the

end there was half a dozen lines, telling the ſtory of the Archbiſhop of Dublin, and abuſing him horribly; this was to be printed on Tueſday. I told the Secretary I would not ſuffer that about the Archbiſhop to be printed, and ſo I croſt it out; and afterwards, to prevent all danger, I made him give me the letter, and, upon farther thought, would let none of it be publiſhed: and I ſent for the printer and told him ſo, and ordered him, in the Secretary's name, to print nothing reflecting on any body in Ireland till he had ſhewed it me. Thus I have prevented a terrible ſcandal to the Archbiſhop, by a piece of perfect good fortune. I will let him know it by next poſt; and pray, if you pick it out, let me know, and whether he is thankful for it; but ſay nothing.

9. I was to-day at the Houſe of Commons again about this yarn, at Lord Angleſea's deſire, but the buſineſs is again put off till Monday. I dined with Sir John Stanley, by an aſſignation I had made with Mr. St. John, and George Granville, the Secretary at war, but they let in other company, ſome ladies, and ſo we were not as eaſy as I intended. My head is pretty tolerable, but every day I feel ſome little diſorders; I have left off ſnuff ſince Sunday, finding myſelf much worſe after taking a good deal at the Secretary's. I would not let him drink one drop of Champagne or Burgundy without water, and in compliment I did ſo myſelf. He is much better, but when he is well he is like Stella, and

will

will not be governed. So go to your Stoyte's, and I'll go ſleep.

10. I have been viſiting Lady Worſley and Mrs. Barton to-day, and dined ſoberly with my friend Lewis. The Dauphin is dead of an apoplexy; I wiſh he had lived till the finiſhing of this letter, that it might be news to you. Duncomb, the rich alderman, died to-day, and I hear has left the Duke of Argyle, who married his niece, two hundred thouſand pounds; I hope it is true, for I love that Duke mightily. I writ this evening to the Archbiſhop of Dublin, about what I told you; and then went to take leave of poor Mrs. St. John, who gave me ſtrict charge to take care of the Secretary in her abſence, ſaid ſhe had none to truſt but me; and the poor creature's tears came freſh into her eyes. Before we took leave, I was drawn in by the other ladies and Sir John Stanley to raffle for a fan, with a pox; it was four guineas, and we put in ſeven ſhillings apiece, ſeveral raffled for abſent people; but I loſt, and ſo miſt an opportunity of ſhewing my gallantry to Mrs. St. John, whom I deſigned to have preſented it to, if I had won. Is Dilly* gone to the Bath? His face will whizz in the water; I ſuppoſe he will write to us from thence, and will take London in his way back.—The rabble will ſay, There goes a drunken parſon, and which is worſe, they will ſay true. Oh, but you muſt know, I carried Ford to dine with Mr. St.

* The Reverend Dillon Aſhe.

John laſt Sunday, that he may brag when he goes back, of dining with a Secretary of State. The Secretary and I went away early, and left him drinking with the reſt, and he told me that two or three of them were drunk. They talk of great promotions to be made; that Mr. Harley is to be Lord Treaſurer, and Lord Poulet * Maſter of the Horſe, *&c.* but they are only conjecture. The Speaker is to make Mr. Harley a compliment the firſt time he comes into the Houſe, which I hope will be in a week. He has had an ill ſurgeon, by the caprice of that puppy Dr. Radcliffe; which has kept him back ſo long; and yeſterday he got a cold, but is better to-day.—What! I think I am ſtark mad to write ſo much in one day to little ſaucy MD; here's a deal of ſtuff, indeed; can't you bid thoſe little dear rogues good night, and let them go ſleep, Mr. Preſto? When your tongue runs there's no ho with you, pray.

11. Again at the lobby, like a lobcock, of the Houſe of Commons, about your Iriſh yarn, and again put off till Friday; and I and Patrick went into the city by water, where I dined, and then I went to the auction of Charles Barnard's books, but the good ones were ſo monſtrous dear, I could not reach them, ſo I laid out one pound ſeven ſhillings but very indifferently, and came away, and will go there no more. Henley would fain engage me to go with Steele and Rowe, &c. to an invitation at

* He was at this time firſt Commiſſioner of the Treaſury

Sir

Sir William Read's. Surely you have heard of him. He has been a mountebank, and is the Queen's oculiſt; he makes admirable punch, and treats you in gold veſſels. But I am engaged, and won't go, neither indeed am I fond of the jaunt. So good night, and go ſleep.

12. I went about noon to the Secretary, who is very ill with a cold, and ſometimes of the gravel, with his Champagne, &c. I ſcolded him like a dog, and he promiſes faithfully more care for the future. To-day my Lord Angleſea, and Sir Thomas Hanmer, and Prior and I dined, by appointment, with Lieutenant-General Webb. My Lord and I ſtaid till ten o'clock, but we drank ſoberly, and I always with water. There was with us one Mr. Campain, one of the October Club, if you know what that is; a club of country members, who think the miniſters are too backward in puniſhing and turning out the whigs. I found my Lord and the reſt thought I had more credit with the miniſtry than I pretend to have, and would have engaged me to put them upon ſomething that would ſatisfy their deſires, and indeed I think they have ſome reaſon to complain; however, I will not burn my fingers. I'll remember Stella's chiding; What had you to do with what did not belong to you, *&c.* However, you will give me leave to tell the miniſtry my thoughts when they aſk them, and other people's thoughts ſometimes when they do not aſk; ſo thinks Dingley.

13. I called this morning at Mrs. Vedeau's again, who has employed a friend to get the money; it will be done in a fortnight, and then ſhe will deliver me up the parchment. I went then to ſee Mr. Harley, who I hope will be out in a few days; he was in excellent good humour, only complained to me of the neglect of Guiſcard's cure, how glad he would have been to have had him live. Mr. Secretary came in to us, and we were very merry till Lord Chamberlain (Duke of Shrewſbury) came up; then Colonel Maſham and I went off, after I had been preſented to the Duke, and that we made two or three ſilly compliments ſuitable to the occaſion. Then I attended at the Houſe of Commons about your yarn, and 'tis again put off. Then Ford drew me to dine at a tavern, it happened to be the day and the houſe where the October Club dine. After we had dined, coming down we called to enquire, whether our yarn buſineſs had been over that day, and I ſent into the room for Sir George Beaumont. But I had like to be drawn into a difficulty; for in two minutes out comes Mr. Finch, Lord Guernſey's ſon, to let me know, that my Lord Compton, the ſteward of this feaſt, deſired, in the name of the club, that I would do them the honour to dine with them. I ſent my excuſes, adorned with about thirty compliments, and got off as faſt as I could. It would have been a moſt improper thing for me to dine there, conſidering my friendſhip for the miniſtry. The club is about a hundred and fifty, and near eighty of them were then going

to

to dinner at two long tables in a great ground room. At evening I went to the auction of Barnard's books, and laid out three pounds three ſhillings, but I'll go there no more; and ſo I ſaid once before, but now I'll keep to it. I forgot to tell that when I dined at Webb's with Lord Angleſea, I ſpoke to him of Clements, as one recommended for a very honeſt gentleman, and good officer, and hoped he would keep him: he ſaid, he had no thoughts otherwiſe, and that he ſhould certainly hold his place, while he continued to deſerve it; and I could not find there had been any intentions from his Lordſhip againſt him. But I tell you, hunny, the impropriety of this. A great man will do a favour for me, or for my friend; but why ſhould he do it for my friend's friend. Recommendations ſhould ſtop before they come to that. Let any friend of mine recommend one of his to me for a thing in my power, I will do it for his ſake; but to ſpeak to another for my friend's friend, is againſt all reaſon; and I deſire you will underſtand this, and diſcourage any ſuch troubles given me.—I hope this may do ſome good to Clements, it can do no hurt; and I find by Mrs. Pratt, that her huſband is his friend; and the Biſhop of Clogher ſays, Clements's danger is not from Pratt, but from ſome other enemies, that think him a whig.

14. I was ſo buſy this morning that I did not go out till late. I writ to-day to the Duke of Argyle, but ſaid nothing of Bernage, who, I believe, will not ſee him till Spain is conquered, and that

is not at all. I was to-day at Lord Shelburn's, and ſpoke to Mrs. Pratt again about Clements; her huſband himſelf wants ſome good offices, and I have done him very good ones lately, and told Mrs. Pratt, I expected her huſband would ſtand by Clements in return. Sir Andrew Fountain and I dined with neighbour Vanhomrigh; he is mighty ill of an aſthma, and apprehends himſelf in much danger; 'tis his own fault, that will rake and drink, when he is but juſt crawled out of his grave. I will ſend this letter juſt now, becauſe I think my half year is out for my lodging; and, if you pleaſe, I would be glad it were paid off, and ſome deal boxes made for my books, and kept in ſome ſafe place, I would give ſomething for their keeping; but I doubt that lodging will not ſerve me when I come back; I would have a larger place for books, and a ſtable, if poſſible. So pray be ſo kind to pay the lodging, and all accounts about it; and get Mrs. Brent to put up my things. I would have no books put in that trunk where my papers are. If you do not think of going to the Bath, I here ſend you a bill on Parviſol for twenty pounds Iriſh, out of which you will pay for the lodging, and ſcore the reſt to me. Do as you pleaſe, and love poor Preſto, that loves MD better than his life a thouſand millions of times. Farewel, MD, *&c. &c.*

LET-

LETTER XXI.

London, April 14, 1711.

REMEMBER, ſirrahs, that there are but nine days between the dates of my two former letters. I ſent away my twentieth this moment, and now am writing on like a fiſh, as if nothing was done. But there was a cauſe for my haſting away the laſt, for fear it ſhould not come time enough before a new quarter began. I told you where I dined to-day, but forgot to tell you what I believe, that Mr. Harley will be Lord Treaſurer in a ſhort time, and other great removes and promotions made. This is my thought, *&c.*

15. I was this morning with Mr. Secretary, and he is grown pretty well. I dined with him to-day, and drank ſome of that wine which the Great Duke of Tuſcany uſed to ſend to Sir William Temple: he always ſends ſome to the chief miniſters. I liked it mightily, but he does not; and he ordered his butler to ſend me a cheſt of it to-morrow. Would to God MD had it. The Queen is well again, and was at Chapel to-day, *&c.*

16. I went with Ford into the city to-day, and dined with Stratford, and drank tockay, and then we went to the auction; but I did not lay out above twelve ſhillings. My head is a little out of order to-night, though no formal fit. My Lord Keeper has ſent to invite me to dinner to-morrow, and you'll dine

dine better with the Dean, and God bleſs you. I forgot to tell you that yeſterday was ſent me a Narrative printed, with all the circumſtances of Mr. Harley's ſtabbing. I had not time to do it myſelf; ſo I ſent my hints to the author of the Atalantis *, and ſhe has cook'd it into a ſix-penny pamphlet, in her own ſtyle, only the firſt page is left as I was beginning it. But I was afraid of diſobliging Mr. Harley or Mr. St. John in one critical point about it, and ſo would not do it myſelf. It is worth your reading, for the circumſtances are all true. My cheſt of Florence was ſent me this morning, and coſt me ſeven and ſix-pence to two ſervants. I would give two guineas you had it, *&c.*

17. I was ſo out of order with my head this morning, that I was going to ſend my excuſes to my Lord Keeper; but however I got up at eleven, and walked there after two, and ſtaid till eight. There was Sir Thomas Manſel, Prior, George Granville, and Mr. Cæſar, and we were very merry. My head is ſtill wrong, but I have had no formal fit, only I totter a little. I have left off ſnuff altogether. I have a noble roll of tobacco for grating, very good. Shall I ſend it to MD, if ſhe likes that ſort? My Lord Keeper and our this day's company are to dine on Saturday with George Granville, and to-morrow I dine with Lord Angleſea.

18. Did you ever ſee ſuch a blundering gooſecap as Preſto? I ſaw the number 21 a-top, and ſo I went

* Mrs. Manley.

on

if it were the day of the month, whereas this
t Wednesday the 18th. How shall I do to
nd alter them? I have made a shift to do it
d, but it is a great botch. I dined with Lord
esea to-day, but did not go to the House of
mons about the yarn; my head was not well
gh. I know not what's the matter: it has ne-
een thus before: two days together giddy from
ing till night, but not with any violence or
; and I totter a little, but can make shift to
. I doubt I must fall to my pills again: I
: of going into the country a little way. I tell
what you must do henceforward: you must in-
your letter in a fair half sheet of paper, and
t the outside To Erasmus Lewis, Esquire, at
Lord Dartmouth's office at Whitehall: for I
go to the Coffee-house, and they will grudge
ce in my letters. I forgot to tell you that your
ier was to see me this morning, and brought
a flask of sweet water for a present, admirable
ay head; but I shall not smell to it. She is
g to Sheen with Lady Giffard: she would fain
your papers over to you, or give them to me.
what you would have done, and it shall be done;
ise I love Stella, and she is a good daughter,
say, and so is Dingley.

). This morning General Webb was to give
. visit: he goes with a crutch and a stick, yet
forced to come up two pair of stairs. I pro-
d to dine with him, but afterwards sent my ex-
, and dined privately in my friend Lewis's
lodg-

lodgings at Whitehall, with whom I had much buſineſs to talk of, relating to the publick and myſelf. Little Harriſon the Tatler goes to-morrow to the Secretaryſhip I got him at the Hague, and Mr. St. John has made him a preſent of fifty guineas to bear his charges. An't I a good friend? Why are not you a young fellow, that I might prefer you? I had a letter from Bernage from Kinſale: he tells me his commiſſion for Captain-Lieutenant was ready for him at his arrival: ſo there are two jackanapeſes I have done with. My head is ſomething better this evening, though not well.

20. I was this morning with Mr. Secretary, whoſe pacquets were juſt come in, and among them a letter from Lord Peterborow to me: he writes ſo well, I have no mind to anſwer him, and ſo kind, that I muſt anſwer him. The Emperor's death muſt, I think, cauſe great alterations it Europe, and, I believe, will haſten a peace. We reckon our King Charles will be choſen Emperor, and the Duke of Savoy ſet up for Spain; but I believe he will make nothing of it. Dr. Friend and I dined in the city at a printer's, but it coſt me two ſhillings in coach-hire, and a great deal more this week and month, which has been almoſt all rain, with now and then ſun-ſhine, and is the trueſt April that I have known theſe many years. The lime-trees in the Park are all out in leaves, though not large leaves yet. Wiſe people are going into the country; but many think the parliament can hardly be up theſe ſix weeks. Mr. Harley

ley was with the Queen on Tueſday. I believe certainly he will be the Lord Treaſurer: I have not ſeen him this week.

21. Morning. Lord Keeper, and I, and Prior, and Sir Thomas Manſel have appointed to dine this day with George Granville. My head, I thank God, is better; but to be giddyiſh three or four days together mortified me. I take no ſnuff, and I will be very regular in eating little and the gentleſt meats. How does poor Stella juſt now, with her Deans and her Stoytes? Do they give you health for the money you loſe at ombre, ſirrah? What ſay you to that? Poor Dingley frets to ſee Stella loſe that four and eleven-pence, t'other night. Let us riſe. Morrow, ſirrahs. I will riſe, ſpite of your little teeth; good morrow.—At night. Oh, faith, you are little dear ſauce-boxes. I was juſt going in the morning to tell you that I began to want a letter from MD, and in four minutes after Mr. Ford ſends me one that he had pickt up at St. James's Coffee-houſe; for I go to no Coffee-houſe at all. And faith, I was glad at heart to ſee it, and to ſee Stella ſo briſk. O Lord, what pretending? Well, but I won't anſwer it yet; I'll keep it for t'other ſide. Well, we dined to-day according to appointment; Lord Keeper went away at near eight, I at eight, and I believe the reſt will be fairly fuddled; for young Harcourt, Lord Keeper's ſon, began to prattle before I came away. It will not do with Prior's lean carcaſe. I drink little, miſs my glaſs often, put water in my wine, and go away before

the

the reſt, which I take to be a good receipt for ſobriety. Let us put it into rhyme, and ſo make a proverb:

Drink little at a time;
Put water with your wine;
Miſs your glaſs when you can;
And go off the firſt man.

God be thanked, I am much better than I was, though ſomething of a totterer. I ate but little to-day, and of the gentleſt meat. I refuſed ham and pigeons, peaſe-ſoup, ſtewed beef, cold ſalmon, becauſe they were too ſtrong. I take no ſnuff at all, but ſome herb ſnuff preſcribed by Dr. Radcliffe.

Go to your Deans,
You couple of queans.

I believe I ſaid that already. What care I? what cares Preſto?

22. Morning. I muſt riſe and go to the Secretary's. Mr. Harley has been out of town this week to refreſh himſelf before he comes into parliament. Oh, but I muſt riſe, ſo there is no more to be ſaid; and ſo morrow, ſirrahs both.—Night. I dined to-day with the Secretary, who has engaged me for every Sunday; and I was an hour with him this morning deep in politicks, where I told him the objections of the October Club, and he anſwered all except one, That no enquiries are made into

into paſt miſmanagement. But indeed I believe they are not yet able to make any: the late miniſtry were too cunning in their rogueries, and fenced themſelves with an Act of general Pardon. I believe Mr. Harley muſt be Lord Treaſurer; yet he makes one difficulty which is hard to anſwer: he muſt be made a Lord, and his eſtate is not large enough, and he is too generous to make it larger; and if the miniſtry ſhould change ſoon by any accident, he will be left in the ſuds. Another difficulty is, that if he be made a peer, they will want him prodigiouſly in the Houſe of Commons, of which he is the great mover, and after him the Secretary, and hardly any elſe of weight*. Two ſhillings more to-day for coach and chair. I ſhall be ruined.

23. So you expect an anſwer to your letter, do you ſo? Yes, yes, you ſhall have an anſwer, you ſhall, young women. I made a good pun on Saturday to my Lord Keeper. After dinner we had coarſe Doiley napkins, fringed at each end, upon the table to drink with: my Lord Keeper ſpread one of them between him and Mr. Prior; I told him I was glad to ſee there was ſuch a *Fringeſhip* [Friendſhip] between Mr. Prior and his Lordſhip. Prior ſwore it was the worſt he ever heard: I ſaid I thought ſo too; but at the ſame time I thought it was moſt like one of Stella's that ever I heard. I dined to-day with Lord Montjoy, and this evening ſaw the Venetian Ambaſſador coming from his firſt

* That is, among the Miniſtry.

publick

publick audience. His coach was the moſt monſtrous, huge, fine, rich, gilt thing that ever I ſaw. I loitered this evening, and came home late.

24. I was this morning to viſit the Ducheſs of Ormond, who has long deſired it, or threatned ſhe would not let me viſit her daughters. I ſat an hour with her, and we were good company, when in came the Counteſs of Bellamont, with a pox. I went out, and we did not know one another; yet hearing me named, ſhe aſk'd, What, is that Dr. Swift? ſaid, ſhe and I were very well acquainted, and fell a railing at me without mercy, as a Lady told me that was there; yet I never was but once in the company of that drab of a Counteſs. Sir Andrew Fountain and I dined with my neighbour Van. I deſign in two days, if poſſible, to go lodge at Chelſea for the air, and put myſelf under a neceſſity of walking to and from London every day. I writ this poſt to the Biſhop of Clogher a long politick letter to entertain him. I am to buy ſtatues and harneſe * for them, with a vengeance. I have packt and ſealed up MD's twelve letters againſt I go to Chelſea. I have put the laſt commiſſions of MD in my account-book; but if there be any former ones, I have forgot them. I have Dingley's pocket-book down, and Stella's green ſilk apron, and the pound of tea; pray ſend me word if you have any other, and down they ſhall go. I will not anſwer your letter yet, ſaucy boxes. You are with the Dean juſt now, Madam Stella, loſing your money. Why

* Farneſe.

don't

don't you name what number you have received? you ſay you have received my letters, but don't tell the number.

25. I was this day dining in the city with very inſignificant, low, and ſcurvy company. I had a letter from the Archbiſhop of Dublin, with a long denial of the report raiſed on him, which yet has been ſince aſſured to me from thoſe who ſay they have it from the firſt hand; but I cannot believe them. I will ſhew it to the Secretary to-morrow. I will not anſwer yours till I get to Chelſea.

26. Chelſea. I have ſent two boxes of lumber to my friend Darteneuf's houſe, and my cheſt of Florence and other things to Mrs. Vanhomrigh, where I dined to-day. I was this morning with the Secretary, and ſhewed him the Archbiſhop's letter, and convinced him of his Grace's innocence, and I will do the ſame to Mr. Harley. I got here in the ſtage-coach with Patrick and my portmantua for ſix-pence, and pay ſix ſhillings a week for one ſilly room with confounded coarſe ſheets. We have had ſuch a horrible deal of rain, that there is no walking to London, and I muſt go as I came until it mends; and beſides the whelp has taken my lodging as far from London as this town could afford, at leaſt half a mile farther than he need; but I muſt be content. The beſt is, I lodge juſt over-againſt Dr. Atterbury's houſe, and yet perhaps I ſhall not like the place the better for that. Well, I'll ſtay till to-morrow before I anſwer your letter; and you muſt ſuppoſe me always writing at Chelſea

from henceforward, till I alter and ſay London. This letter goes on Saturday, which will be juſt a fortnight; ſo go and cheat goody Stoyte, &c.

27. Do you know that I fear my whole cheſt of Florence is turned ſour, at leaſt the two firſt flaſks were ſo, and hardly drinkable. How plaguy unfortunate am I! and the Secretary's own is the beſt I ever taſted; and I muſt not tell him, but be as thankful as if it were the beſt in Chriſtendom. I went to town in the ſixpenny ſtage to-day, and hearing Mr. Harley was not at home, I went to ſee him, becauſe I knew by the meſſage of his lying porter that he was at home. He was very well, and juſt going out, but made me promiſe to dine with him; and betwixt that and indeed ſtrolling about, I loſt four pound ſeven ſhillings at play——with a ——— a — a — bookſeller, and got but about half a dozen books *. I will buy no more books now, that's certain. Well, I dined at Mr. Harley's, came away at ſix, ſhifted my gown, caſſock, and periwig, and walkt hither to Chelſea, as I always deſign to do when it is fair. I am heartily ſorry to find my friend the Secretary ſtand a little tickliſh with the reſt of the Miniſtry; there have been one or two diſobliging things that have happened, too long to tell: and t'other day in Parliament, upon a debate of about thirty-five millions that have not been duly accounted for, Mr. Secretary, in his warmth of ſpeech, and zeal for his friend Mr. Brydges, on whom part of the blame was falling,

* This muſt have been at ſome raffling for books.

ſaid

ſaid, he did not know that either Mr. Brydges or the late Miniſtry were at all to blame in this matter; which was very deſperately ſpoken, and giving up the whole cauſe: for the chief quarrel againſt the late Miniſtry was the ill management of the treaſure, and was more than all the reſt together. I had heard of this matter: but Mr. Foley beginning to diſcourſe to-day at table, without naming Mr. St. John, I turned to Mr. Harley, and ſaid, if the late Miniſtry were not to blame in that article he [Mr. Harley] ought to loſe his head for putting the Queen upon changing them. He made it a jeſt; but by ſome words dropt, I eaſily ſaw that they take things ill of Mr. St. John, and by ſome hints given me from another hand that I deal with, I am afraid the Secretary will not ſtand long. This is the fate of Courts. I will, if I meet Mr. St. John alone on Sunday, tell him my opinion, and beg him to ſet himſelf right, elſe the conſequences may be very bad; for I ſee not how they can well want him neither, and he would make a troubleſome enemy. But enough of politicks.

28. Morning. I forgot to tell you that Mr. Harley aſkt me yeſterday, how he came to diſoblige the Archbiſhop of Dublin? upon which (having not his letter about me) I told him what the Biſhop had written to me on that ſubject, and deſired I might read him the letter ſome other time. But after all, from what I have heard from other hands, I am afraid the Archbiſhop is a little guilty. Here is one Brent Spencer, a brother of Mr. Proby's, who

affirms it, and ſays he has leave to do ſo from Charles Deering, who heard the words; and that Ingoldſby abuſed the Archbiſhop, *&c.* Well, but now for your ſaucy letter: I have no room to anſwer it; O yes, enough on t'other ſide. Are you no ſicker? Stella jeers Preſto for not coming over by Chriſtmas; but indeed Stella does not jeer but reproach poor poor Preſto. And how can I come away, and the firſt-fruits not finiſh'd? I am of opinion the Duke of Ormond will do nothing in them before he goes, which will be in a fortnight they ſay; and then they muſt fall to me to be done in his abſence. No, indeed, I have nothing to print: you know they have printed the Miſcellanies already. Are they on your ſide yet? if you have my ſnuff-box, I'll have your ſtrong-box. Hi, does Stella take ſnuff again? or is it only becauſe it is a fine box? not the *meddle*, but the *medley*, you fool. Yes, yes, a wretched thing, becauſe it is againſt you Tories: now I think it very fine, and the Examiner a wretched thing.—Twiſt your mouth, ſirrah. Guiſcard, and what you will read in the narrative, I ordered to be written, and nothing elſe. The Spectator is written by Steele, with Addiſon's help: 'tis often very pretty. Yeſterday it was made of a noble hint I gave him long ago for his Tatlers, about an Indian ſuppoſed to write his travels into England. I repent he ever had it. I intended to have written a book on that ſubject. I believe he has ſpent it all in one paper, and all the under-hints there are mine too; but I never ſee him or Addiſon. The Queen is well, but I fear will be no long liver; for I am told

told ſhe has ſometimes the gout in her bowels (I hate the word bowels.) My ears have been, theſe three months paſt, much better than any time theſe two years; but now they begin to be a little out of order again. My head is better, though not right; but I trust to air and walking. You have got my letter, but what number? I ſuppoſe 18. Well, my thin has been well this month. No, Mrs. Weſtley came away without her huſband's knowledge, while ſhe was in the country: ſhe has written to me ſo ſome tea. They lie; Mr. Harley's wound was very terrible: he had convulſions, and very narrowly eſcaped. The bruiſe was nine times worſe than the wound: he is weak ſtill. Well, Brooks married; I know all that. I am ſorry for Mrs. Wallis's eye: I hope 'tis better. O yes, you are great walkers: but I have heard them ſay, Much talkers, Little walkers; and I believe I may apply the old proverb to you; If you talkt no more than you walkt, Thoſe that think you wits would be baulkt. Yes, Stella ſhall have a large printed Bible: I have put it down among my commiſſions for MD. I am glad to hear you have taken the fancy of intending to read the Bible. Pox take the box; is not it come yet? this is truſting to your young fellows, young women; 'tis your fault: I thought you had ſuch power with Sterne, that he would fly over Mount Atlas to ſerve you. You ſay you are not ſplenetick; but if you be, faith you will break poor Preſto's —— I won't ſay the reſt; but I vow to God, if I could decently come over now, I would,

and leave all ſchemes of politicks and ambition for ever. I have not the opportunities here of preſerving my health by riding, &c. that I have in Ireland; and the want of health is a great cooler of making one's court. You gueſs right about my being bit with a direction from Walls, and the letter from MD: I believe I deſcribed it in one of my laſt. This goes to-night; and I muſt now riſe and walk to town, and walk back in the evening. God Almighty bleſs and preſerve poor MD. Farewel.

Oh faith, don't think, ſaucy noſes, that I'll fill this third ſide: I can't ſtay a letter above a fortnight: it muſt go then; and you would rather ſee a ſhort one like this, than want it a week longer.

My humble ſervice to the Dean, and Mrs. Walls, and good kind hearty Mrs. Stoyte, and honeſt Catherine.

LET-

LETTER XXII.

Chelſea, April 28, 1711.

AT night. I ſay at night, becauſe I finiſhed my twenty-firſt this morning here, and put it into the poſt-office my own ſelf, like a good boy. I think I am a little before you now, young women: I am writing my twenty-ſecond, and have received your thirteenth. I got to town between twelve and one, and put on my new gown and periwig, and dined with Lord Abercorn, where I had not been ſince the marriage of his ſon Lord Peaſley, who has got ten thouſand pound with a wife. I am now a country Gentleman. I walked home as I went, and am a little weary, and am got into bed: I hope in God the air and exerciſe will do me a little good. I have been enquiring about ſtatues for Mrs. Aſhe: I made Lady Abercorn go with me; and will ſend them word next poſt to Clogher. I hate to buy for her: I'm ſure ſhe'll maunder. I am going to ſtudy.

29. I had a charming walk to and from town today: I waſhed, ſhaved and all, and changed gown and periwig, by half an hour after nine, and went to the Secretary, who told me how he had differed with his friends in Parliament: I apprehended this diviſion, and told him a great deal of it. I went to Court, and there ſeveral mentioned it to me as what they much diſliked I dined with the Secretary; and we propoſed doing ſome buſineſs of im-

portance in the afternoon, which he broke to me firſt, and ſaid how he and Mr. Harley were convinced of the neceſſity of it; yet he ſuffered one of his Under-Secretaries to come upon us after dinner, who ſtaid till ſix, and ſo nothing was done: and what care I? he ſhall ſend to me the next time, and aſk twice. To-morrow I go to the election at Weſtminſter-ſchool, where lads are choſen for the univerſity: they ſay 'tis a ſight, and a great trial of wits. Our expedition fleet is but juſt ſailed: I believe it will come to nothing. Mr. Secretary frets at their tedioufneſs; but hopes great things from it, though he owns four or five Princes are in the ſecret; and, for that reaſon, I fear it is no ſecret to France. There are eight regiments; and the Admiral is your Walker's brother the midwife.

30. Morn. I am here in a pretty pickle: it rains hard; and the cunning natives of Chelſea have outwitted me, and taken up all the three ſtage coaches. What ſhall I do? I muſt go to town: this is your fault. I can't walk: I'll borrow a coat. This is the blindſide of my lodging out of town; I muſt expect ſuch inconveniencies as theſe. Faith I'll walk in the rain. Morrow.—At night. I got a Gentleman's chaiſe by chance, and ſo went to town for a ſhilling, and lie this night in town. I was at the election of lads at Weſtminſter to-day, and a very ſilly thing it is; but they ſay there will be fine doings to-morrow. I dined with Dr. Friend, the ſecond Maſter of the School, with a dozen Parſons and others: Prior would make me

ſtay,

ſtay. Mr. Harley is to hear the election to-morrow; and we are all to dine with tickets, and hear fine ſpeeches. 'Tis terrible rainy weather again: I lie at a friend's in the city.

May 1. I wiſh you a merry May-day, and a thouſand more. I was baulkt at Weſtminſter; I came too late: I heard no ſpeeches nor verſes. They would not let me in to their dining place for want of a ticket; and I would not ſend in for one, becauſe Mr. Harley excuſed his coming, and Atterbury was not there; and I cared not for the reſt: and ſo my friend Lewis and I dined with Kitt Muſgrave, if you know ſuch a man: and, the weather mending, I walked gravely home this evening; and ſo I deſign to walk and walk till I am well: I fancy myſelf a little better already. How does poor Stella? Dingley is well enough. Go, get you gone, naughty girl, you are well enough. O dear MD, contrive to have ſome ſhare of the country this ſpring: go to Finglaſs, or Donnybrook, or Clogher, or Killalla, or Lowth. Have you got your box yet? yes, yes. Don't write to me again till this letter goes: I muſt make haſte, that I may write two for one. Go to the Bath: I hope you are now at the Bath, if you had a mind to go; or go to Wexford: do ſomething for your living. Have you given up my lodging according to order? I have had juſt now a compliment from Dean Atterbury's Lady, to command the garden and library, and whatever the houſe affords. I lodge juſt over againſt them; but the Dean is in town with his convocation: ſo I have

my

my Dean and prolocutor as well as you, young women, though he has not ſo good wine, nor ſo much meat.

2. A fine day, but begins to grow a little warm; and that makes your little fat Preſto ſweat in the forehead. Pray, are not the fine buns ſold here in our town; was it not *Rrrrrrrrrare Chelſea Buns?* I bought one to-day in my walk; it coſt me a penny; it was ſtale, and I did not like it, as the man ſaid, *&c.* Sir Andrew Fountain and I dined at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's; and had a flaſk of my Florence, which lies in their cellar; and ſo I came home gravely, and ſaw nobody of conſequence to-day. I am very eaſy here, nobody plaguing me in a morning; and Patrick ſaves many a ſcore lies. I ſent over to Mrs. Atterbury, to know whether I might wait on her? but ſhe is gone a viſiting: we have exchanged ſome compliments, but I have not ſeen her yet. We have no news in our town.

3. I did not go to town to-day, it was ſo terrible rainy; nor have I ſtirred out of my room till eight this evening; when I croſt the way to ſee Mrs. Atterbury, and thank her for her civilities. She would needs ſend me ſome veal, and ſmall beer, and ale, to-day at dinner; and I have lived a ſcurvy, dull, ſplenetick day, for want of MD: I often thought how happy I could have been, had it rained eight thouſand times more, if MD had been with a body. My Lord Rocheſter is dead this morning; they ſay at one o'clock; and I hear he died ſuddenly. To-morrow I ſhall know more. He is a great loſs

to

to us: I cannot think who will ſucceed him as Lord Preſident. I have been writing a long letter to Lord Peterborow, and am dull.

4. I dined to-day at Lord Shelburn's, where Lady Kerry made me a preſent of four India handkerchiefs, which I have a mind to keep for little MD, only that I had rather, *&c.* I have been a mighty handkerchief-monger, and have bought abundance of ſnuff ones ſince I have left off taking ſnuff. And I am reſolved, when I come over, MD ſhall be acquainted with Lady Kerry: we have ſtruck up a mighty friendſhip; and ſhe has much better ſenſe than any other Lady of your country. We are almoſt in love with one another: but ſhe is moſt egregiouſly ugly; but perfectly well bred, and governable as I pleaſe. I am reſolved, when I come, to keep no company but MD: you know I kept my reſolution laſt time; and, except Mr. Addiſon, converſed with none but you and your club of Deans and Stoytes. 'Tis three weeks, young women, ſince I had a letter from you; and yet, methinks, I would not have another for five pound till this is gone; and yet I ſend every day to the coffeehouſe, and I would fain have a letter, and not have a letter: and I don't know what, nor I don't know how, and this goes on very ſlow; 'tis a week tomorrow ſince I began it. I am a poor country Gentleman, and don't know how the world paſſes. Do you know that every ſyllable I write I hold my lips juſt for all the world as if I were talking in our own little language to MD. Faith, I am very

ſilly;

ſilly; but I can't help it for my life. I got home early to-night. My ſolicitors, that uſed to ply me every morning, knew not where to find me; and I am ſo happy not to hear Patrick, Patrick, cal ed a hundred times every morning. But I lookt backward, and find I have ſaid this before. What care I? go to the Dean, and roaſt the oranges.

5. I dined to-day with my friend Lewis, and we were deep in politicks how to ſave the preſent Miniſtry; for I am afraid of Mr. Secretary, as I believe I told you. I went in the evening to ſee Mr. Harley; and, upon my word, I was in perfect joy. Mr. Secretary was juſt going out of the door; but I made him come back, and there was the old Saturday Club, Lord Keeper, Lord Rivers, Mr. Secretary, Mr. Harley and I; the firſt time ſince his ſtabbing. Mr. Secretary went away; but I ſtaid till nine, and made Mr. Harley ſhew me his breaſt, and tell all the ſtory: and I ſhewed him the Archbiſhop of Dublin's letter, and defended him effectually. We were all in mighty good humour. Lord Keeper and I left them together, and I walkt here after nine two miles, and I found a parſon drunk fighting with a ſeaman, and Patrick and I were ſo wiſe to part them, but the Seaman followed him to Chelſea, curſing at him, and the parſon ſlipt into a houſe, and I know no more. It mortified me to ſee a man in my coat ſo overtaken. A pretty ſcene for one that juſt came from ſitting with the Prime Miniſters: I had no money in my pocket, and ſo could not be robbed. However, nothing but Mr. Harley

Harley ſhall make me take ſuch a journey again. We don't yet know who will be Preſident in Lord Rocheſter's room. I meaſured and found that the penknife would have killed Mr. Harley, if it had gone but half the breadth of my thumb-nail lower; ſo near was he to death. I was ſo curious to aſk him what were his thoughts, while they were carrying him home in the chair. He ſaid, he concluded himſelf a dead man. He will not allow that Guiſcard gave him the ſecond ſtab, though my Lord Keeper, who is blind, and I that was not there, are poſitive in it. He wears a plaiſter ſtill as broad as half a crown. Smoak how wide the lines are, but faith I don't do it on purpoſe: but I have changed my ſide in this new Chelſea bed, and I don't know how, methinks, but it is ſo unfit, and ſo aukward, never ſaw the like.

6. You muſt remember to incloſe your letters in a fair paper, and direct the outſide thus; To Eraſmus Lewis, Eſq; at my Lord Dartmouth's office at Whitehall; I ſaid ſo before, but it may miſcarry you know, yet I think none of my letters did ever miſcarry; faith I think never one; among all the privateers and the ſtorms: oh faith, my letters are too good to be loſt. MD's letters may tarry, but never miſcarry, as the old woman uſed to ſay. And indeed, how ſhould they miſcarry, when they never come before their time? It was a terrible rainy day; yet I made a ſhift to ſteal fair weather over head, enough to go and come in. I was early with the Secretary, and dined with him afterwards. In the

the morning I began to chide him, and tell him my fears of his proceedings. But Arthur Moore came up and relieved him. But I forgot, for you never heard of Arthur Moore. But when I get Mr. Harley alone, I will know the bottom. You will have Dr. Raymond over before this letter, and what care you?

7. I hope, and believe my walks every day do me good. I was buſy at home, and ſet out late this morning, and dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, at whoſe lodgings I always change my gown and periwig. I viſited this afternoon, and among others, poor Biddy Floyd, who is very red, but I believe won't be much marked. As I was coming home I met Sir George Beaumont in the Pall-mall, who would needs walk with me as far as Buckingham houſe. I was telling him of my head; he ſaid he had been ill of the ſame diſorder, and by all means forbid me bohea tea; which he ſaid always gave it him; and that Dr. Radcliffe ſaid it was very bad. Now I had obſerved the ſame thing, and have left it off this month, having found myſelf ill after it ſeveral times; and I mention it, that Stella may conſider it for her poor own little head: a pound lies ready packt up and directed for Mrs. Walls, to be ſent by the firſt convenience. Mr. Secretary told me yeſterday, that Mr. Harley would this week be Lord Treaſurer and a Peer, ſo I expect it every day; yet perhaps it may not be 'till parliament is up, which will be in a fortnight.

8. I

8. I was to-day with the Duke of Ormond, and recommended to him the caſe of poor Joe Beaumont, who promiſes me to do him all juſtice and favour, and give him encouragement; and deſired I would give a memorial to Ned Southwell about it, which I will, and ſo tell Joe when you ſee him, though he knows it already by a letter I writ to Mr. Warburton *. It was bloody hot walking to-day. I dined in the city, and went and came by water; and it rained ſo this evening again, that I thought I ſhould hardly be able to get a dry hour to walk home in. I'll ſend to-morrow to the Coffee-houſe for a letter from MD; but I would not have one methinks, 'till this is gone, as it ſhall on Saturday. I viſited the Ducheſs of Ormond this morning; ſhe does not go over with the Duke. I ſpoke to her to get a lad touched for the evil, the ſon of a grocer in Capel-ſtreet, one Bell, the ladies have bought ſugar and plumbs of him. Mrs. Mary uſed to go there often. This is Patrick's account; and the poor fellow has been here ſome months with his boy. But the Queen has not been able to touch, and it now grows ſo warm, I fear ſhe will not at all. Go, go, go to the Dean's, and let him carry you to Donnybrook, and cut aſparagus. Has Parviſol ſent you any this year †? I cannot ſleep in the beginnings of the nights, the heat or ſomething hinders me, and I am drowſy in the mornings.

* Dr. Swift's curate at Laracor.
† From Dr. Swift's garden at Laracor.

9. Dr. Friend came this morning to viſit Atterbury's lady and children as phyſician, and perſuaded me to go with him to town in his chariot. He told me he had been an hour before with Sir Cholmley Dering, Charles Dering's nephew, and head of that family in Kent, for which he is knight of the ſhire. He ſaid he left him dying of a piſtol-ſhot quite through the body, by one Mr. Thornhill. They fought at ſword and piſtol this morning in Tuttle-fields, their piſtols ſo near, that the muzzles touched. Thornhill diſcharged firſt, and Dering having received the ſhot, diſcharged his piſtol as he was falling, ſo it went into the air. The ſtory of this quarrel is long. Thornhill had loſt ſeven teeth by a kick in the mouth from Dering, who had firſt knocked him down; this was above a fortnight ago. Dering was next week to be married to a fine young lady. This makes a noiſe here, but you won't value it. Well, Mr. Harley, Lord Keeper, and one or two more are to be made Lords immediately; their patents are now paſſing, and I read the preamble to Mr. Harley's, full of his praiſes. Lewis and I dined with Ford; I found the wine; two flaſks of my Florence, and two bottles of ſix that Dr. Raymond ſent me of French wine; he ſent it to me to drink with Sir Robert Raymond, and Mr. Harley's brother, whom I had introduced him to; but they never could find time to come; and now I have left the town, and it is too late. Raymond will think it a cheat. What care I, ſirrah?

10. Pſhaw,

10. Pſhaw, pſhaw, Patrick brought me four letters to-day: from Dilly at Bath; Joe; Parviſol; and what was the fourth, who can tell; Stand away, who'll gueſs? who can it be? You old man with a ſtick, can you tell who the fourth is from? Iſs, an pleaſe your honour, it is from one Madam MD, Number fourteen. Well; but I can't ſend this away now, becauſe it was here, and I was in town, but it ſhall go on Saturday, and this is Thurſday night, and it will be time enough for Wexford. Take my method: I write here to Parviſol to lend Stella twenty pounds, and to take her note promiſſary to pay it in half a year, &c. You ſhall ſee, and if you want more, let me know afterwards; and be ſure my money ſhall be always paid conſtantly too. Have you been good or ill houſewives pray?

11. Joe has written to me to get him a collector's place, nothing leſs; he ſays all the world knows of my great intimacy with Mr. Harley, and that the ſmalleſt word to him will do. This is the conſtant cant of puppies who are at a diſtance, and ſtrangers to courts and miniſters. My anſwer is this; which pray ſend; That I am ready to ſerve Joe, as far as I can; that I have ſpoken to the Duke of Ormond about his money, as I writ to Warburton; that for the particular he mentions, it is a work of time, which I cannot think of at preſent. But if accidents and opportunities ſhould happen hereafter, I would not be wanting; that I know beſt how far my credit goes; that he is at diſtance and cannot judge; that I would be glad to do him

good; and if Fortune throws an opportunity in my way, I ſhall not be wanting. This is my anſwer; which you may ſend or read to him. Pray contrive that Parviſol may not run away with my two hundred pounds, but get Burton's * note, and let the money be returned me by bill. Don't laugh, for I will be ſuſpicious. Teach Parviſol to incloſe, and direct the outſide to Mr. Lewis. I will anſwer your letter in my next, only what I take notice of here excepted. I forgot to tell you, that at the Court of Requeſts to-day I could not find a dinner I liked, and it grew late, and I dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, &c.

12. Morning. I will finiſh this letter before I go to town, becauſe I ſhall be buſy, and have neither time nor place there. Farewel, &c. &c.

LETTER XXIII.

Chelſea, May 12, 1711.

I SENT you my twenty-ſecond this afternoon in town. I dined with Mr. Harley and the old club, Lord Rivers, Lord Keeper, and Mr. Secretary. They rallied me laſt week, and ſaid I muſt have Mr. St. John's leave, ſo I writ to him yeſterday, that foreſeeing I ſhould never dine again with Sir Simon Harcourt, knight, and Robert Harley, Eſq; I was reſolved to do it to-day. The jeſt is, that before Saturday next we expect they will be

* Burton, a banker in Dublin.

Lords:

Lords: for Mr. Harley's patent is drawing to be Earl of Oxford. Mr. Secretary and I came away at ſeven, and he brought me to our town's end in his coach; ſo I loſt my walk. St. John read my letter to the company, which was all raillery, and paſt purely.

13. It rained all laſt night and this morning as heavy as lead; but I juſt got fair weather to walk to town before church. The roads are all over in deep puddle. The hay of our town is almoſt fit to be mowed. I went to court after church (as I always do on Sundays) and then dined with Mr. Secretary, who has engaged me for every Sunday; and poor MD dined at home upon a bit of veal, and a pint of wine. Is it not plaguy inſipid to tell you every day where I dine; yet now I have got into the way of it, I cannot forbear it neither. Indeed, Mr. Preſto, you had better go anſwer MD's letter, N. 14. I'll anſwer it when I pleaſe, Mr. Doctor. What's that you ſay? The court was very full this morning, expecting Mr. Harley would be declared Earl of Oxford, and have the Treaſurer's ſtaff. Mr. Harley never comes to court at all; ſomebody there aſkt me the reaſon; Why, ſaid I, the Lord of Oxford knows. He always goes to the Queen by the back ſtairs. I was told for certain, your jackanapes, Lord Sautry, was dead; Captain Cammock aſſured me ſo; and now he's alive again, they ſay; but that ſhan't do: he ſhall be dead to me as long as he lives. Dick Tighe and I meet and never ſtir our hats. I am reſolved to miſtake him for Witherington, the

little naſty lawyer that came up to me ſo ſternly at the Caſtle the day I left Ireland. I'll aſk the gentleman I ſaw walking with him, how long Witherington has been in town.

14. I went to town to-day by water. The hail quite diſcouraged me from walking, and there is no ſhade in the greateſt part of the way: I took the firſt boat; and had a footman my companion; then went again by water, and dined in the city with a printer, to whom I carried a pamphlet in manuſcript, that Mr. Secretary gave me. The printer ſent it to the Secretary for his approbation, and he deſired me to look it over, which I did, and found it a very ſcurvy piece. The reaſon I tell you ſo, is becauſe it was done by your parſon Slap, Scrap, Flap, (what d'ye call him) Trap, your Chancellor's chaplain. 'Tis called A Character of the preſent Set of Whigs, and is going to be printed, and no doubt the author will take care to produce it in Ireland. Dr. Friend was with me, and pulled out a two-penny pamphlet juſt publiſhed, called The State of Wit, giving a character of all the papers that have come out of late. The author ſeems to be a whig, yet he ſpeaks very highly of a paper called the Examiner, and ſays the ſuppoſed author of it is Dr. Swift. But above all things he praiſes the Tatlers and Spectators; and I believe Steele and Addiſon were privy to the printing of it. Thus is one treated by theſe impudent dogs. And that villain Curl has ſcraped up ſome traſh, and calls it Dr. Swift's Miſcellanies with the name at large: and I

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can get no ſatisfaction of him. Nay, Mr. Harley told me he had read it, and only laughed at me before Lord Keeper, and the reſt. Since I came home I have been ſitting with the Prolocutor, Dean Atterbury, who is my neighbour over the way; but generally keeps in town with his convocation. 'Tis late, *&c.*

15. My walk to town to-day was after ten, and prodigiouſly hot: I dined with Lord Shelburn, and have deſired Mrs. Pratt, who lodges there, to carry over Mrs. Walls's tea; I hope ſhe will do it, and they talk of going in a fortnight. My way is this; I leave my beſt gown and periwig at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, then walk up the Pall-mall, through the Park, out at Buckingham-houſe, and ſo to Chelſea a little beyond the church: I ſet out about ſun-ſet, and get here in ſomething leſs than an hour: it is two good miles and juſt five thouſand ſeven hundred and forty-eight ſteps; ſo there is four miles a day walking, without reckoning what I walk while I ſtay in town. When I paſs the Mall in the evening it is prodigious to ſee the number of ladies walking there; and I always cry ſhame at the ladies of Ireland, who never walk at all, as if their legs were of no uſe, but to be laid aſide. I have been now almoſt three weeks here, and I thank God, am much better in my head, if it does but continue. I tell you what, if I was with you, when we went to Stoyte at Donnybrook, we would only take a coach to the hither end of Stephen's-Green, and from thence go every ſtep on foot, yes faith, every

ſtep; it would do: DD * goes as well as Preſto. Every body tells me I look better already; for faith I lookt ſadly, that's certain. My breakfaſt is milk porridge: I don't love it, faith I hate it, but 'tis cheap and wholeſome; and I hate to be obliged to either of thoſe qualities for any thing.

16. I wonder why Preſto will be ſo tedious in anſwering MD's letters; becauſe he would keep the beſt to the laſt, I ſuppoſe. Well, Preſto muſt be humoured, it muſt be as he will have it, or there will be an old to do. Dead with heat, are not you very hot? My walks make my forehead ſweat rarely; ſometimes my morning journey is by water, as it was to-day with one parſon Richardſon, who came to ſee me, on his going to Ireland; and with him I ſend Mrs. Walls's tea, and three books I got from the Lords of the Treaſury for the College †. I dined with Lord Shelburn to-day; Lady Kerry and Mrs. Pratt are going likewiſe for Ireland.—Lord I forgot, I dined with Mr. Prior to-day, at his houſe, with Dean Atterbury and others; and came home pretty late, and I think I'm in a fuzz, and don't know what I ſay, never ſaw the like.

17. Sterne came here by water to ſee me this morning, and I went back with him to his boat. He tells me, that Mrs. Edgworth married a fellow in her journey to Cheſter; ſo I believe ſhe little thought of any body's box but her own. I deſired Sterne to give me directions where to get the box in

* In this paſſage DD ſignifies both Dingley and Stella.
† The Univerſity of Dublin.

Cheſter,

Cheſter, which he ſays he will to-morrow, and I will write to Richardſon to get it up there as he goes by, and whip it over. It is directed to Mrs. Curry: you muſt caution her of it, and deſire her to ſend it you when it comes. Sterne ſays Jemmy Leigh loves London mightily; that makes him ſtay ſo long, I believe, and not Sterne's buſineſs, which Mr. Harley's accident has put much backward. We expect now every day that he will be Earl of Oxford and Lord Treaſurer. His patent is paſſing; but they ſay, Lord Keeper's not yet, at leaſt his ſon, young Harcourt, told me ſo t'other day. I dined to-day privately with my friend Lewis at his lodgings at Whitehall. T'other day at Whitehall I met a lady of my acquaintance, whom I had not ſeen before ſince I came to England; we were mighty glad to ſee each other, and ſhe has engaged me to viſit her, as I deſign to do. It is one Mrs. Colledge; ſhe has lodgings at Whitehall, having been ſeamſtreſs to King William, worth three hundred a year. Her father was a fanatick joiner, hanged for treaſon in Shaftſbury's plot. This noble perſon and I were brought acquainted, ſome years ago, by Lady Berkeley. I love good creditable acquaintance; I love to be the worſt of the company: I am not of thoſe that ſay, for want of company welcome trumpery. I was this evening with Lady Kerry and Mrs. Pratt at Vauxhall, to hear the nightingals; but they are almoſt paſt ſinging.

18. I was hunting the Secretary to-day in vain about ſome buſineſs, and dined with Colonel Crowe,

late Governor of Barbadoes, and your friend Sterne was the third: he is very kind to Sterne, and helps him in his buſineſs, which lies aſleep till Mr. Harley is Lord Treaſurer, becauſe nothing of moment is now done in the treaſury, the change being expected every day. I ſat with Dean Atterbury till one o'clock after I came home; ſo 'tis late, *&c.*

19. Do you know that about our town we are mowing already and making hay, and it ſmells ſo ſweet as we walk through the flowery meads; but the hay-making nymphs are perfect drabs, nothing ſo clean and pretty as farther in the country. There is a mighty increaſe of dirty wenches in ſtraw-hats ſince I knew London. I ſtaid at home till five o'clock, and dined with Dean Atterbury; then went by water to Mr. Harley's, where the Saturday club was met, with the addition of the Duke of Shrewſbury. I whiſpered Lord Rivers, that I did not like to ſee a ſtranger among us; and the rogue told it aloud: but Mr. Secretary ſaid, The Duke writ to have leave; ſo I appeared ſatisfied, and ſo we laughed. Mr. Secretary told me the Duke of Buckingham had been talking to him much about me, and deſired my acquaintance, I anſwered, It could not be; for he had not made ſufficient advances. Then the Duke of Shrewſbury ſaid, he thought that Duke was not uſed to make advances. I ſaid, I could not help that; for I always expected advances in proportion to men's quality, and more from a Duke than other men. The Duke replied, that he did not mean any thing of his quality; which was handſomely

handſomely ſaid enough; for he meant his pride: and I have invented a notion to believe that nobody is proud. At ten all the company went away; and from ten till twelve Mr. Harley and I ſat together, where we talked through a great deal of matters I had a mind to ſettle with him, and then walked, in a fine moon-ſhine night, to Chelſea, where I got by one, Lord Rivers conjured me not to walk ſo late; but I would, becauſe I had no other way; but I had no money to loſe.

20. By what Lord Keeper told me laſt night, I find he will not be made a peer ſo ſoon; but Mr. Harley's patent for Earl of Oxford is now drawing, and will be done in three days. We made him own it, which he did ſcurvily, and then talkt of it like the reſt. Mr. Secretary had too much company with him to-day; ſo I came away ſoon after dinner. I give no man liberty to ſwear or talk b—dy, and I found ſome of them were in conſtraint, ſo I left them to themſelves. I wiſh you a merry Whitſuntide, and pray tell me how you paſs away your time: but faith, you are going to Wexford, and I fear this letter is too late; it ſhall go on Thurſday, and ſooner it cannot, I have ſo much buſineſs to hinder me anſwering yours. Where muſt I direct in your abſence? Do you quit your lodgings?

21. Going to town this morning, I met in the Pall-mall a clergyman of Ireland, whom I love very well and was glad to ſee, and with him a little jackanapes of Ireland too, who married Nanny Swift,

Swift, uncle Adam's daughter, one Perry; perhaps you may have heard of him. His wife has ſent him here to get a place from Lownds; becauſe my uncle and Lownds married two ſiſters, and Lownds is a great man here in the Treaſury; but by good luck I have no acquaintance with him: however, he expected I ſhould be his friend to Lownds, and one word of mine, *&c.* the old cant. But I will not go two yards to help him. I dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, where I keep my beſt gown and periwig to put on when I come to town and be a ſpark.

22. I dined to-day in the city, and coming home this evening, I met Sir Thomas Manſel and Mr. Lewis in the Park. Lewis whiſpered me, that Mr. Harley's patent for Earl of Oxford was paſſed in Mr. Secretary St. John's office; ſo to-morrow or next day I ſuppoſe he will be declared Earl of Oxford, and have the ſtaff. This man has grown by perſecutions, turnings out, and ſtabbing. What waiting, and crowding, and bowing, will be at his levee? yet, if human nature be capable of ſo much conſtancy, I ſhould believe he will be the ſame man ſtill, bating the neceſſary forms of grandeur he muſt keep up. 'Tis late, firrahs, and I'll go ſleep.

23. Morning. I ſat up late laſt night, and waked late to-day; but will now anſwer your letter in bed before I go to town, and will ſend it to-morrow; for perhaps you mayn't go ſo ſoon to Wexford.—No, you are not out in your number; the

ıſt was Number 14, and ſo I told you twice or hrice; will you never be ſatisfied? What ſhall we lo for poor Stella? Go to Wexford, for God's ſake: wiſh you were to walk there by three miles a day, with a good lodging at every mile's end. Walking ıas done me ſo much good, that I cannot but pre-ſcribe it often to poor Stella. Parviſol has ſent me ı bill for fifty pounds, which I am ſorry for, hav-ing not written to him for it, only mentioned it two months ago; but I hope he will be able to pay you what I have drawn upon him for: he never ſent me any ſum before but one bill of twenty pounds, half a year ago. You are welcome as my blood to every farthing I have in the world: and all that grieves me is, I am not richer, for MD's ſake, as hope ſaved. I ſuppoſe you give up your lodgings, when you go to Wexford; yet that will be incon-venient too: yet I wiſh again you were under a ne-ceſſity of rambling the country till Michaelmas, faith. No, let him keep the ſhelves, with a pox; yet they are exacting people about thoſe four weeks, or Mrs. Brent may have the ſhelves, if ſhe pleaſe. I am obliged to your Dean for his kind offer of lend-ng me money. Will that be enough to ſay? A ıundred people would lend me money, or to any nan who has not the reputation of a ſquanderer. O faith, I ſhould be glad to be in the ſame king-lom with MD, however, although you were at Wexford. But I am kept here by a moſt capricious ate, which I would break through, if I could do t with decency or honour.—To return without

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ſome mark of diſtinction, would look extremely little; and I would likewiſe gladly be ſomewhat richer than I am. I will ſay no more, but beg you to be eaſy, 'till Fortune take her courſe, and to believe that MD's felicity is the great end I aim at in all my purſuits. And ſo let us talk no more on this ſubject, which makes me melancholy, and that I would fain divert. Believe me, no man breathing at preſent has leſs ſhare of happineſs in life than I: I do not ſay I am unhappy at all, but that every thing here is taſteleſs to me for want of being where I would be. And ſo a ſhort ſigh, and no more of this. Well, come and let's ſee what's next, young women. Pox take Mrs. Edgworth and Sterne: I will take ſome methods about that box. What orders would you have me give about the picture? Can't you do with it as if it were your own? No, I hope Manley will keep his place; for I hear nothing of Sir Thomas Frankland's loſing his. Send nothing under cover to Mr. Addiſon, but to Eraſmus Lewis, Eſq; at my Lord Dartmouth's office at Whitehall. Direct your outſide ſo.—Poor dear Stella, don't write in the dark, nor in the light neither, but dictate to Dingley; ſhe is a naughty healthy girl, and may drudge for both. Are you good company together? and don't you quarrel too often? Pray, love one another, and kiſs one another juſt now, as Dingley is reading this; for you quarrelled this morning juſt after Mrs. Marget had poured water on Stella's head: I heard the little bird ſay ſo. Well, I have anſwered every thing in your letter

letter that required it, and yet the ſecond ſide is not full. I'll come home at night, and ſay more; and to-morrow this goes for certain. Go, get you gone to your own chambers, and let Preſto riſe like a modeſt gentleman, and walk to town. I fancy I begin to ſweat leſs in the forehead by conſtant walking than I uſed to do; but then I ſhall be ſo ſun-burnt, the ladies won't like me. Come, let me riſe, ſirrahs. Morrow.—At night. I dined with Ford to-day at his lodgings, and I found wine out of my own cellar, ſome of my own cheſt of the Great Duke's wine: it begins to turn. They ſay wine with you in Ireland is half a crown a bottle. 'Tis as Stella ſays, nothing that once grows dear in Ireland ever grows cheap again, except corn, with a pox, to ruin the parſon. I had a letter to-day from the Archbiſhop of Dublin, giving me farther thanks about vindicating him to Mr. Harley and Mr. St. John, and telling me a long ſtory about your mayor's election, wherein I find he has had a finger, and given way to farther talk about him; but we know nothing of it here yet. This walking to and fro, and dreſſing myſelf, takes up ſo much of my time, that I cannot go among company ſo much as formerly; yet what muſt a body do? I thank God, I yet continue much better ſince I left the town; I know not how long it may laſt. I am ſure it has done me ſome good for the preſent. I do not totter as I did, but walk firm as a cock, only once or twice for a minute, I don't know how; but it went off, and I never fol-

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followed it. Does Dingley read my hand as v as ever? do you, ſirrah? Poor Stella muſt not r Preſto's ugly ſmall hand. Preſerve your eyes, you be wiſe. Your friend Walls's tea will go a day or two towards Cheſter by one par Richardſon. My humble ſervice to her, and good Mrs. Stoyte, and Catherine; and pray w while you continue in Dublin. I expect your n but one will be from Wexford. God b deareſt MD.

24. Morning. Mr. Secretary has ſent groom hither to invite me to dinner to-day, & God Almighty for ever bleſs and preſerve y both, and give you health, *&c.* Amen. Farew *&c.*

Don't I often ſay the ſame thing two or th times in the ſame letter, ſirrah?

Great wits, they ſay, have but ſhort memori that's good vile converſation.

LETTER XXIV.

Chelſea, May 24, 1711.

MORNING. Once in my life the number of my letters and of the day of the month is the ſame; that's lucky, boys; that's a ſign that things will meet, and that we ſhall make a figure together. What, will you ſtill have the impudence to ſay London, England, becauſe I ſay Dublin, Ireland? Is there no difference between London and Dublin, ſaucy boxes? I have ſealed up my letter, and am going to town. Morrow, ſirrahs.—At night. I dined with the Secretary to-day; we ſat down between five and ſix. Mr. Harley's patent paſſed this morning: he is now Earl of Oxford, Earl Mortimer, and Lord Harley of Wigmore-Caſtle. My letter was ſealed, or I would have told you this yeſterday; but the public news may tell it you. The Queen, for all her favour, has kept a rod for him in her cloſet this week; I ſuppoſe he will take it from her though in a day or two. At eight o'clock this evening it rained prodigiouſly, as it did from five; however I ſet out, and in half way the rain leſſened, and I got home, but tolerably wet; and this is the firſt wet walk I have had in a month's time that I am here: but however I got to-bed, after a ſhort viſit to Atterbury.

25. It rained this morning, and I went to town by water; and Ford and I dined with Mr. Lewis by appoint-

appointment. I ordered Patrick to bring my gown and periwig to Mr. Lewis, becauſe I deſigned to go to ſee Lord Oxford, and ſo I told the dog; but he never came, though I ſtaid an hour longer than I appointed: ſo I went in my old gown, and ſat with him two hours, but could not talk over ſome buſineſs I had with him; ſo he has deſired me to dine with him on Sunday, and I muſt diſappoint the Secretary. My Lord ſet me down at a Coffee-houſe, where I waited for the Dean of Carliſle's chariot to bring me to Chelſea; for the Dean did not come himſelf, but ſent me his chariot, which has coſt me two ſhillings to the coachman; and ſo I am got home, and Lord knows what is become of Patrick. I think I muſt ſend him over to you; for he is an intolerable raſcal. If I had come without a gown, he would have ſerved me ſo, though my life and preferment ſhould have lain upon it: and I am making a livery for him will coſt me four pounds; but I will order the taylor to-morrow to ſtop till farther orders. My Lord Oxford can't yet abide to be called my Lord; and when I called him my Lord, he called me Dr. Thomas Swift, which he always does when he has a mind to teaſe me. By a ſecond hand, he propoſed my being his chaplain, which I by a ſecond hand excuſed; but we had no talk of it to-day: but I will be no man's chaplain alive. But I muſt go and be buſy.

26. I never ſaw Patrick till this morning, and that only once, for I dreſſed myſelf without him; and when I went to town, he was out of the way. I imme-

I immediately ſent for the taylor, and ordered him to ſtop his hand in Patrick's cloaths till farther orders. Oh, if it were in Ireland, I ſhould have turned him off ten times ago; and it is no regard to him, but myſelf, that has made me keep him ſo long. Now I am afraid to give the rogue his cloaths. What ſhall I do? I wiſh MD were here to intreat for him, juſt here at the bed's ſide. Lady Aſhburnham has been engaging me this long time to dine with her, and I ſet to-day apart for it; and whatever was the miſtake, ſhe ſent me word, ſhe was at dinner and undreſſed, but would be glad to ſee me in the afternoon; ſo I dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, and would not go ſee her at all, in a huff. My fine Florence is turning ſour with a vengeance, and I have not drunk half of it. As I was coming home to-night, Sir Thomas Manſel and Tom Harley met me in the Park, and made me walk with them till nine, like unreaſonable whelps; ſo I got not here till ten: but it was a fine evening, and the foot-path clean enough already after this hard rain.

27. Going this morning to town, I ſaw two old lame fellows walking to a brandy-ſhop, and when they got to the door, ſtood a long time complimenting who ſhould go in firſt. Though this be no jeſt to tell, it was an admirable one to ſee. I dined to-day with my Lord Oxford and the Ladies, the new Counteſs, and Lady Betty, who has been theſe three days a Lady born. My Lord left us at ſeven, and I had no time to ſpeak to him about ſome

affairs; but he promiſes in a day or two we ſhall dine alone; which is mighty likely, conſidering we expect every moment that the Queen will give him the ſtaff, and then he will be ſo crowded, he will be good for nothing: for aught I know he may have it to-night at council.

28. I had a petition ſent me t'other day from one Stephen Gernon, ſetting forth that he formerly lived with Harry Teniſon, who gave him an employment of gauger; and that he was turned out after Harry's death, and came for England, and is now ſtarving, or, as he expreſſes it, that the ſtaff of life has been of late a ſtranger to his appetite. To-day the poor fellow called, and I knew him very well, a young ſlender fellow with freckles in his face; you muſt remember him; he waited at table as a better ſort of ſervant. I gave him a crown, and promiſed to do what I could to help him to a ſervice, which I did for Harry Teniſon's memory. It was bloody hot walking to-day, and I was ſo lazy I dined where my new gown was, at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, and came back like a fool, and the Dean of Carliſle has ſat with me till eleven. Lord Oxford has not the ſtaff yet.

29. I was this morning in town by ten, though it was ſhaving-day, and went to the Secretary about ſome affairs, then viſited the Duke and Duchеſs of Ormond; but the latter was dreſſing to go out, and I could not ſee her. My Lord Oxford had the ſtaff given him this morning; ſo now I muſt call him Lord Oxford no more, but Lord Treaſurer: I

hope

hope he will ſtick there: this is twice he has changed his name this week; and I heard to-day in the city (where I dined) that he will very ſoon have the garter.—Prithee, don't you obſerve how ſtrangely I have changed my company and manner of living? I never go to a Coffee-houſe; you hear no more of Addiſon, Steele, Henley, Lady Lucy, Mrs. Finch, Lord Somers, Lord Halifax, &c. I think I have altered for the better. Did I tell you, the Archbiſhop of Dublin has writ me a long letter of a ſquabble in your town about chuſing a Mayor, and that he apprehended ſome cenſure for the ſhare he had in it. I have not heard any thing of it here; but I ſhall not be always able to defend him. We hear your Biſhop Hickman is dead; but nobody here will do any thing for me in Ireland; ſo they may die as faſt or ſlow as they pleaſe.—Well, you are conſtant to your Deans, and your Stoyte, and your Walls. Walls will have her tea ſoon; parſon Richardſon is either going or gone to Ireland, and has it with him. I hear Mr. Lewis has two letters for me: I could not call for them to-day, but will to-morrow; and perhaps one of them may be from our little MD, who knows, man? who can tell? Many more unlikely thing has happened.—Pſhaw, I write ſo plaguy little, I can hardly ſee it myſelf. *Write bigger, ſirrah* * Preſto. No, but I won't. Oh, you are a ſaucy rogue, Mr. Preſto, you are ſo impudent. Come, dear rogues, let Preſto go to ſleep; I have been with the Dean, and 'tis near twelve.

* Theſe words in Italicks are written in a large round hand.

30. I am ſo hot and lazy after my morning's walk, that I loitered at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, where my beſt gown and periwig was, and out of mere liſtleſneſs dine there very often, ſo I did to-day; but I got little MD's letter, N. 15. (you ſee, ſirrahs, I remember to tell the number) from Mr. Lewis, and I read it in a cloſet they lend me at Mrs. Van's, and I find Stella is a ſaucy rogue and a great writer, and can write finely ſtill when her hand's in, and her pen good. When I came here to-night, I had a mighty mind to go ſwim after I was cool, for my lodging is juſt by the river, and I went down with only my night-gown and ſlippers on at eleven, but came up again; however, one of theſe nights I will venture.

31. I was ſo hot this morning with my walk, that I reſolve to do ſo no more during this violent burning weather. It is comical, that now we happen to have ſuch heat to ripen the fruit, there has been the greateſt blaſt that ever was known, and almoſt all the fruit is deſpaired of. I dined with Lord Shelburn; Lady Kerry and Mrs. Pratt are going to Ireland. I went this evening to Lord Treaſurer, and ſat about two hours with him in mixt company; he left us, and went to Court, and carried two ſtaves with him, ſo I ſuppoſe we ſhall have a new Lord Steward, or Controller to-morrow; I ſmoakt that ſtate ſecret out by that accident. I won't anſwer your letter yet, ſirrahs, no, I won't, Madam.

June 1. I wiſh you a merry month of June. I dined again with the Vans and Sir Andrew Fountain.

tain. I always give them a flaſk of my Florence, which now begins to ſpoil, but 'tis near an end. I went this afternoon to Mrs. Vedeau's, and brought away Madam Dingley's parchment and letter of attorney. Mrs. Vedeau tells me, ſhe has ſent the bill a fortnight ago. I will give the parchment to Ben. Tooke, and you ſhall ſend him a letter of attorney at your leiſure, incloſed to Mr. Preſto. Yes, I now think your mackarel is full as good as ours, which I did not think formerly. I was bit about the two ſtaves, for there is no new officer made to-day. This letter will find you ſtill in Dublin, I ſuppoſe, or at Donnybrook, or loſing your money at Walls' (how does ſhe do?)

2. I miſſed this day by a blunder, and dining in the city *.

3. No boats on Sunday, never: ſo I was forced to walk, and ſo hot by the time I got to Ford's lodging, that I was quite ſpent; I think the weather is mad. I could not go to church. I dined with the Secretary as uſual, and old Colonel Graham that lived at Bagſhot-Heath, and they ſaid it was Colonel Graham's houſe. Pſhaw, I remember it very well, when I uſed to go for a walk to London from Moor-park. What, I warrant you don't remember the golden farmer neither, Figgarkick Soley?

4. When muſt we anſwer this letter, this N. 15. of our little MD? heat and lazineſs, and Sir Andrew Fountain made me dine to-day again at Mrs.

* This interlined in the original.

Van's; and, in ſhort, this weather is inſupportable; how is it with you? Lady Betty Butler, and Lady Aſhburnham ſat with me two or three hours this evening in my cloſet at Mrs. Van's. They are very good girls, and if Lady Betty went to Ireland you ſhould let her be acquainted with you. How does Dingley do this hot weather? Stella, I think, never complains of it, ſhe loves hot weather. There has not been a drop of rain ſince Friday ſennight. Yes, you do love hot weather, naughty Stella, you do ſo, and Preſto can't abide it. Be a good girl then, and I'll love you; and love one another, and don't be quarrelling girls.

5. I dined in the city to-day, and went from hence early to town, and viſited the Duke of Ormond, and Mr. Secretary. They ſay, my Lord Treaſurer has a dead warrant in his pocket, they mean, a liſt of thoſe who are to be turned out of employment, and we every day now expect thoſe changes. I paſt by the Treaſury to-day, and ſaw vaſt crowds waiting to give Lord Treaſurer petitions as he paſſes by. He is now at the top of power and favour: he keeps no levees yet. I am cruel thirſty this hot weather.—I am juſt this minute going to ſwim. I take Patrick down with me to hold my night-gown, ſhirt and ſlippers, and borrow a napkin of my Landlady for a cap.—So farewell till I come up; but there's no danger, don't be frighted.—I have been ſwimming this half-hour and more; and when I was coming out I dived, to make my head and all through wet, like a cold bath; but as I dived,

dived, the napkin fell off and is loſt, and I have that to pay for. O faith, the great ſtones were ſo ſharp, I could hardly ſet my feet on them as I came out. It was pure and warm. I got to bed, and will now go ſleep.

6. Morning. This letter ſhall go to-morrow; ſo I will anſwer yours when I come home to-night. I feel no hurt from laſt night's ſwimming. I lie with nothing but the ſheet over me, and my feet quite bare. I muſt riſe and go to town before the tide is againſt me. Morrow, ſirrahs; dear ſirrahs, morrow.—At night. I never felt ſo hot a day as this ſince I was born. I dined with Lady Betty Germain, and there was the young Earl of Berkeley and his fine Lady. I never ſaw her before, nor think her near ſo handſome as ſhe paſſes for.—After dinner Mr. Bertue would not let me put ice in my wine; but ſaid my Lord Dorcheſter got the bloody-flux with it, and that it was the worſt thing in the world. Thus are we plagued, thus are we plagued; yet I have done it five or ſix times this ſummer, and was but the drier and the hotter for it. Nothing makes me ſo exceſſively peeviſh as hot weather. Lady Berkeley after dinner clapt my hat on another Lady's head, and ſhe in roguery put it upon the rails. I minded them not; but in two minutes they called me to the window, and Lady Carteret ſhewed me my hat out of her window five doors off, where I was forced to walk to it, and pay her and old Lady Weymouth a viſit, with ſome more bell-dames. Then I went and drank coffee, and made one or two puns

certainly he lies. I'm ſure I uſed him indifferently enough, and we never once dined together, or walkt or were in any third place, only he came ſometimes to my lodgings, and even there was oftener denied than admitted.—What an odd bill is that you ſent of Raymond's? a bill upon one Murry in Cheſter, which depends entirely not only upon Raymond's honeſty, but his diſcretion; and in money matters he is the laſt man I would depend on. Why ſhould Sir Alexander Cairnes in London pay me a bill, drawn by God knows who, upon Murry in Cheſter? I was at Cairnes's, and they can do no ſuch thing. I went among ſome friends, who are merchants, and I find the bill muſt be ſent to Murry, accepted by him, and then returned back, and then Cairnes may accept or refuſe it as he pleaſes. Accordingly I gave Sir Thomas Frankland the bill, who has ſent it to Cheſter, and ordered the poſt-maſter there to get it accepted, and then ſend it back, and in a day or two I ſhall have an anſwer; and therefore this letter muſt ſtay a day or two longer than I intended, and ſee what anſwer I get. Raymond ſhould have written to Murray at the ſame time, to deſire Sir Alexander Cairnes to have anſwered ſuch a bill, if it come. But Cairnes's clerks (himſelf was not at home) ſaid, they had received no notice of it, and could do nothing; and adviſed me to ſend to Murry.—I have been ſix weeks to-day at Chelſea, and you know it but juſt now. And ſo Dean —— thinks I write the Medley. Pox of his judgment; 'tis equal to his honeſty.

'. Then you han't ſeen the Miſcellany yet. ', 'tis a four ſhilling book: has nobody carried er?—No, I believe Manley will not loſe his : for his friend in England is ſo far from being that he has taken a new patent ſince the poſt- e act; and his brother Jack Manley here takes part firmly; and I have often ſpoken to South- in his behalf, and he ſeems very well inclined im. But the Iriſh folks here in general are ibly violent againſt him. Beſides, he muſt con- : he could not ſend Stella wine if he were put And ſo he is very kind, and ſends you a dozen les of wine at a time, and you win eight ſhil- s at a time; and how much do you loſe? No, never one ſyllable about that, I warrant you.— y this ſame Stella is ſo unmerciful a writer, ſhe hardly left any room for Dingley. If you have Summer there as here, ſure the Wexford wa- are good by this time. I forgot what weather ad May 6th; go look in my journal. We had ble rain the 24th and 25th, and never a drop :. Yes, yes, I remember Bereſted's bridge; coach ſoſſes up and down as one goes that way, as at Hockley in the Hole. I never impute any ſs or health I have to good or ill weather, but to t of exerciſe, or ill air, or ſomething I have n, or hard ſtudy, or ſitting up; and ſo I fence aſt thoſe as well as I can: but who a deuce can the weather? Will Seymor, the General, was ſſively hot with the ſun ſhining full upon him; e turns to the ſun, and ſays, Hearkee, friend, you

you had better go and ripen cucumbers than plague me at this rate, *&c.* Another time fretting at the heat, a Gentleman by ſaid, it was ſuch weather as pleaſed God: Seymor ſaid, perhaps it may; but I'm ſure it pleaſes nobody elſe. Why, Madam Dingley, the firſt-fruits are done. Southwell told me they went to enquire about them, and Lord Treaſurer ſaid they were done, and had been done long ago. And I'll tell you a ſecret you muſt not mention, that the Duke of Ormond is ordered to take notice of them in his ſpeech to your Parliament: and I deſire you will take care to ſay on occaſion, that my Lord Treaſurer Harley did it many months ago, before the Duke was Lord Lieutenant. And yet I cannot poſſibly come over yet: ſo get you gone to Wexford, and make Stella well.—Yes, yes, I take care not to walk late; I never did but once, and there are five hundred people on the way as I walk.—Tiſdall is a puppy, and I will excuſe him the half hour he would talk with me. As for the Examiner, I have heard a whiſper, that after that of this day, which tells what this Parliament has done, you will hardly find them ſo good. I prophecy they will be traſh for the future; and methinks in this day's Examiner the author talks doubtfully, as if he would write no more. Obſerve whether the change be diſcovered in Dublin, only for your own curioſity, that's all. Make a mouth there. Mrs. Vedeau's buſineſs I have anſwered, and I hope the bill is not loſt. Morrow. 'Tis ſtewing hot, but I muſt riſe, and go to town between

tween fire and water. Morrow, ſirrahs both, morrow.—At night. I dined to-day with Colonel Crowe, Governor of Jamaica, and your friend Sterne. I preſented Sterne to my Lord Treaſurer's brother, and gave him his caſe, and engaged him in his favour. At dinner there fell the ſwingingeſt long ſhower, and the moſt grateful to me, that ever I ſaw: it thundered fifty times at leaſt, and the air is ſo cool, that a body is able to live; and I walkt home to-night with comfort, and without dirt. I went this evening to Lord Treaſurer, and ſat with him two hours, and we were in very good humour, and he abuſed me, and called me Dr. Thomas Swift fifty times: I have told you he does that when he has mind to make me mad. Sir Thomas Frankland gave me to-day a letter from Murry, accepting my bill; ſo all is well: only by a letter from Parviſol, I find there are ſome perplexities.—Joe has likewiſe written to me, to thank me for what I have done for him; and deſires I would write to the Biſhop of Clogher, that Tom Aſhe may not hinder his father * from being portrief. I have written, and ſent to Joe ſeveral times, that I will not trouble myſelf at all about Trim. I wiſh them their liberty; but they do not deſerve it: ſo tell Joe, and ſend to him. I am mighty happy with this rain: I was at the end of my patience, but now I live again. This cannot go till Saturday; and perhaps I may go out of town with Lord Shelburn and Lady

* Even Mr. Joſeph Beaumont, the ſon, was at this time an old man, whoſe grey locks were venerable; conſequently his father was very ancient; and yet the father lived until about the year 1719.

Kerry

Kerry to-morrow for two or three days. Lady Kerry has written to deſire it; but to-morrow I ſhall know farther.—O this dear rain, I cannot forbear praiſing it: I never felt myſelf to be revived ſo in my life. It laſted from three till five, hard as a horn, and mixt with hail.

8. Morning. I am going to town, and will juſt finiſh this there, if I go into the country with Lady Kerry and Lord Shelburn: ſo morrow, till an hour or two hence.—In town, I met Cairnes, who, I ſuppoſe, will pay me the money; though he ſays, I muſt ſend him the bill firſt, and I will get it done in abſence. Farewel, *&c. &c.*

LETTER XXV.

Chelſea, June 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20.

I HAVE been all this time at Wicomb, between Oxford and London, with Lord Shelburn, who has the Squire's houſe at the town's end, and an eſtate there in a delicious country. Lady Kerry and Mrs. Pratt were with us, and we paſſed our time well enough; and there I wholly diſengaged myſelf from all publick thoughts, and every thing but MD, who had the impudence to ſend me a letter there; but I'll be revenged: I'll anſwer it. This day, the 20th, I came from Wicomb with Lady Kerry after dinner, lighted at Hyde-Park corner, and

and walkt: it was twenty-ſeven miles, and we came it in about five hours.

21. I went at noon to ſee Mr. Secretary at his office, and there was Lord Treaſurer: ſo I killed two birds, *&c.* and we were glad to ſee one another, and ſo forth. And the Secretary and I dined at Sir William Wyndham's, who married Lady Catherine Seymor, your acquaintance, I ſuppoſe. There were ten of us at dinner. It ſeems in my abſence they had erected a club, and made me one; and we made ſome laws to-day, which I am to digeſt, and add to, againſt next meeting. Our meetings are to be every Thurſday: we are yet but twelve: Lord Keeper and Lord Treaſurer were propoſed; but I was againſt them, and ſo was Mr. Secretary, though their ſons are of it, and ſo they are excluded; but we deſign to admit the Duke of Shrewſbury. The end of our club is to advance converſation and friendſhip, and to reward deſerving perſons with our intereſt and recommendation. We take in none but men of wit or men of intereſt; and if we go on as we begin, no other club in this town will be worth talking of. The Solicitor-General, Sir Robert Raymond, is one of our club; and I ordered him immediately to write to your Lord Chancellor in favour of Dr. Raymond; ſo tell Raymond, if you ſee him; but I believe this will find you at Wexford. This letter will come three weeks after the laſt; ſo there is a week loſt; but that is owing to my being out of town; yet I think it is right, becauſe it goes incloſed to Mr. Reading: and

why

why ſhould he know how often Preſto writes to MD, pray?—I ſat this evening with Lady Butler and Lady Aſhburnham, and then came home by eleven, and had a good cool walk; for we have had no extreme hot weather this fortnight, but a great deal of rain at times, and a body can live and breathe. I hope it will hold ſo. We had peaches to-day.

22. I went late to-day to town, and dined with my friend Lewis. I ſaw Will. Congreve attending at the treaſury, by order, with his brethren, the commiſſioners of the wine licences. I had often mentioned him with kindneſs to Lord Treaſurer; and Congreve told me, that after they had anſwered to what they were ſent for, my Lord called him privately, and ſpoke to him with great kindneſs, promiſing his protection, *&c.* The poor man ſaid, he had been uſed ſo ill of late years, that he was quite aſtoniſhed at my Lord's goodneſs, *&c.* and deſired me to tell my Lord ſo; which I did this evening, and recommended him heartily. My Lord aſſured me he eſteemed him very much, and would be always kind to him; that what he ſaid was to make Congreve eaſy, becauſe he knew people talked as if his Lordſhip deſigned to turn every body out, and particularly Congreve; which indeed was true, for the poor man told me he apprehended it. As I left my Lord Treaſurer, I called on Congreve (knowing where he dined) and told him what had paſſed between my Lord and me: ſo I have made a worthy man eaſy, and that is a good day's work. I am propoſing to my

my Lord to erect a ſociety or academy for correcting and ſettling our language, that we may not perpetually be changing as we do. He enters mightily into it, ſo does the Dean of Carliſle; and I deſign to write a letter to Lord Treaſurer with the propoſals of it, and publiſh it; and ſo I told my Lord, and he approves it. Yeſterday's was a ſad Examiner, and laſt week was very indifferent, though ſome little ſcraps of the old ſpirit, as if he had given ſome hints; but yeſterday's is all traſh. It is plain the hand is changed.

23. I have not been in London to-day: for Dr. Gaſtrel and I dined, by invitation, with the Dean of Carliſle, my neighbour; ſo I know not what they are doing in the world, a meer country gentleman. And are not you aſhamed both to go into the country juſt when I did, and ſtay ten days, juſt as I did ſaucy monkies? But I never rode; I had no horſes, and our coach was out of order, and we went and came in a hired one. Do you keep your lodgings when you go to Wexford? I ſuppoſe you do; for you will hardly ſtay above two months. I have been walking about our town to-night, and it is a very ſcurvy place for walking. I am thinking to leave it, and return to town, now the Iriſh folks are gone. Ford goes in three days. How does Dingley divert herſelf while Stella is riding? work, or read, or walk? Does Dingley ever read to you? Had you ever a book with you in the country? Is all that left off? confeſs. Well, I'll go ſleep, 'tis

paſt eleven, and I go early to ſleep; I write nothing at night but to MD.

24. Stratford and I, and paſtoral Phillips, (juſt come from Denmark) dined at Ford's to-day, who paid his way, and goes for Ireland on Tueſday. The Earl of Peterborow is returned from Vienna without one ſervant: he left them ſcattered in ſeveral towns of Germany. I had a letter from him, four days ago, from Hanover, where he deſires I would immediately ſend him an anſwer to his houſe at Parſon's-Green, about five miles off. I wondered what he meant, till I heard he was come. He ſent expreſſes, and got here before them. He is above fifty, and as active as one of five and twenty. I have not ſeen him yet, nor know when I ſhall, or where to find him.

25. Poor Duke of Shrewſbury has been very ill of a fever: we were all in a fright about him: I thank God, he is better. I dined to-day at Lord Aſhburnham's with his lady, for he was not at home: ſhe is a very good girl, and always a great favourite of mine. Sterne tells me, he has deſired a friend to receive your box in Cheſter, and carry it over. I fear he will miſcarry in his buſineſs, which was ſent to the Treaſury before he was recommended; for I was poſitive only to ſecond his recommendations, and all his other friends failed him. However, on your account, I will do what I can for him to-morrow with the ſecretary of the treaſury.

26. We had much company to-day at dinner at Lord Treaſurer's. Prior never fails: he is a much better

)etter courtier than I; and we expect every day that ıe will be a commiſſioner of the cuſtoms, and that n a ſhort time a great many more will be turned ıut. They blame Lord Treaſurer for his ſlowneſs n turning people out; but I ſuppoſe he has his eaſons. They ſtill keep my neighbour Atterbury n ſuſpence about the Deanry of Chriſt-Church, vhich has been above ſix months vacant, and he is ıeartily angry. I reckon you are now preparing for 'our Wexford expedition; and poor Dingley is full ıf carking and caring, ſcolding. How long will 'ou ſtay? Shall I be in Dublin before you return? Don't fall and hurt yourſelves, nor overturn the 'oach. Love one another, and be good girls; and lrink Preſto's health in water, madam Stella; and in ;ood ale *, madam Dingley.

27. The Secretary appointed me to dine with ıim to-day, and we were to do a world of buſineſs: ıe came at four, and brought Prior with him, and ıad forgot the appointment, and no buſineſs was lone. I left him at eight, and went to change my ;own at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's; and there was Sir Andrew Fountain at ombre with Lady Aſhburnham, nd Lady Frederick Schomberg; and Lady Mary chomberg, and Lady Betty Butler, and others ılking; and it put me in mind of the Dean, and toyte, and Walls, and Stella at play, and Dingley nd I looking on. I ſtaid with them till ten, like fool. Lady Aſhburnham is ſomething like Stella;

* The Wexford ale is highly eſteemed, which is hinted at in this ſtage; and the Wexford waters were preſcribed to Stella.

ſo I helped her, and wiſhed her good cards. It is late, &c.

28. Well, but I muſt anſwer this letter of our MD's. Saturday approaches, and I han't written down this ſide. O faith, Preſto has been a ſort of a lazy fellow: but Preſto will remove to town this day ſe'nnight: the Secretary has commanded me to do ſo; and I believe he and I ſhall go for ſome days to Windſor, where he will have leiſure to mind ſome buſineſs we have together. To-day, our ſociety (it muſt not be called a club) dined at Mr. Secretary's; we were but eight, the reſt ſent excuſes, or were out of town. We ſat till eight, and made ſome laws and ſettlements; and then I went to take leave of Lady Aſhburnham, who goes out of town to-morrow, as a great many of my acquaintance are already, and left the town very thin. I ſhall make but ſhort journies this ſummer, and not be long out of London. The days are grown ſenſibly ſhorter already, and all our fruit blaſted. Your Duke of Ormond is ſtill at Cheſter; and perhaps this letter will be with you as ſoon as he. Sterne's buſineſs is quite blown up: they ſtand to it to ſend him back to the commiſſioners of the revenue in Ireland for a reference, and all my credit could not alter it, although I almoſt fell out with the Secretary of the Treaſury, who is my Lord Treaſurer's couſin-german, and my very good friend. It ſeems every ſtep he has hitherto taken hath been wrong at leaſt they ſay ſo, and that is the ſame thing. I am heartily ſorry for it; and I really think they are

in the wrong, and uſe him hardly; but I can do no more.

29. Steele has had the aſſurance to write to me, that I would engage my Lord Treaſurer to keep a friend of his in an employment: I believe I told you how he and Addiſon ſerved me for my good offices in Steele's behalf; and I promiſed Lord Treaſurer never to ſpeak for either of them again. Sir Andrew Fountain and I dined to-day at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's. Dilly Aſhe has been in town this fortnight: I ſaw him twice; he was four days at Lord Pembroke's in the country, punning with him; his face is very well. I was this evening two or three hours at Lord Treaſurer's, who called me Dr. Thomas Swift twenty times; that's his way of teaſing. I left him at nine, and got home here by ten, like a gentleman; and to-morrow morning I'll anſwer your letter, ſirrahs.

30. Morning. I am terrible ſleepy always in a morning; I believe it is my walk over-night that diſpoſes me to ſleep; faith 'tis now ſtriking eight, and I am but juſt awake. Patrick comes early, and wakes me five or ſix times, but I have excuſes, though I am three parts aſleep. I tell him I ſat up late, or ſlept ill in the night, and often it is a lie. I have now got little MD's letter before me, N. 16, no more, nor no leſs, no miſtake. Dingley ſays, "This letter won't be above ſix lines," and I was afraid it was true, though I ſaw it filled on both ſides. The Biſhop of Clogher writ me word you were in the country, and that he heard you were

well; I am glad at heart MD rides, and rides, and rides. Our hot weather ended in May, and all this month has been moderate: it was then ſo hot, I was not able to endure it; I was miſerable every moment, and found myſelf diſpoſed to be peeviſh and quarrelſome; I believe a very hot country would make me ſtark mad.—Yes, my head continues pretty tolerable, and I impute it all to walking. Does Stella eat fruit? I eat a little, but I always repent, and reſolve againſt it. No, in very hot weather I always go to town by water: but I conſtantly walk back, for then the ſun is down. And ſo Mrs. Proby goes with you to Wexford; ſhe's admirable company: you'll grow plaguy wiſe with thoſe you frequent. Mrs. Taylor, and Mrs. Proby; take care of infection. I believe my two hundred pounds will be paid; but that Sir Alexander Cairnes is a ſcrupulous puppy: I left the bill with Mr. Stratford, who is to have the money. Now, madam Stella, what ſay you? you ride every day; I know that already, ſirrah; and if you rid every day for a twelve month, you would be ſtill better and better. No, I hope Parviſol will not have the impudence to make you ſtay an hour for the money; if he does, I'll un-parviſol him; pray let me know. O Lord, how haſty we are, Stella can't ſtay writing and writing; ſhe muſt write and go a cock-horſe, pray now. Well, but the horſes are not come to the door; the fellow can't find the bridle; your ſtirrup is broken; where did you put the whips, Dingley? Marg'et, where have you laid

Mrs,

. Johnſon's ribband to tie about her? reach me maſk: ſup up this before you go. So, ſo, a p, a gallop: ſit faſt, ſirrah, and don't ride hard the ſtones.—Well, now Stella is gone, tell Dingley, is ſhe a good girl? and what news is you are to tell me?—No, I believe the box is loſt: Sterne ſays, it is not.—No faith, you go to Wexford without ſeeing your Duke of ond, unleſs you ſtay on purpoſe; perhaps you be ſo wiſe.—I tell you this is your ſixteenth ; will you never be ſatisfied? No, no, I'll late no more; I ought leſs to venture it than people, and ſo I was told: but I'll return to e in town next Thurſday. When you come Wexford I would have you ſend a letter of ney to Mr. Benjamin Tooke, bookſeller in lon, directed to me; and he ſhall manage your . I have your parchment ſafely lockt up in lon.—O madam Stella, welcome home; was eaſant riding? did your horſe ſtumble? how did the man light to ſettle your ſtirrup? ride miles? faith you have galloped indeed. Well, where's the fine thing you promiſed me? I been a good boy, aſk Dingley elſe. I believe did not meet the fine-thing-man: faith you are eat. So you'll ſee Raymond and his wife in . Faith that riding to Laracor gives me ſhort , as well as you. All the days I have paſſed have been dirt to thoſe. I have been gaining lies by the ſcores, and friends by the couples, h is againſt the rules of wiſdom; becauſe they

ſay, one enemy can do more hurt, than ten friends can do good. But I have had my revenge at leaſt, if I get nothing elſe. And ſo let Fate govern.—— Now I think your letter is anſwered; and mine will be ſhorter than ordinary, becauſe it muſt go to-day. We have had a great deal of ſcattering rain for ſome days paſt, yet it hardly keeps down the duſt.—— We have plays acted in our town, and Patrick was at one of them, oh ho. He was damnably mauled one day when he was drunk; he was at cuffs with a brother footman, who dragged him along the floor upon his face, which lookt for a week after as if he had the leproſy; and I was glad enough to ſee it. I have been ten times ſending him over to you; yet now he has new cloaths, and a laced hat, which the hatter brought by his orders, and he offered to pay for the lace out of his wages.—I am to dine to-day with Dilly at Sir Andrew Fountain's, who has bought a new houſe, and will be weary of it in half a year. I muſt riſe and ſhave, and walk to town, unleſs I go with the Dean in his chariot at twelve, which is too late: and I have not ſeen that Lord Peterborow yet. The Duke of Shrewſbury is almoſt well again, and will be abroad in a day or two: what care you? There it is now; you don't care for my friends. Farewel, my deareſt lives, and delights, I love you better than ever, if poſſible, as hope ſaved, I do, and ever will. God Almighty bleſs you ever, and make us happy together; I pray for this twice every day; and I hope God will hear my poor hearty prayers.—Remember if I am

uſed

uſed ill and ungratefully, as I have formerly been, 'tis what I am prepared for, and ſhall not wonder at it. Yet, I am now envied, and thought in high favour, and have every day numbers of conſiderable men teaſing me to ſolicit for them. And the miniſtry all uſe me perfectly well, and all that know them, ſay they love me. Yet I can count upon nothing, nor will, but upon MD's love and kindneſs.—They think me uſeful; they pretended they were afraid of none but me; and that they reſolved to have me; they have often confeſſed this: yet all makes little impreſſion on me.—Pox of theſe ſpeculations! they give me the ſpleen; and that is a diſeaſe I was not born to. Let me alone, ſirrahs, and be ſatisfied: I am, as long as MD and Preſto are well: Little wealth, And much health, And a life by ſtealth; that is all we want; and ſo farewel, deareſt MD; Stella, Dingley, Preſto all together, now and for ever all together. Farewel again and again.

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LETTER XXVI.

Chelſea, June 30, 1711.

SEE what large paper I am forced to take to write to MD ;- Patrick has brought me none clipt; but faith the next ſhall be ſmailer. I dined to-day as I told you, with Dilly at Sir Andrew Fountain's: there were we wretchedly punning, and writing together to Lord Pembroke. Dilly is juſt ſuch a puppy as ever; and it is ſo uncouth, after ſo long an intermiſſion. My twenty-fifth is gone this evening to the poſt. I think I will direct my next, (which is this) to Mr. Curry's, and let them ſend it to Wexford, and then the next incloſed to Reading. Inſtruct me how I ſhall do. I long to hear from you from Wexford, and what ſort of place it is. The town grows very empty and dull. This evening I have had a letter from Mr. Philips the paſtoral poet, to get him a certain employment from Lord Treaſurer. I have now had almoſt all the whig poets my ſolicitors; and I have been uſeful to Congreve, Steele, and Harriſon: but I will do nothing for Philips; I find he is more a puppy than ever; ſo don't ſolicit for him. Beſides, I will not trouble Lord Treaſurer, unleſs upon ſome very extraordinary occaſion.

July 1. Dilly lies conveniently for me when I come to town from Chelſea of a Sunday, and go to the Secretary's; ſo I called at his lodgings this

morning, and ſent for my gown, and dreſſed myſelf there. He had a letter from the Biſhop, with an account that you were ſet out for Wexford the morning he writ, which was June 26, and he had the letter the 30th; that was very quick: the Biſhop ſays, you deſign to ſtay there two months or more. Dilly had alſo a letter from Tom Aſhe, full of Iriſh news: that your Lady Linden is dead, and I know not what beſides, of Dr. Coghil * loſing his drab, *&c.* The Secretary was gone to Windſor, and I dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh. Lord Treaſurer is at Windſor too; they will be going and coming all ſummer, while the Queen is there, and the town is empty, and I fear I ſhall be ſometimes forced to ſtoop beneath my dignity, and ſend to the alehouſe for a dinner. Well, ſirrahs, had you a good journey to Wexford? did you drink ale by the way? were you never overturned? how many things did you forget? do you lie on ſtraw in your new town where you are? Cudſho, the next letter to Preſto will be dated from Wexford. What fine company have you there? what new acquaintance

* Dr. Marmaduke Coghil was Judge of the Prerogative Court in Ireland. About this time he courted a lady, and was ſoon to have been married to her; but unfortunately a cauſe was brought to trial before him, wherein a man was ſued for beating his wife. When the matter was agitated, the Dr. gave his opinion, That although a man had no right to beat his wife unmercifully, yet that, with ſuch a little cane or ſwitch as he then held in his hand, a huſband was at liberty, and was inveſted with a power, to give his wife moderate correction: which opinion determined the lady againſt having the doctor. He died an old man and a batchelor, about thirty years ago.

have

have you got? you are to write conſtantly to Mrs. Walls and Mrs. Stoyte: and the Dean ſaid, Shall we never hear from you? Yes, Mr. Dean, we'll make bold to trouble you with a letter. Then at Wexford; when you meet a lady; Did your waters paſs well this morning, madam? Will Dingley drink them too? Yes, I warrant; to get her a ſtomach. I ſuppoſe you are all gameſters at Wexford. Don't loſe your money, ſirrah, far from home. I believe I ſhall go to Windſor in a few days; at leaſt, the Secretary tells me ſo. He has a ſmall houſe there, with juſt room enough for him and me; and I would be ſatisfied to paſs a few days there ſometimes. Sirrahs, let me go to ſleep, 'tis paſt twelve in our town.

2. Sterne came to me this morning, and tells me he has yet ſome hopes of compaſſing his buſineſs: he was with Tom Harley, the Secretary of the Treaſury, and made him doubt a little he was in the wrong; the poor man tells me, it will almoſt undo him, if he fails. I called this morning to ſee Will Congreve, who lives much by himſelf, is forced to read for amuſement, and cannot do it without a magnifying-glaſs. I have ſet him very well with the miniſtry, and I hope he is in no danger of loſing his place. I dined in the city with Dr. Friend, not among my merchants, but with a ſcrub inſtrument of miſchief of mine, whom I never mentioned to you, nor am like to do. You two little ſaucy Wexfordians, you are now drinking waters. You drink waters! you go fiddleſtick. Pray God ſend them to

do

do you good; if not, faith next ſummer you ſhall come to the Bath.

3. Lord Peterborow deſired to ſee me this morning at nine; I had not ſeen him before ſince he came home. I met Mrs. Manley there, who was ſoliciting him to get ſome penſion or reward for her ſervice in the cauſe, by writing her Atalantis, and proſecution, *&c.* upon it. I ſeconded her, and hope they will do ſomething for the poor woman. My Lord kept me two hours upon politicks: he comes home very ſanguine; he has certainly done great things at Savoy and Vienna, by his negotiations: he is violent againſt a peace, and finds true what I writ to him, that the Miniſtry ſeems for it. He reaſons well; yet I am for a peace *. I took leave of Lady Kerry, who goes to-morrow for Ireland; ſhe picks up Lord Shelburn and Mrs. Pratt at Lord Shelburn's houſe. I was this evening with Lord Treaſurer; Tom. Harley was there; and whiſpered me that he began to doubt about Sterne's buſineſs; I told him he would find he was in the wrong. I ſat two or three hours at Lord Treaſurer's; he rallied me ſufficiently upon my refuſing to take him into our club; told a judge who was with us, that my name was Thomas Swift. I had a mind to prevent Sir H. Bellaſis going to Spain, who is a moſt covetous curr, and I fell a railing againſt avarice, and turned it ſo that he ſmoakt me, and named Bellaſis. I went on, and ſaid it was a ſhame to ſend him, to which he agreed, but deſired I would name ſome

* Theſe words, written in confidence to Stella, deſerve our notice.

who

who underſtood buſineſs, and do not love money, for he could not find them. I ſaid, there was ſomething in a treaſurer different from other men; that we ought not to make a man a Biſhop who does not love divinity; or a General who does not love war; and I wondered why the Queen would make a man Lord Treaſurer who does not love money. He was mightily pleaſed with what I ſaid. He was talking of the firſt-fruits of England; and I took occaſion to tell him, that I would not for a thouſand pounds, any body but he had got them to Ireland, who got them for England too. He bid me conſider what a thouſand pounds was; I ſaid, I would have him to know, I valued a thouſand pounds as little as he valued a million.—Is it not ſilly to write all this? but it gives you an idea what our converſation is with mixt company. I have taken a lodging in Suffolk-ſtreet, and go to it on Thurſday; and deſign to walk the Park and the town to ſupply my walking here: yet I will walk here ſometimes too, in a viſit now and then to the Dean. When I was almoſt at home, Patrick told me he had two letters for me, and gave them to me in the dark, yet I could ſee one of them was from ſaucy MD. I went to viſit the Dean for half an hour; and then came home, and firſt read the other letter, which was from the Biſhop of Clogher, who tells me the Archbiſhop of Dublin mentioned in a full aſſembly of the clergy, the Queen's granting the firſt-fruits; ſaid it was done by the Lord Treaſurer; and talked much of my merit in it: but

reading

reading your's I find nothing of that: perhaps the Biſhop lies, out of a deſire to pleaſe me. I dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh. Well, ſirrahs, you are gone to Wexford, but I'll follow you.

4. Sterne came to me again this morning to adviſe about reaſons and memorials he is drawing up; and we went to town by water together; and having nothing to do, I ſtole into the city to an inſtrument of mine, and then went to ſee poor Patty Rolt, who has been in town theſe two months with a couſin of hers. Her life paſſes with boarding in ſome country town as cheap as ſhe can, and when ſhe runs out, ſhifting to ſome cheaper place, or coming to town for a month. If I were rich I would eaſe her, which a little thing would do. Some months ago I ſent her a guinea, and it patched up twenty circumſtances. She is now going to Berkhamſtead in Hertfordſhire. It has rained and hailed prodigiouſly to-day, with ſome thunder. This is the laſt night I lie at Chelſea; and I got home early, and ſat two hours with the Dean, and eat victuals, having had a very ſcurvy dinner. I'll anſwer your letter when I come to live in town. You ſhall have a fine London anſwer: but firſt I'll go ſleep, and dream of MD.

London, July 5. This day I left Chelſea for good (that's a genteel phraſe) and am got into Suffolk-ſtreet. I dined to-day at our ſociety, and we are adjourned for a month, becauſe moſt of us go into the country: we dined at Lord Keeper's with young Harcourt, and Lord Keeper was forced to

ſneak

ſneak off, and dine with Lord Treaſurer, who had invited the Secretary and me to dine with him; but we ſcorned to leave our company, as George Granv'le did, whom we have threatened to expel: however, in the evening I went to Lord Treaſurer, and, among other company, found a couple of judges with him; one of them, judge Powel, an old fellow with gray hairs, was the merrieſt old Gentleman I ever ſaw, ſpoke pleaſant things, and laughed and chuckled till he cried again. I ſtaid till eleven, becauſe I was not now to walk to Chelſea.

6. An ugly rainy day; I was to viſit Mrs. Barton, then called at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, where Sir Andrew Fountain and the rain kept me to dinner; and there did I loiter all the afternoon, like a fool, out of perfect lazineſs, and the weather not permitting me to walk; but I'll do ſo no more. Are your waters at Wexford good in this rain? I long to hear how you are eſtabliſhed there, how and whom you viſit, what is your lodging, what are your entertainments. You are got far ſouthwards; but I think you muſt eat no fruit while you drink the waters. I eat ſome Kentiſh cherries t'other day, and I repent it already; I have felt my head a little diſordered. We had not a hot day all June, nor ſince, which I reckon a mighty happineſs. Have you left a direction with Reading for Wexford? I will, as I ſaid, direct this to Curry's, and the next to Reading, or ſuppoſe I ſend this at a venture ſtraight to Wexford? It would vex me to have it miſcarry. I had a letter to-night from Parviſol,

that

that White has paid me moſt of my remaining money; and another from Joe, that they have had their election at Trim, but not a word of who is choſen portrieve. Poor Joe is full of complaints; ſays he has enemies, and fears he will never get his two hundred pounds, and I fear ſo too, although I have done what I could.—I'll anſwer your letter when I think fit, when ſaucy Preſto thinks fit, ſirrahs. I an't at leiſure yet; when I have nothing to do, perhaps I may vouchſafe.—O Lord, the two Wexford Ladies; I'll go dream of you both.

7. It was the diſmalleſt rainy day I ever ſaw; I went to the Secretary in the morning, and he was gone to Windſor. Then it began raining, and I ſtruck in to Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, and dined, and ſtaid till night very dull and inſipid. I hate this town in Summer; I'll leave it for a while if I can have time.

8. I have a fellow of your town, one Tiſdall, lodges in the ſame houſe with me. Patrick told me, Squire Tiſdall and his Lady lodged here; I pretended I never heard of him, but I knew his ugly face, and ſaw him at church in the next pew to me, and he often looked for a bow, but it would not do. I think he lives in Capel-ſtreet, and has an ugly fine wife in a fine coach. Dr. Friend and I dined in the city by invitation, and I drank punch, very good, but it makes me hot. People here are troubled with agues by this continuance of wet cold weather; but I am glad to find the ſeaſon ſo temperate. I was

this evening to ſee Will. Congreve, who is a very agreeable companion.

9. I was to-day in the city, and dined with Mr. Stratford, who tells me Sir Alexander Cairnes makes difficulties about paying my bill, ſo that I cannot give order yet to Parviſol to deliver up the bond to Dr. Raymond. To-morrow I ſhall have a poſitive anſwer: that Cairnes is a ſhuffling ſcoundrel; and ſeveral Merchants have told me ſo: what can one expect from a Scot and a fanatick? I was at Bateman's the bookſeller's, to ſee a fine old library he has bought; and my fingers itched, as yours would do at a china ſhop; but I reſiſted, and found every thing too dear, and I have fooled away too much money that way already. So go and drink your waters, ſaucy rogue, and make your ſelf well; and pray walk while you are there: I have a notion there is never a good walk in Ireland*. Do you find all places without trees? pray obſerve the inhabitants about Wexford; they are old Engliſh; ſee what they have particular in their manners, names, and language: magpies have been always there, and no where elſe in Ireland †, till of late years. They ſay the cocks and dogs go to ſleep at noon, and ſo do the people. Write your travels, and bring home good eyes, and health.

10. I dined to-day with Lord Treaſurer: we did not ſit down till four. I diſpatched three bu-

* In Ireland there are not public paths from place to place, as in England.

† They are now common every where.

ſineſſes

ſineſſes with him, and forgot a fourth. I think I have got a friend an employment; and beſides I made him conſent to let me bring Congreve to dine with him. You muſt underſtand I have a mind to do a ſmall thing, only turn out all the Queen's Phyſicians; for in my conſcience they will ſoon kill her among them. And I muſt talk over that matter with ſome people. My Lord Treaſurer told me, the Queen and he between them have loſt the paper about the firſt-fruits; but deſires I will let the Biſhops know it ſhall be done with the firſt opportunity.

11. I dined to-day with neighbour Van, and walkt pretty well in the Park this evening. Stella, huſſy, don't you remember, ſirrah, you uſed to reproach me about meddling in other folks affairs. I have enough of it now: two people came to me to-night in the Park to engage to ſpeak to Lord Treaſurer in their behalf; and I believe they make up fifty who have aſked me the ſame favour. I am hardened, and reſolve to trouble him, or any other Miniſter, leſs than ever. And I obſerve thoſe who have ten times more credit than I, will not ſpeak a word for any body. I met yeſterday the poor lad I told you of, who lived with Mr. Teniſon, who has been ill of an ague ever ſince I ſaw him. He lookt wretchedly, and was exceeding thankful for half a crown I gave him. He had a crown from me before.

12. I dined to-day with young Manley in the city, who is to get me out a box of books and a hamper of wine from Hamburgh. I enquired of

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Mr. Stratford, who tells me that Cairnes has not yet paid my two hundred pounds, but ſhams and delays from day to day. Young Manley's wife is a very indifferent perſon of a young woman, goggle-eyed, and looks like a fool: yet he is a handſome fellow, and married her for love after long court-ſhip, and ſhe refuſed him until he got his laſt employment.—I believe I ſhall not be ſo good a boy for writing as I was, during your ſtay at Wexford, unleſs I may ſend my letters every ſecond time to Curry's; pray let me know. This, I think, ſhall go there, or why not to Wexford itſelf? that's right, and ſo it ſhall this next Tueſday, although it coſts you ten pence. What care I?

13. This toad of a Secretary is come from Windſor, and I can't find him; and he goes back on Sunday, and I can't ſee him to-morrow. I dined ſcurvily to-day with Mr. Lewis and a Parſon; and then went to ſee Lord Treaſurer, and met him coming from his houſe in his coach: he ſmiled, and I ſhrugged, and we ſmoakt each other; and ſo my viſit is paid. I now confine myſelf to ſee him only twice a week: he has invited me to Windſor, and betwixt two ſtools, *&c.* I'll go live at Windſor, if poſſible, that's pozz. I have always the luck to paſs my Summer in London. I called this evening to ſee poor Sir Matthew Dudley, a Commiſſioner of the Cuſtoms; I know he is to be out for certain: he is in hopes of continuing: I would not tell him bad news, but adviſed him to prepare for the worſt. Dilly was with me this morning, to invite me to dine at Kenſington on Sunday with Lord Mountjoy,

joy, who goes ſoon for Ireland. Your late chief juſtice Broderick is here, and they ſay violent as a tiger. How is party among you at Wexford? are the majority of Ladies for the late or preſent Miniſtry? write me Wexford news, and love Preſto, becauſe he's a good boy.

14. Although it was ſhaving-day I walkt to Chelſea, and was there by nine this morning; and the Dean of Carliſle and I croſt the water to Batterſea, and went in his chariot to Greenwich, where we dined at Dr. Gaſtrel's, and paſſed the afternoon at Lewſham, at the Dean of Canterbury's; and there I ſaw Moll Stanhope, who is grown monſtrouſly tall, but not ſo handſome as formerly. It is the firſt little rambling journey I have had this Summer about London, and they are the agreeableſt paſtimes one can have, in a friend's coach, and to good company. Bank ſtock is fallen three or four *per cent.* by the whiſpers about the town of the Queen's being ill, who is however very well.

15. How many books have you carried with you to Wexford? what, not one ſingle book? oh, but your time will be ſo taken up; and you can borrow of the Parſon. I dined to-day with Sir Andrew Fountain and Dilly at Kenſington with Lord Mountjoy; and in the afternoon Stratford came there, and told me my two hundred pounds was paid at laſt; ſo that buſineſs is over, and I am at eaſe about it: and I wiſh all your money was in the Bank too. I'll have my t'other hundred pounds there, that is in Hawkſhaw's hands. Have you had the intereſt of it paid yet? I ordered Parviſol

to do it. What makes Preſto write ſo crooked? I'll anſwer your letter to-morrow, and ſend it on Tueſday. Here's hot weather come again, yeſterday and to-day; fine drinking waters now. We had a ſad pert dull Parſon at Kenſington to-day. I almoſt repent my coming to town: I want the walks I had.

16. I dined in the city to-day with a hedge acquaintance, and the day paſſed without any conſequence. I'll anſwer your letter to-morrow.

17. Morning. I have put your letter before me, and am going to anſwer it. Hold your tongue; ſtand by. Your weather and ours were not alike; we had not a bit of hot weather in June, yet you complain of it on the 19th day. What, you uſed to love hot weather then? I could never endure it: I deteſt and abominate it. I would not live in a hot country to be King of it. What a ſplutter you keep about my bonds with Raymond, and all to affront Preſto? Preſto will be ſuſpicious of every thing but MD, in ſpite of your little noſe. Soft and fair, Madam Stella, how you gallop away in your ſpleen and your rage about repenting my journey and preferment here, and ſix-pence a dozen, and naſty England, and Laracor all my life. Hey dazy, will you never have done? I had no offers of any living. Lord Keeper told me ſome months ago, he would give me one when I pleaſed; but I told him, I would not take any from him: and the Secretary told me t'other day, he had refuſed a very good one for me; but it was in a place he did not like; and I know nothing of getting any thing here, and, if they would give me leave, I would come over juſt now.

. Addiſon, I hear, has changed his mind
it going over; but I have not ſeen him theſe
months.—O aye, that's true, Dingley; that's
herſelf: millions of buſineſſes to do before ſhe
. Yes, my head has been pretty well, but
itening within theſe two or three days, which I
ute to ſome fruit I ate; but I will eat no more:
a bit of any ſort. I ſuppoſe you had a journey
out duſt, and that was happy. I long for a
:ford letter; but muſt not think of it yet: your
was finiſhed but three weeks ago. It is d—d
s you tell me of Mrs. F——; it makes me love
land leſs a great deal. I know nothing of the
k being left or taken; ſo 'tis odd enough, if the
gs in it were mine; and I think I was told that
: were ſome things for me, that my mother left
cularly to me. I am really ſorry for——;
ſcoundrel —— will have his eſtate after his
ner's death. Let me know if Mrs. Walls has
ner tea: I hope Richardſon ſtaid in Dublin till
me. Mrs. Walls needed not have that blemiſh
er eye; for I am not in love with her at all.
I don't like any thing in the Examiner after
45th, except the firſt part of the 46th; all the
is traſh; and if you like them, eſpecially the
, your judgment is ſpoiled by ill company and
t of reading; which I am more ſorry for than
think: and I have ſpent fourteen years in im-
ing you to little purpoſe. (Mr. Tooke is come
, and I muſt ſtop.)—At night. I dined with
l Treaſurer to-day, and he kept me till nine;
cannot ſend this to-night, as I intended, nor

write ſome other letters. Green, his ſurgeon, was there, and dreſſed his breaſt; that is, put on a plaiſter, which is ſtill requiſite: and I took an opportunity to ſpeak to him of the Queen; but he cut me ſhort with this ſaying, *Laiſſez faire a Don Antoine*; which is a French proverb, expreſſing, Leave that to me. I find he is againſt her taking much phyſick; and I doubt he cannot perſuade her to take Dr. Radcliffe. However, ſhe is very well now, and all the ſtory of her illneſs, except the firſt day or two, was a lie. We had ſome buſineſs, that company hindered us from doing, though he is earneſt for it, yet would not appoint me a certain day, but bids me come at all times till we can have leiſure. This takes up a great deal of my time, and I can do nothing I would do for them. I was with the Secretary this morning, and we both think to go next week to Windſor for ſome days, to diſpatch an affair, if we can have leiſure. Sterne met me juſt now in the ſtreet by his lodgings, and I went in for an hour to Jemmy Leigh, who loves London dearly: he aſked after you with great reſpect and friendſhip.—To return to your letter. Your Biſhop Mills hates me mortally: I wonder he ſhould ſpeak well of me, having abuſed me in all places where he went. So you pay your way. Cudſho: you had a fine ſupper, I warrant; two pullets, and a bottle of wine, and ſome currants.—It is juſt three weeks to-day ſince you ſet out to Wexford; you were three days going, and I don't expect a letter theſe ten days yet, or rather this fortnight. I got a grant of the Gazette for Ben Tooke this morning

from

from Mr. Secretary: it will be worth to him a hundred pounds a year.

18. To-day I took leave of Mrs. Barton, who is going into the country; and I dined with Sir John Stanley, where I have not been this great while. There dined with us Lord Rocheſter and his fine daughter, Lady Jane, juſt growing a top toaſt. I have been endeavouring to ſave Sir Matthew Dudley, but fear I cannot. I walkt the Mall ſix times to-night for exerciſe, and would have done more; but as empty as the town is, a fool got hold of me, and ſo I came home, to tell you this ſhall go to-morrow, without fail, and follow you to Wexford, like a dog.

19. Dean Atterbury ſent to me to dine with him at Chelſea: I refuſed his coach, and walkt, and am come back by ſeven, becauſe I would finiſh this letter, and ſome others I am writing. Patrick tells me, the maid ſays one Mr. Walls, a clergyman, a tall man, was here to viſit me. Is it your Iriſh Archdeacon? I ſhall be ſorry for it; but I ſhall make a ſhift to ſee him ſeldom enough, as I do Dilly. What can he do here? or is it ſomebody elſe? The Duke of Newcaſtle is dead by the fall he had from his horſe. God ſend poor Stella her health, and keep MD happy. Farewel, and love Preſto, who loves MD above all things ten million of times. God bleſs the dear Wexford girls. Farewel again, *&c. &c.*

LET-

LETTER XXVII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. JOHNSON.

London, July 19, 1711.

I HAVE juſt ſent my 26th, and have nothing to ſay, becauſe I have other letters to write; (pſhaw, I begin too high) but I muſt lay the beginning like a neſt-egg: to-morrow I'll ſay more, and fetch up this line to be ſtraight. This is enough at preſent for two dear ſaucy naughty girls.

20. Have I told you that Walls has been with me, and leaves the town in three days. He has brought no gown with him. Dilly carried him to a play. He has come upon a fooliſh errand, and goes back as he comes. I was this day with Lord Peterborow, who is going another ramble: I believe I told you ſo. I dined with Lord Treaſurer, but cannot get him to do his own buſineſs with me; he has put me off till to-morrow.

21, 22. I dined yeſterday with Lord Treaſurer, who would needs take me along with him to Windſor, although I refuſed him ſeveral times, having no linen, *&c.* I had juſt time to deſire Lord Forbes to call at my lodging, and order my man to ſend my things to-day to Windſor, by his ſervant. I lay laſt night at the Secretary's lodgings at Windſor, and borrowed one of his ſhirts to go to court in. The Queen is very well. I dined with Mr. Maſham; and not hearing any thing of my things, I got Lord Winchelſea to bring me to town. Here I found that Patrick

trick had broke open the cloſet to get my linen and night-gown, and ſent them to Windſor, and there they are; and he not thinking I would return ſo ſoon, is gone upon his rambles: ſo here I am left deſtitute, and forced to borrow a night-gown of my landlady, and have not a rag to put on to-morrow: faith, it gives me the ſpleen.

23. Morning. It is a terrible rainy day, and rained prodigiouſly on Saturday night. Patrick lay out laſt night, and is not yet returned: faith, poor Preſto is a deſolate creature; neither ſervant, nor linen, nor any thing.—Night. Lord Forbes's man has brought back my portmantua, and Patrick is come; ſo I am in Chriſtian circumſtances: I ſhall hardly commit ſuch a frolick again. I juſt crept out to Mrs. Van's, and dined, and ſtaid there the afternoon: it has rained all this day. Windſor is a delicious place: I never ſaw it before, except for an hour about ſeventeen years ago. Walls has been here in my abſence, I ſuppoſe to take his leave; for he deſigned not to ſtay above five days in London. He ſays, he and his wife will come here for ſome months next year; and, in ſhort, he dares not ſtay now for fear of her.

24. I dined to-day with a hedge friend in the city; and Walls overtook me in the ſtreet, and told me he was juſt getting on horſeback for Cheſter. He has as much curioſity as a cow: he lodged with his horſe in Alderſgate-ſtreet: he has bought his wife a ſilk gown, and himſelf a hat. And what are you doing? what is poor MD doing now? how do you paſs your time at Wexford? how do the

waters

waters agree with you? let Preſto know ſoon; for Preſto longs to know, and muſt know. Is not madam Proby curious company? I am afraid this rainy weather will ſpoil your waters. We have had a great deal of wet theſe three days. Tell me all the particulars of Wexford; the place, the company, the diverſions, the victuals, the wants, the vexations. Poor Dingley never ſaw ſuch a place in her life; ſent all over the town for a little parſley to a boiled chicken, and it was not to be had: the butter is ſtark naught, except an old Engliſh woman's; and it is ſuch a favour to get a pound from her now and then. I am glad you carried down your ſheets with you, elſe you muſt have lain in ſackcloth. O Lord!

25. I was this forenoon with Mr. Secretary at his office, and helped to hinder a man of his pardon, who is condemned for a rape. The under Secretary was willing to ſave him, upon an old notion that a woman cannot be raviſhed: but I told the Secretary, he could not pardon him without a favourable report from the judge; beſides he was a fiddler, and conſequently a rogue, and deſerved hanging for ſomething elſe; and ſo he ſhall ſwing. What: I muſt ſtand up for the honour of the fair ſex? 'Tis true, the fellow had lain with her a hundred times before; but what care I for that? what! muſt a woman be raviſhed becauſe ſhe is a whore? —The Secretary and I go on Saturday to Windſor for a week. I dined with Lord Treaſurer, and ſtaid with him till paſt ten. I was to-day at his levee, where I went againſt my cuſtom, becauſe I had a mind

mind to do a good office for a gentleman: ſo I talked with him before my Lord, that he might ſee me, and then found occaſion to recommend him this afternoon. I was forced to excuſe my coming to the levee, that I did it to ſee the ſight; for he was going to chide me away: I had never been there before but once, and that was long before he was Treaſurer. The rooms were all full, and as many whigs as tories. He whiſpered me a jeſt or two, and bid me come to dinner. I left him but juſt now, and 'tis late.

26. Mr. Addiſon and I have at laſt met again. I dined with him and Steele to-day at young Jacob Tonſon's. The two Jacobs think it is I who have made the Secretary take from them the printing of the Gazette, which they are going to loſe, and Ben. Tooke and another are to have it. Jacob came to me t'other day, to make his court; but I told him, it was too late, and that it was not my doing. I reckon they will loſe it in a week or two. Mr. Addiſon and I talked as uſual, and as if we had ſeen one another yeſterday; and Steele and I were very eaſy, though I writ him a biting letter, in anſwer to one of his, where he deſired me to recommend a friend of his to Lord Treaſurer. Go, get you gone to your waters, ſirrah. Do they give you a ſtomach? Do you eat heartily?—We have had much rain to-day and yeſterday.

27. I dined to-day in the city, and ſaw poor Patty Rolt, and gave her a piſtole to help her a little forward againſt ſhe goes to board in the country.

try. She has but eighteen pounds a year to live on, and is forced to ſeek out for cheap places. Sometimes they raiſe their price, and ſometimes they ſtarve her, and then ſhe is forced to ſhift. Patrick, the puppy, put too much ink in my ſtandiſh, and carrying too many things together, I ſpilled it on my paper and floor. The town is dull, and wet and empty: Wexford is worth two of it; I hope ſo at leaſt, and that poor little MD finds it ſo. I reckon upon going to Windſor to-morrow with Mr. Secretary, unleſs he changes his mind, or ſome other buſineſs prevents him. I ſhall ſtay there a week, I hope.

28. Morning. Mr. Secretary ſent me word, he will call at my lodgings by two this afternoon, to take me to Windſor, ſo I muſt dine no where; and I promiſed Lord Treaſurer to dine with him to-day; but I ſuppoſe we ſhall dine at Windſor at five, for we make but three hours there. I am going abroad, but have left Patrick to put up my things, and to be ſure to be at home half an hour before two.——Windſor, at night. We did not leave London till three, and dined here between ſix and ſeven; at nine I left the company, and went to ſee Lord Treaſurer, who is juſt come. I chid him for coming ſo late; he chid me for not dining with him; ſaid, he ſtaid an hour for me. Then I went and ſat an hour with Mr. Lewis till juſt now, and 'tis paſt eleven. I lie in the ſame houſe with the Secretary, one of the Prebendary's houſes. The Secretary is not come from his apartment in the Caſtle. Do you think that abominable dog Patrick

was

was out after two to-day, and I in a fright every moment for fear the chariot ſhould come? and when he came in he had not put up one rag of my things: I never was in a greater paſſion, and would certainly have cropt one of his ears, if I had not lookt every moment for the Secretary, who ſent his equipage to my lodging before, and came in a chair from Whitehall to me, and happened to ſtay half an hour later than he intended.. One of Lord Treaſurer's ſervants gave me a letter from *****, with an offer of fifty pounds to be paid me in what manner I pleaſed; becauſe, he ſaid, he deſired to be well with me. I was in a rage; but my friend Lewis cooled me, and ſaid, it is what the beſt men ſometimes meet with; and I have been not ſeldom ſerved in the like manner, although not ſo groſsly. In theſe caſes I never demur a moment; nor ever found the leaſt inclination to take any thing. Well, I'll go try to ſleep in my new bed, and to dream of poor Wexford MD, and Stella that drinks water, and Dingley that drinks ale.

29. I was at court and church to-day, as I was this day ſe'nnight: I generally am acquainted with about thirty in the drawing-room, and am ſo proud I make all the Lords come up to me; one paſſes half an hour pleaſant enough. We had a dunce to preach before the Queen to-day, which often happens. Windſor is a delicious ſituation, but the town is ſcoundrel. I have this morning got the Gazette for Ben. Tooke and one Barber a printer; it will be about three hundred pounds a year between them. T'other fellow was printer of the

Examiner, which is now laid down. I dine
the Secretary, we were a dozen in all, three
Lords, and Lord Peterborow. Duke H
would needs be witty, and hold up my tra
walked up ſtairs. It is an ill circumſtance,
Sundays much company always meet at th
tables. Lord Treaſurer told at court, wha
to Mr. Secretary on this occaſion. The S
ſhewed me his bill of fare to encourage me
with him. Poh, ſaid I, ſhew me a bill o
pany, for I value not your dinner. See hc
is all blotted *, I can write no more here,
tell you I love MD dearly, and God bleſs th

30. In my conſcience I fear I ſhall have th
I ſometimes feel pains about my feet and
never drank till within theſe two years, and
to cure my head. I often ſit evenings with
theſe people, and drink in my turn; but I a
reſolved to drink ten times leſs than befor
they adviſe me to let what I drink be all wi
not to put water to it †. Tooke and the
ſtaid to-day to finiſh their affair, and treat
and two of the under Secretaries, upon their

* This refers to the ink mentioned above which blotted hi

† This advice appears to be reaſonable, either becauſe
wine is mixed with water, the particles of it, being dilute
ate themſelves with greater facility into more veſſels of the b
into channels, that pure wine could not readily get admitta
and therefore its effects are more difficult to be ſhaken off
cauſe that wine being of a hot nature, as it digeſts every t
ſo it digeſts itſelf; but, when mixed with water, it has a co
ſect. Vid. Ariſtot. Problem. Sect. 3. Prob. 3. Conſult
14, 22.

the Gazette. Then I went to ſee Lord Treaſurer, and chid him for not taking notice of me at Windſor: he ſaid, he kept a place for me yeſterday at dinner, and expected me there; but I was glad I did not come, becauſe the Duke of Buckingham was there, and that would have made us acquainted; which I have no mind to. However, we appointed to ſup at Mr. Maſham's, and there ſtayed till paſt one o'clock; and that is late, ſirrahs: and I have much buſineſs.

31. I have ſent a noble haunch of veniſon this afternoon to Mrs. Vanhomrigh: I wiſh you had it, ſirrahs: I dined gravely with my landlord the Secretary. The Queen was abroad to-day in order to hunt, but finding it diſpoſed to rain, ſhe kept in her coach: ſhe hunts in a chaiſe with one horſe, which ſhe drives herſelf, and drives furiouſly, like Jehu, and is a mighty hunter, like Nimrod. Dingley has heard of Nimrod, but not Stella, for it is in the bible. I was to-day at Eton, which is but juſt croſs the bridge, to ſee my Lord Kerry's ſon, who is at ſchool there. Mr. Secretary has given me a warrant for a buck; I can't ſend it to MD. It is a ſad thing faith, conſidering how Preſto loves MD, and how MD would love Preſto's veniſon for Preſto's ſake. God bleſs the two dear Wexford girls.

Aug. 1. We had for dinner the fellow of that haunch of veniſon I ſent to London; 'twas mighty fat and good, and eight people at dinner; that was bad. The Queen and I were going to take the air this afternoon, but not together; and were both

hindred by a ſudden rain. Her coaches and chaiſes all went back, and the guards too: and I ſcoured into the market-place for ſhelter. I intended to have walked up the fineſt avenue I ever ſaw, two miles long, with two rows of elms on each ſide. I walked in the evening a little upon the terrace, and came home at eight: Mr. Secretary came ſoon after, and we were engaging in deep diſcourſe, and I was endeavouring to ſettle ſome points of the greateſt conſequence; and had wormed myſelf pretty well into him, when his under-ſecretary came in (who lodges in the ſame houſe with us) and interrupted all my ſcheme. I have juſt left him; 'tis late, &c.

2. I have been now five days at Windſor, and Patrick has been drunk three times that I have ſeen, and oftener I believe. He has lately had cloaths that have coſt me five pounds, and the dog thinks he has the whip hand of me; he begins to maſter me; ſo now I am reſolved to part with him, and will uſe him without the leaſt pity. The Secretary and I have been walking three or four hours to-day. The Ducheſs of Shrewſbury aſked him, was not that Dr. Dr. and ſhe could not ſay my name in Engliſh, but ſaid Dr. Preſto, which is Italian for Swift. Whimſical enough, as Billy Swift ſays. I go to-morrow with the Secretary to his houſe at Buckleberry, twenty-five miles from hence, and return early on Sunday morning. I will leave this letter behind me lockt up, and give you an account of my journey when I return. I had a letter yeſterday from the Biſhop of Clogher, who is coming

up to Dublin to his parliament. Have you any correſpondence with him at Wexford? Methinks I now long for a letter from you, dated Wexford, July 24, &c. O Lord, that would be ſo pretending; and then ſays you, Stella can't write much, becauſe it is bad to write when one drinks the waters; and I think, ſays you, I find myſelf better already, but I cannot tell yet, whether it be the journey or the waters. Preſto is ſo ſilly to-night; yes he be; but Preſto loves MD dearly, as hope ſaved.

3. Morning. I am to go this day at noon, as I told you, to Buckleberry; we dine at twelve, and expect to be there in four hours; I cannot bid you good night now, becauſe I ſhall be twenty-five miles from this paper to-night, and ſo my journal muſt have a break; ſo good morrow, *&c.*

4, 5, I dined yeſterday at Buckleberry, where we lay two nights, and ſet out this morning at eight, and were here at twelve, in four hours we went twenty-ſix miles. Mr. Secretary was a perfect country gentleman at Buckleberry; he ſmoakt tobacco with one or two neighbours; he enquired after the wheat in ſuch a field; he went to viſit his hounds; and knew all their names; he and his lady ſaw me to my chamber juſt in the country faſhion. His houſe is in the midſt of near three thouſand pounds a year he had by his lady, who is deſcended from Jack Newbury, of whom books and ballads are written; and there is an old picture of him in the houſe. She is a great favourite of mine. I loſt church to-day; but I dreſſed, and ſhaved, and went

to court, and would not dine with the Secre
but engaged myſelf to a private dinner with
Lewis, and one friend more. We go to Lo
to-morrow; for Lord Dartmouth, the other S
tary, is come, and they are here their weeks by t

6. Lord Treaſurer comes every Saturda
Windſor, and goes away on Monday or Tue
I was with him this morning at his levee, fo
cannot ſee him otherwiſe here, he is ſo hurr
we had ſome talk, and I told him I would ſtay
week at Windſor by myſelf, where I can have
leiſure to do ſome buſineſs that concerns th
Lord Treaſurer and the Secretary thought to
tify me, for they told me, they had been talki
great deal of me to-day to the Queen, and ſhe
ſhe had never heard of me; I told them, That
their fault, and not hers, &c. and ſo we laug
I dined with the Secretary, and let him go to I
don at five without me; and here am I all alo
the Prebendary's houſe, which Mr. Secretary
taken; only Mr. Lewis is in my neighbourh
and we ſhall be good company. The Vice-ch
berlain, and Mr. Maſham, and the Green-c
have promiſed me dinners. I ſhall want but
till Mr. Secretary returns. We have a m
meeting in our town to-night. I went to th
hearſal of it, and there was Margarita, and
ſiſter, and another drab, and a parcel of fiddler
was weary, and would not go to the mee
which I am ſorry for, becauſe I heard it w
great aſſembly. Mr. Lewis came from it, an
with me till juſt now; and 'tis late.

7. I can do no buſineſs, I fear, becauſe Mr. Lewis, who has nothing or little to do here, ſticks cloſe to me. I dined to-day with the gentlemen uſhers, among ſcurvy company; but the Queen was hunting the ſtag till four this afternoon, and ſhe drove in her chaiſe above forty miles, and it was five before we went to dinner. Here are fine walks about this town. I ſometimes walk up the avenue.

8. There was a drawing-room to-day at court; but ſo few company, that the Queen ſent for us into her bed-chamber, where we made our bows, and ſtood about twenty of us round the room, while ſhe looked at us round with her fan in her mouth, and once a minute ſaid about three words to ſome that were neareſt her, and then ſhe was told dinner was ready, and went out. I dined at the Green-cloth, by Mr. Scarborow's invitation, who is in waiting. It is much the beſt table in England, and coſts the Queen a thouſand pounds a month while ſhe is at Windſor or Hampton-court; and is the only mark of magnificence or hoſpitality I can ſee in the Queen's family: It is deſigned to entertain foreign Miniſters, and people of quality, who come to ſee the Queen, and have no place to dine at.

9. Mr. Coke, the Vice-chamberlain, made me a long viſit this morning, and invited me to dinner, but the toaſt, his lady, was unfortunately engaged to Lady Sunderland. Lord Treaſurer ſtole here laſt night, but did not lie in his lodgings in the Caſtle; and after ſeeing the Queen, went back again. I

juſt drank a diſh of chocolate with him. I fancy I ſhall have reaſon to be angry with him very ſoon: but what care I? I believe I ſhall die with miniſtries in my debt.—This night I received a certain letter from a place called Wexford, from two dear naughty girls of my acquaintance; but faith I won't anſwer it here, no in troth. I will ſend this to Mr. Reading, ſuppoſing it will find you returned; and I hope better for the waters.

10. Mr. Vice-Chamberlain lent me his horſes to ride about and ſee the country this morning. Dr. Arbuthnott, the Queen's phyſician and favourite, went out with me to ſhew me the places: we went a little after the Queen, and overtook Miſs Foreſter, a maid of honour, on her palfry taking the air: we made her go along with us. We ſaw a place they have made for a famous horſe-race to-morrow, where the Queen will come. We met the Queen coming back, and Miſs Foreſter ſtood, like us, with her hat off while the Queen went by. The Dr. and I left the lady where we found her, but under other conductors, and we dined at a little place he has taken, about a mile off.—When I came back, I found Mr. Scarborow had ſent all about to invite me to the Green-cloth, and leſſened his company on purpoſe to make me eaſy. It is very obliging, and will coſt me thanks. Much company is come to town this evening, to ſee to-morrow's race. I was tired with riding a trotting mettleſome horſe a dozen miles, having not been on horſe-back this twelve-month. And Miſs Foreſter did not make it eaſier; ſhe is a ſilly true maid of honour,

honour, and I did not like her, although ſhe be a toaſt, and was dreſſed like a man.

11. I will ſend this letter to-day. I expect the Secretary by noon. I will not go to the race, unleſs I can get room in ſome coach. It is now morning. I muſt riſe, and fold up and ſeal my letter. Farewel, and God preſerve deareſt MD.

I believe I ſhall leave this town on Monday.

LETTER XXVIII.

Windſor, Aug. 11, 1711.

I SENT away my twenty-ſeventh this morning in an expreſs to London, and directed to Mr. Reading: this ſhall go to your lodgings, where I reckon you will be returned before it reaches you. I intended to go to the race to-day, but was hindered by a viſit, I believe I told you ſo in my laſt. I dined to-day at the Green-cloth, where every body had been at the race but myſelf, and we were twenty in all; and very noiſy company: but I made the Vice-chamberlain and two friends more ſit at a ſide-table, to be a little quiet. At ſix I went to ſee the Secretary, who is returned; but Lord Keeper ſent to deſire I would ſup with him, where I ſtayed till juſt now; Lord Treaſurer and Secretary were to come to us, but both failed. 'Tis late, *&c.*

12. I was this morning to viſit Lord Keeper, who made me reproaches that I had never viſited him at Windſor. He had a preſent ſent him of delicious peaches, and he was champing and champ-

ing, but I durſt not eat one; I wiſhed Dingley had ſome of them, for poor Stella can no more eat fruit than Preſto. Dilly Aſhe is come to Windſor; and after church I carried him up to the drawing-room, and talked to the Keeper and Treaſurer, on purpoſe to ſhew them to him, and he ſaw the Queen and ſeveral great Lords, and the Ducheſs of Montague; he was mighty happy, and reſolves to fill a letter to the Biſhop *. My friend Lewis and I dined ſoberly with Dr. Adams, the only neighbour Prebendary. One of the Prebendaries here is lately a Peer, by the death of his father. He is now Lord Willoughby of Brook, and will ſit in the Houſe of Lords with his gown. I ſupped to-night at Maſham's with Lord Treaſurer, Mr. Secretary, and Prior. The Treaſurer made us ſtay till twelve before he came from the Queen, and 'tis now paſt two.

13. I reckoned upon going to London to-day; but by an accident the cabinet council did not ſit laſt night, and ſat to-day, ſo we go to-morrow at ſix in the morning. I miſs'd the race to-day by coming out too late, when every body's coach was gone, and ride I would not; I felt my laſt riding three days after. We had a dinner to-day at the Secretary's lodgings without him: Mr. Hare, his under-ſecretary, Mr. Lewis, Brigadier Sutton and I dined together, and I made the Vice-chamberlain take a ſnap with us, rather than ſtay till five for his lady, who was gone to the race. The reaſon why the cabinet council was not held laſt night, was becauſe Mr. Secretary St. John would not ſit with

* Of Clogher.

your

your Duke of Somerſet. So to-day the Duke was forced to go to the race while the cabinet was held. We have muſick-meetings in our town, and I was at the rehearſal t'other day, but I did not value it, nor would go to the meeting. Did I tell you this before?

London, 14. We came to town this day in two hours and forty minutes: twenty miles are nothing here. I found a letter from the Archbiſhop of Dublin, ſent me the Lord knows how. He ſays ſome of the Biſhops will hardly believe that Lord Treaſurer got the Queen to remit the firſt fruits before the Duke of Ormond was declared Lord Lieutenant; and that the Biſhops have written a letter to Lord Treaſurer, to thank him. He has ſent me the addreſs of the convocation, aſcribing, in good part, that affair to the duke, who had leſs ſhare in it than MD; for if it had not been for MD, I ſhould not have been ſo good a ſolicitor. I dined to-day in the city, about a little bit of miſchief with a printer.—I found Mrs. Vanhomrigh all in combuſtion, ſquabbling with her rogue of a landlord; ſhe has left her houſe, and gone out of our neighbourhood a good way. Her eldeſt daughter is come of age, and going to Ireland to look after her fortune, and get it in her own hands.

15. I dined to-day with Mrs. Van, who goes to-night to her new lodgings. I went at ſix to ſee Lord Treaſurer, but his company was gone, contrary to cuſtom, and he was buſy, and I was forced to ſtay ſome time before I could ſee him. We were together hardly an hour, and he went away, being in

in haſte. He deſired me to dine with him on Friday, becauſe there would be a friend of his that I muſt ſee: my Lord Harley told me when he was gone, that it was Mrs. Maſham his father meant, who is come to town to lie-in, and whom I never ſaw, though her huſband is one of our ſociety. God ſend her a good time; her death would be a terrible thing.—Do you know, that I have ventured all my credit with theſe great miniſters, to clear ſome underſtandings betwixt them; and if there be no breach, I ought to have the merit of it? 'Tis a plaguy tickliſh piece of work, and a man hazards loſing both ſides. 'Tis a pity the world does not know my virtue.—I thought the clergy in convocation in Ireland would have given me thanks for being their ſolicitor, but I hear of no ſuch thing. Pray talk occaſionally on that ſubject, and let me know what you hear. Do you know the greatneſs of my ſpirit, that I value their thanks not a ruſh? but at my return ſhall freely let all people know, that it was my Lord Treaſurer's action, wherein the Duke of Ormond had no more ſhare than a cat. And ſo they may go whiſtle, and I'll go ſleep.

16. I was this day in the city, and dined at Pontack's with Stratford, and two other merchants. Pontack told us, although his wine was ſo good, he ſold it cheaper than others, he took but ſeven ſhillings a flaſk. Are not theſe pretty rates? The books he ſent for from Hamburgh, are come, but not yet got out of the Cuſtom-houſe. My library will be at leaſt double when I come back. I ſhall go to Windſor again on Saturday, to meet our Society,

ciety, who are to ſup at Mr. Secretary's; but I believe I ſhall return on Monday, and then I will anſwer your letter, that lies ſafe here underneath;—I ſee it; lie ſtill; I'll anſwer you, when the ducks have eaten up the dirt.

17. I dined to-day at Lord Treaſurer's with Mrs. Maſham, and ſhe is extremely like one Mrs. Malolly, that was once my landlady in Trim. She was uſed with mighty kindneſs and reſpect, like a favourite. It ſignifies nothing going to this Lord Treaſurer about buſineſs, although it be his own. He was in haſte, and deſires I will come again, and dine with him to-morrow. His famous lying porter is fallen ſick, and they think he will die: I wiſh I had all my half-crowns again. I believe I have told you, he is an old Scotch fanatick, and the damn'deſt liar in his office alive. I have a mind to recommend Patrick to ſucceed him: I have trained him up pretty well. I reckon for certain, you are now in town. The weather now begins to alter to rain.

Windſor, 18. I dined to-day with Lord Treaſurer, and he would make me go with him to Windſor, although I was engaged to the Secretary, to whom I made my excuſes: we had in the coach beſides, his ſon and ſon-in-law, lord Dupplin, who are two of our Society, and ſeven of us met by appointment, and ſupped this night with the ſecretary. It was paſt nine before we got here; but a fine moon-ſhiny night. I ſhall go back, I believe, on Monday. 'Tis very late.

19. The

19. The Queen did not ſtir out to-day, ſhe is in a little fit of the gout. I dined at Mr. Maſham's; we had none but our ſociety Members, ſix in all, and I ſupped with Lord Treaſurer. The Queen has ordered twenty thouſand pounds to go on with the building at Blenheim, which has been ſtarved till now, ſince the change of the Miniſtry. I ſuppoſe it is to reward his laſt action of getting into the French lines. Lord Treaſurer kept me till paſt twelve.

London, 20. It rained terribly every ſtep of our journey to-day; I returned with the Secretary after a dinner of cold meat, and went to Mrs. Van's, where I ſat the evening. I grow very idle, becauſe I have a great deal of buſineſs. Tell me how you paſſed your time at Wexford; and an't you glad at heart you have got ſafe home to your lodgings at St. Mary's, pray? and ſo your friends come to viſit you: and Mrs. Walls is much better of her eye; and the Dean is juſt as he uſed to be: and what does Walls ſay of London? 'tis a reaſoning coxcomb. And goody Stoyte, and Hannah what d'ye call her; no, her name en't Hannah, Catharine I mean; they were ſo glad to ſee the Ladies again; and Mrs. Manley wanted a companion at ombre.

21. I writ to-day to the Archbiſhop of Dublin, and incloſed a long politic paper by itſelf. You know the Biſhops are all angry that (ſmoak the wax candle drop at the bottom of this paper) I have let the world know the firſt-fruits were got by Lord Treaſurer before the Duke of Ormond was Governor. I told Lord Treaſurer all this, and he is very angry;

gry; but I pacified him again by telling him they ere fools, and knew nothing of what paſſed here, it thought all was well enough, if they compli-ented the Duke of Ormond. Lord Treaſurer ve me t'other day a letter of thanks he received om the Biſhops of Ireland, ſigned by ſeventeen, d ſays he will write them an anſwer. The Dean Carliſle ſat with me to-day till three, and I went dine with Lord Treaſurer, who dined abroad, ſo d the Secretary, and I was left in the ſuds. 'Twas noſt four, and I got to Sir Matthew Dudley, who d half dined. Thornhill, who killed Sir Cholm-y Dering, was murdered by two men on Turn-m-Green laſt Monday night: as they ſtabbed m, they bid him remember Sir Cholmley Dering. hey had quarrelled at Hampton-Court, and fol-wed and ſtabbed him on horſeback. We have ly a Grub-ſtreet paper of it, but I believe it is ue. I went myſelf through Turnham-Green the me night, which was yeſterday.

22. We have had terrible rains theſe two or ree days. I intended to dine at Lord Treaſurer's, t went to ſee Lady Abercorn, who is come to wn, and my Lord; and I dined with them, and ſited Lord Treaſurer this evening. His porter is ending. I ſat with my Lord about three hours, d am come home early to be buſy. Paſſing by hite's Chocolate-houſe, my brother Maſham lled me, and told me his wife was brought to-bed a boy, and both very well. (Our ſociety, you uſt know, are all brothers.) Dr. Garth told us, at Mr. Henley is dead of an apoplexy. His bro-

ther

ther-in-law, Earl Poulet, is gone down to the Grange to take care of his funeral. The Earl of Danby, the Duke of Leed's eldeſt grandſon, a very hopeful young man of about twenty, is dead at Utrecht of the ſmall-pox.—I long to know whether you begin to have any good effect by your waters.—Methinks this letter goes on ſlowly; 'twill be a fortnight next Saturday ſince it was begun, and one ſide not filled. O fye for ſhame, Preſto. Faith, I'm ſo toſticated to and from Windſor, that I know not what to ſay; but faith, I'll go to Windſor again on Saturday, if they aſk me, not elſe. So loſe your money again, now you are come home; do, ſirrah.

Take your magnifying glaſs, Madam Dingley.

You ſhan't read this, ſirrah Stella; don't read it for your life, for fear of your deareſt eyes.

There's enough for this ſide; theſe Miniſters hinder me.

Pretty, dear, little, naughty, ſaucy MD.

Silly, impudent loggerhead Preſto.

23. Dilly and I dined to-day with Lord Abercorn, and had a fine fat haunch of veniſon, that ſmelt rarely on one ſide: and after dinner Dilly won half a crown of me at backgammon at his lodgings, to his great content. It is a ſcurvy empty town this melancholy ſeaſon of the year; but I think our weather begins to mend. The roads are as deep as in Winter. The grapes are ſad things; but the peaches are pretty good, and there are ſome figs. I ſometimes venture to eat one, but always repent it. You ſay nothing of the box ſent half a

year

ago. I wiſh you would pay me for Mrs. s's tea. Your mother is in the country, I ɔſe. Pray ſend me the account of MD, Ma- Dingley, as it ſtands ſince November, that is to for this year, (excluding the twenty pounds Stella for Wexford) for I cannot look in your s. I think I ordered that Hawkſhaw's intereſt ld be paid to you. When you think proper, I let Parviſol know you have paid that twenty ıds, or part of it: and ſo go play with the ı, and I will anſwer your letter to-morrow. d night, ſirrahs, and love Preſto, and be good

ɹ. I dined to-day with Lord Treaſurer, who me for not dining with him yeſterday; for it s I did not underſtand his invitation: and their of the Miniſtry dined together, and expected Lord Radnor and I were walking the Mall evening; and Mr. Secretary met us, and took n or two, and then ſtole away, and we both ve it was to pick up ſome wench; and to-mor- he will be at the Cabinet with the Queen: ſo the world. Prior has been out of town theſe months, nobody knows where, and is lately ned. People confidently affirm he has been in ıce, and I half believe it. It is ſaid, he was by the Miniſtry, and for ſome overtures to- ıs a peace. The Secretary pretends he knows ing of it. I believe your Parliament will be lved. I have been talking about the quarrel reen your Lords and Commons with Lord ıſurer; and did, at the requeſt of ſome people, deſire

deſire that the Queen's anſwer to the Commons addreſs might expreſs a diſlike of ſome principles, &c. but was anſwered dubiouſly.—And ſo now to your letter, fair Ladies. I know drinking is bad; I mean writing is bad in drinking the waters; and was angry to ſee ſo much in Stella's hand. But why Dingley drinks them I cannot imagine; but truly ſhe'll drink waters as well as Stella: why not? I hope you now find the benefit of them ſince you are returned: pray let me know particularly. I am glad you are forced upon exerciſe, which, I believe, is as good as the waters for the heart of them. 'Tis now paſt the middle of Auguſt; ſo by your reckoning you are in Dublin. It would vex me to the dogs that letters ſhould miſcarry between Dublin and Wexford, after ſcaping the ſalt ſeas. I will write no more that naſty town in haſte again, I warrant you. I have been four Sundays together at Windſor, of which a fortnight together; but I believe I ſhall not go to-morrow; for I will not, unleſs the Secretary aſks me. I know all your news about the Mayor: it makes no noiſe here at all, but the quarrel of your Parliament does; it is ſo very extraordinary, and the language of the Commons ſo very pretty. The Examiner has been down this month, and was very ſilly the five or ſix laſt papers; but there is a pamphlet come out, in anſwer to a letter to the ſeven Lords who examined Gregg. The anſwer is by the real author of the Examiner, as I believe; for it is very well written. We had Trap's poem on the Duke of Ormond printed here, and the Printer ſold juſt eleven of them. 'Tis a dull

ull piece, not half ſo good as Stella's; and ſhe is ry modeſt to compare herſelf with ſuch a poetaſter. am heartily ſorry for poor Mrs. Parnel's death; e ſeemed to be an excellent good-natured young man, and I believe the poor lad is much afflicted: ey appeared to live perfectly well together. Dilly not tired at all with England, but intends to con- ue here a good while: he is mighty eaſy to be at tance from his two ſiſters-in-law. He finds ne ſort of ſcrub acquaintance; goes now and then diſguiſe to a play; ſmoaks his pipe; reads now d then a little traſh, and what elſe the Lord knows. ſee him now and then; for he calls here, and the wn being thin, I am leſs poſtered with company an uſual. I have got rid of many of my ſolicitors, y doing nothing for them: I have not above eight nine left, and I'll be as kind to them. Did I ll you of a Knight, who deſired me to ſpeak to ord Treaſurer to give him two thouſand pounds, or ive hundred pounds a year, until he could get ſome- hing better? I honeſtly delivered my meſſage to the Treaſurer, adding, the knight was a puppy, whom would not give a groat to ſave from the gallows. Cole Reading's father-in-law has been two or three imes at me to recommend his lights to the Miniſtry; ſſuring me, that a word of mine would, *&c.* Did ot that dog uſe to ſpeak ill of me, and profeſs to ate me? he knows not where I lodge, for I told im I lived in the country; and I have ordered Pa- rick to deny me conſtantly to him.—Did the Bi- hop of London die in Wexford? poor Gentleman! id he drink the waters? were you at his burial? was

it a great funeral? ſo far from his friends? I was very old: we ſhall all follow. And yet a pity, if God pleaſed. He was a good mai very learned: I believe he died but poor. I leave any charity legacies? who held up his was there a great ſight of clergy? do they d tomb for him? are you ſure it was the Biſh London? becauſe there is an elderly Gen here that we give the ſame title to: or did you all this in your water, as others do ſtrange thi their wine? they ſay, theſe waters trouble the and make people imagine what never came t Do you make no more of killing a Biſhop theſe your whiggiſh tricks?—Yes, yes, I ſe are in a fret. Oh faith, ſays you, ſaucy Preſ break your head; what, can't one report wh hears, without being made a jeſt and a lau ſtock? are theſe your Engliſh tricks, with a mu and Sacheverell will be the next Biſhop? he be glad of an addition of two hundred pou year to what he has; and that is more than will give him, for aught I ſee. He hates th Miniſtry mortally, and they hate him, and p to deſpiſe him too. They will not allow h have been the occaſion of the late change; a ſome of them will not: but my Lord Keeper t it to me t'other day. No, Mr. Addiſon do go to Ireland this year: he pretended he woul he is gone to Bath with Paſtoral Philips, f eyes.—So now I have run over your letter; think this ſhall go to-morrow, which will be fortnight from the laſt, and bring things to t

form again after your rambles to Wexford, and mine to Windſor. Are there not many literal faults in my letters? I never read them over, and I fancy there are. What do you do then? do you gueſs my meaning; or are you acquainted with my manner of miſtaking? I loſt my handkerchief in the Mall to-night with Lord Radnor: but I made him walk with me to find it, and find it I did not. Tiſdall (that lodges with me) and I have had no converſation, nor do we pull off our hats in the ſtreets. There is a couſin of his (I ſuppoſe) a young parſon, that lodges in the houſe too; a handſome genteel fellow. Dick Tighe and his wife lodged overagainſt us; and he has been ſeen, out of our upper windows, beating her two or three times: they are both gone to Ireland, but not together; and he ſolemnly vows never to live with her. Neighbours do not ſtick to ſay ſhe has a tongue: in ſhort, I am told, ſhe is the moſt urging provoking devil that ever was born; and he a hot whiffling puppy, very apt to reſent. I'll keep this bottom till to-morrow: I'm ſleepy.

25. I was with the Secretary this morning, who was in a mighty hurry, and went to Windſor in a chariot with Lord Keeper; ſo I was not invited, and am forced to ſtay at home; but not at all againſt my will; for I could have gone, and would not. I dined in the city with one of my Printers, for whom I got the Gazette, and am come home early; and have nothing to ſay to you more, but finiſh this letter, and not ſend it by the bell-man. Days grow ſhort, and the weather grows bad, and the town is

ſplenetick, and things are ſo oddly contrived, that I cannot be abſent; otherwiſe I would go for a few days to Oxford, as I promiſed.—They ſay, 'tis certain that Prior has been in France; nobody doubts it: I had not time to aſk the Secretary, he was in ſuch haſte. Well, I will take my leave of dearest MD for a while; for I muſt begin my next letter to-night: conſider that, young women; and pray be merry, and good girls, and love Preſto. There is now but one buſineſs the Miniſtry wants me for; and when that is done, I will take my leave of them. I never got a penny from them, nor expect it. In my opinion, ſome things ſtand very tickliſh; I dare ſay nothing at this diſtance. Farewel, dear ſirrahs, deareſt lives: there is peace and quiet with MD, and nowhere elſe. They have not leiſure here to think of ſmall things, which may ruin them; and I have been forward enough. Farewel again, deareſt rogues; I am never happy, but when I write or think of MD. I have enough of Courts and Miniſtries; and wiſh I were at Laracor: and if I could with honour come away this moment, I would. Bernage came to ſee me to-day; he is juſt landed from Portugal, and come to raiſe recruits: he looks very well, and ſeems pleaſed with his ſtation and manner of life: he never ſaw London nor England before; he is raviſhed with Kent, which was his firſt proſpect when he landed. Farewel again, *&c. &c.*

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LETTER XXIX.

London, Aug. 25, 1711.

I HAVE got a pretty ſmall gilt ſheet of paper to write to MD. I have this moment ſent my 8th by Patrick, who tells me he has put it in ıe poſt-office; 'tis directed to your lodgings: if it ants more particular direction, you muſt ſet me ght. It is now a ſolar month and two days ſince ıe date of your laſt, N. 18. and I reckon you are ɔw quiet at home, and thinking to begin your 9th, which will be full of your quarrel between ıe two houſes, all which I know already. Where all I dine to-morrow? can you tell? Mrs. Vanɔmrigh boards now, and cannot invite one; and ıere I uſed to dine when I was at a loſs: and all ıy friends are gone out of town, and your town is ɔw at the fulleſt with your Parliament and convoıtion. But let me alone, ſirrahs; for Preſto is ɔing to be very buſy; not Preſto, but t'other I.

26. People have ſo left the town, that I am at a ſs for a dinner. It is a long time ſince I have been London upon a Sunday; and the Miniſters are l at Windſor. It coſt me eighteen pence in ɔach-hire before I could find a place to dine in. I ent to Frankland's, and he was abroad, and the rab his wife lookt out at window, and bowed to ıe without inviting me up: ſo I dined with Mr. oote, my Lord Montrath's brother; my Lord is ith you in Ireland. This morning at five my ord Jerſey died of the gout in his ſtomach, or

apoplexy, or both: he was abroad yeſterday, and his death was ſudden: he was Chamberlain to King William, and a great favourite, turned out by the Queen as a Tory, and ſtood now fair to be Privy-Seal; and by his death will, I ſuppoſe, make that matter eaſier, which has been a very ſtubborn buſineſs at Court, as I have been informed. I never remembered ſo many people of quality to have died in ſo ſhort a time.

27. I went to-day into the city to thank Stratford for my books, and dine with him, and ſettle my affairs of my money in the Bank, and receive a bill for Mrs. Weſley for ſome things to buy for her; and the d— a one of all theſe could I do. The Merchants were all out of town, and I was forced to go to a little hedge place for my dinner. May my enemies live here in Summer! and yet I am ſo unlucky that I cannot poſſibly be out of the way at this juncture. People leave the town ſo late in Summer, and return ſo late in Winter, that they have almoſt inverted the ſeaſons. It is Autumn this good while in St. James's Park; the limes have been loſing their leaves, and thoſe remaining on the trees are all parched: I hate this ſeaſon, where every thing grows worſe and worſe. The only good thing of it is the fruit, and that I dare not eat. Had you any fruit at Wexford? a few cherries, and durſt not eat them. I do not hear we have yet got a new Privy-Seal. The Whigs whiſper, that our new Miniſtry differ among themſelves, and they begin to talk out Mr. Secretary: they have ſome reaſons for their whiſpers, although I thought it was a

greater

greater ſecret. I do not much like the poſture of things; I always apprehended, that any falling out would ruin them, and ſo I have told them ſeveral times. The Whigs are mighty full of hopes at preſent; and whatever is the matter, all kind of ſtocks fall. I have not yet talked with the Secretary about Prior's journey. I ſhould be apt to think it may foretel a peace; and that is all we have to preſerve us. The Secretary is not come from Windſor; but I expect him to-morrow. Burn all politicks!

28. We begin to have fine weather, and I walked to-day to Chelſea, and dined with the Dean of Carliſle, who is laid up with the gout. It is now fixed that he is to be Dean of Chriſt-church in Oxford. I was adviſing him to uſe his intereſt to prevent any miſunderſtanding between our Miniſters; but he is too wiſe to meddle, though he fears the thing and conſequences as much as I. He will get into his own warm quiet Deanry, and leave them to themſelves; and he is in the right.—When I came home to-night I found a letter from Mr. Lewis, who is now at Windſor; and in it, forſooth, another which lookt like Preſto's hand; and what ſhould it be but a 19th from MD? O faith, I ſcaped narrowly, for I ſent my 28th but on Saturday; and what ſhould I have done if I had two letters to anſwer at once? I did not expect another from Wexford, that's certain. Well, I muſt be contented; but you are dear ſaucy girls, for all that, to write ſo ſoon again, faith; an't you?

le Lord Privy-ſeal. You know his name is Ro-
on, and that he was many years Envoy in Swe-
. All the friends of the preſent miniſtry are ex-
ıe glad, and the clergy above the reſt. The
gs will fret to death, to ſee a civil employment
n to a clergyman. It was a very handſome
g in my Lord Treaſurer, and will bind the
rch to him for ever. I dined with him to-day,
he had not written his letter; but told me, he
ıld not offer to ſend it without ſhewing it to me;
hought that would not be juſt, ſince I was ſo
ɔly concerned in the affair. We had much com-
y; Lord Rivers, Marr, and Kinnoul, Mr. Se-
ary, George Granville, and Maſham; the laſt
invited me to the chriſtening of his ſon to-mor-
ſe'nnight, and on Saturday I go to Windſor
ı Mr. Secretary.

1. Dilly and I walked to-day to Kenſington to
ly Mountjoy, who invited us to dinner. He re-
ıed ſoon to go to the play, it being the laſt that
l be acted for ſome time: he dreſſes himſelf like
eau, and no doubt makes a fine figure. I went
iſit ſome people at Kenſington; Ophy Butler's
: there lies very ill of an ague, which is a very
ımon diſeaſe here, and little known in Ireland.
am apt to think we ſhall ſoon have a peace, by
little words I hear thrown out by the miniſtry.
ıve juſt thought of a project to bite the town.
ave told you, that it is now known that Mr.
ɔr has been lately in France. I will make a
ıter of my own fit by me one day, and I will
ate to him a formal relation of Prior's journey,
with

with ſeveral particulars, all pure invention; and I doubt not but it will take.

Sept. 1. Morning. I go to-day to Windſor with Mr. Secretary; and Lord Treaſurer has promiſed to bring me back. The weather has been fine for ſome time, and I believe we ſhall have a great deal of duſt.—At night. Windſor. The Secretary and I and Brigadier Sutton dined to-day at Parſon's-Green, at my Lord Peterborow's houſe, who has left it and his gardens to the Secretary during his abſence. It is the fineſt garden I have ever ſeen about this town, and abundance of hot walls for grapes, where they are in great plenty, and ripening faſt. I durſt not eat any fruit, but one fig; but I brought a baſket full to my friend Lewis here at Windſor. Does Stella never eat any? what, no apricocks at Donny-brook? nothing but claret and ombre? I envy people maunching and maunching * peaches and grapes, and I not daring to eat a bit. My head is pretty well, only a ſudden turn any time makes me giddy for a moment, and ſometimes it feels very ſtufft; but if it grows no worſe, I can bear it very well. I take all opportunities of walking; and we have a delicious park here juſt joining to the caſtle, and an avenue in the great park very wide and two miles long, ſet with a double row of elms on each ſide. Were you ever at Windſor? I was once a great while ago; but had quite forgotten it.

* As the provincial word maunching echoes rather better to this action of the jaws than the proper term munching, it is therefore here retained.

2. The

The Queen has the gout, and did not come
pel, nor ſtir out from her chamber, but re-
the ſacrament there; as ſhe alway does the
nday in the month. Yet we had a great
and among others, I ſaw your Ingoldſby,
eing me talk very familiarly with the Keeper,
rer, &c. came up and ſaluted me, and began
impertinent diſcourſe about the ſiege of Bou-
I told him, I could not anſwer his queſtions,
would bring him one that ſhould; ſo I went
tched Sutton (who brought over the expreſs
a month ago) and delivered him to the Ge-
and bid him anſwer his queſtions; and ſo I
em together. Sutton after ſome time came
n rage; finds me with Lord Rivers and Ma-
and there complains of the trick I had played
and ſwore he had been plagued to death with
lſby's talk. But he told me, Ingoldſby aſkt
hat I meant by bringing him; ſo I ſuppoſe,
oakt me a little. So we laughed, &c. My
Willoughby, who is one of the chaplains, and
dary of Windſor, read prayers laſt night to
mily; and the Biſhop of Briſtol, who is Dean
indſor, officiated laſt night at the cathedral.
hey do to be popular, and it pleaſes mightily.
d with Mr. Maſham, becauſe he lets me have
t company. For the court here have got by
d a good thing I ſaid to the Secretary ſome
ago. He ſhewed me his bill of fare to tempt
dine with him; poh, ſaid I, I value not your
fare, give me your bill of company. Lord
rer was mightily pleaſed, and told it every
body,

body, as a notable thing. I reckon upon returning to-morrow; they ſay the Biſhop will then have the privy-ſeal delivered him at a great council.

3. Windſor ſtill. The council was held ſo late to-day, that I do not go back to town till to-morrow. The Biſhop was ſworn privy-councellor, and had the privy-ſeal given him: and now the patents are paſſed for thoſe who were this long time to be made Lords or Earls. Lord Raby, who is Earl of Straſford, is on Thurſday to marry a nameſake of Stella's; the daughter of Sir H. Johnſon in the city; he has threeſcore thouſand pounds with her, ready money; beſide the reſt at the father's death. I have got my friend Stratford to be one of the directors of the South-Sea company, who were named to-day. My Lord Treaſurer did it for me a month ago; and one of thoſe whom I got to be printer of the Gazette, I am recommending to be printer to the ſame company. He treated Mr. Lewis and me to-day at dinner. I ſupped laſt night and this with Lord Treaſurer, Keeper, *&c.* and took occaſion to mention the printer. I ſaid, It was the ſame printer, whom my Lord Treaſurer has appointed to print for the South-ſea company; he denied, and I inſiſted on it; and I got the laugh on my ſide.

London, 4. I came as far as Brentford in Lord Rivers's chariot, who had buſineſs with Lord Treaſurer; then I went into Lord Treaſurer's: we ſtopt at Kenſington, where Lord Treaſurer went to ſee Mrs. Maſham, who is now what they call in the ſtraw. We got to town by three, and I lighted at Lord Treaſurer's; who commanded me not to ſtir:

ut I was not well; and when he went up, I beged the young Lord to excuſe me, and ſo went into he city by water, where I could be eaſier, and ined with the printer, and dictated to him ſome art of Prior's journey to France. I walkt from the ity, for I take all occaſions of exerciſe. Our jourey was horrid duſty.

5. When I went out to-day, I found it had rained nightily in the night, and the ſtreets were as dirty s winter; it is very refreſhing after ten days dry.— went into the city and dined with Stratford, thanked him for his books, gave him joy of his being lireſtor, of which he had the firſt notice by a letter rom me. I ate ſturgeon, and it lies on my ſtonach. I almoſt finiſhed Prior's journey at the printr's, and came home pretty late with Patrick at my heels.

7. Morning. But what ſhall we do about this letter of MD's, N. 19? not a word anſwered yet, nd ſo much paper ſpent? I cannot do any thing in it, ſweet hearts, till night. At night. O Lord, O Lord, the greateſt diſgrace that ever was has happened to Preſto. What do you think; but when I was going out this forenoon a letter came from MD, N. 20, dated at Dublin. O dear, O dear; O ſad, O ſad.—Now I have two letters together to anſwer: here they are, lying together. But I will only anſwer the firſt; for I came in late. I dined with my friend Lewis at his lodgings, and walkt at ſix to Kenſington to Mr. Maſham's chriſtening. It was very private; nobody there but my Lord Tr[illegible]urer, his ſon, and ſon-in-law, that is to ſay, Lord Harley,

ley, and Lord Dupplin, and Lord Rivers and I. The Dean of Rocheſter chriſtened the child, but ſoon went away. Lord Treaſurer and Lord Rivers were godfathers, and Mrs. Hill, Mrs. Maſham's ſiſter, godmother. The child roared like a bull, and I gave Mrs. Maſham joy of it; and ſhe charged me to take care of my nephew, becauſe Mr. Maſham being a brother of our ſociety, his ſon you know is conſequently a nephew. Mrs. Maſham ſat up dreſſed in bed, but not as they do in Ireland with all ſmooth about her, as if ſhe was cut off in the middle; for you might ſee the counterpain (what d'ye call it?) riſe above her hips and body. There's another name of the counterpain, and you'll laugh now, ſirrahs. George Granville came in at ſupper, and we ſtaid till eleven, and Lord Treaſurer ſet me down at my lodging in Suffolk-ſtreet. Did I ever tell you that Lord Treaſurer hears ill with the left ear, juſt as I do? he always turns the right; and his ſervants whiſper him at that only. I dare not tell him, that I am ſo too, for fear he ſhould think I counterfeited, to make my court.

6. You muſt read this before the other; for I miſtook, and forgot to write yeſterday's journal, it was ſo inſignificant: I dined with Dr. Cockburn, and ſat the evening with Lord Treaſurer, till ten o'clock. On Thurſdays he has always a large ſelect company, and expects me. So good night for laſt night, &c.

8. Morning. I go to Windſor with Lord Treaſurer to-day, and will leave this behind me to be ſent to the poſt. And now let us hear what ſays the

firſt letter, N. 19. You are ſtill at Wexford, ou ſay, madam Dingley. I think no letter ı me ever yet miſcarried. And ſo Iniſh-Cor-*, and the river Slainy; fine words thoſe in a 's mouth. Your hand like Dingley's, you ıbling, ſcattering, ſluttekin? *Yes mighty like :d, is not it* †? Piſſhh, don't talk of writing :ading till your eyes are well, and long well; I would have Dingley read ſometimes to you, you may not quite loſe the deſire of it. God hanked that the ugly numbing is gone. Pray exerciſe when you go to town. What game ıat ombra * which Dr. Elwood and you play is it the Spaniſh game ombre? Your card purſe! a card purſe? you a fiddleſtick. You have luck :ed; and luck in a bag. What a Devil is that ıt ſhilling tea-kettle? copper, or tin japanned? like your Iriſh politeneſs, raffling for tea-ket-

What a ſplutter you keep to convince me Walls has no taſte? My head continues ty well. Why do you write, dear ſirrah Stella, n you find your eyes ſo weak that you cannot what comfort is there in reading what you e, when one knows that? So Dingley can't e becauſe of the clutter of new company come Vexford? I ſuppoſe the noiſe of their hundred es diſturbs you; or, do you lie in one gallery,

* The name of a town in the county of Wexford.

† Theſe words in *Italicks* are written in ſtrange miſhapen letters, ning to the right hand, in imitation of Stella's writing.

‡ In Stella's ſpelling. It is an odd thing that a woman of Stella's rſtanding ſhould ſpell extreamly ill.

as in an hoſpital? what; you are afraid of loſing in Dublin the acquaintance you have got in Wexford; and chiefly the Biſhop of Rapho, an old, doating, perverſe coxcomb? Twenty at a time at breakfaſt. That is like five pounds at a time, when it was never but once. I doubt, madam Dingley, you are apt to lie in your travels, though not ſo bad as Stella; ſhe tells thumpers, as I ſhall prove in my next, if I find this receives encouragement.—So Dr. Elwood ſays, There are a world of pretty things in my works. A pox on his praiſes! an enemy here would ſay more. The Duke of Buckingham would ſay as much, though he and I are terribly fallen out; and the great men are perpetually inflaming me againſt him: they bring me all he ſays of me, and, I believe, make it worſe out of roguery.—No, 'tis not your pen is bewitched, madam Stella, but your old *ſcrawling, ſplay-foot, pot-hooks* *, *s, ſ,* aye that's it: there the s, ſ, ſ, there, there, that's exact. Farewel, *&c.*

Our fine weather is gone, and I doubt we ſhall have a rainy journey to-day. Faith, 'tis ſhaving day, and I have much to do.

When Stella ſays her pen is bewitched, it was only becauſe there was a hair in it. You know the fellow they call God-help-it had the ſame thoughts of his wife, and for the ſame reaſon. I think this is very well obſerved, and I unfolded the letter to tell you it.

* Theſe words in *Italicks* are miſerably ſcrawled, in imitation of Stella's hand, and the two *eſſes* that follow.

Cut

Cut off thoſe two notes above; and ſee the nine ounds indorſed, and receive the other; and ſend ne word how my accounts ſtand, that they may e adjuſted by Nov. 1. Pray be very particular: ut the twenty pounds I lend you is not to be in-luded; ſo make no blunder. I won't wrong you; or you ſhan't wrong me; that's the ſhort. O ord, how ſtout Preſto is of late? But he loves MD nore than his life a thouſand times, for all his ſtout-eſs; tell him that; and that I'll ſwear it, as hope aved, ten millions of times, *&c. &c.*

I open my letter once more to tell Stella, that if he does not uſe exerciſe after her waters, it will oſe all the effects of them: I ſhould not live, if I did not take all opportunities of walking. Pray, ray, do this to oblige poor Preſto.

LETTER XXX.

Windſor, Sept 8, 1711.

I MADE the coachman ſtop, and put in my twenty-ninth at the poſt-office at two o'clock o-day, as I was going to Lord Treaſurer, with whom I dined, and came here by a quarter paſt ight; but the moon ſhone, and ſo we were not in nuch danger of overturning; which however he alues not a ſtraw, and only laughs when I chide at im for it. There was nobody but he and I, and we ſupped together, with Mr. Maſham, and Dr. Arbuthnot, the Queen's favourite Phyſician, a Scotch-nan. I could not keep myſelf awake after ſupper, ut did all I was able to diſguiſe it, and thought I ame off clear; but at parting he told me, I had got

my nap already. It is now one o'clock; but he loves ſitting up late.

9. The Queen is ſtill in the gout, but recovering; ſhe ſaw company in her bed-chamber after church; but the crowd was ſo great, I could not ſee her. I dined with my brother, Sir William Wyndham, and ſome others of our ſociety, to avoid the great tables on Sunday at Windſor, which I hate. The uſual company ſupped to-night at Lord Treaſurer's, which was Lord Keeper, Mr. Secretary, George Granville, Maſham, Arbuthnot and I. But ſhowers have hindred me from walking to-day, and that I don't love. —Noble fruit, and I dare not eat a bit. I ate one fig to-day, and ſometimes a few mùlberries, becauſe it is ſaid they are wholeſome, and you know, a good name does much. I ſhall return to town to-morrow, though I thought to have ſtaid a week, to be at leiſure for ſomething I am doing. But I have put it off till next; for I ſhall come here again on Saturday, when our ſociety are to meet at ſupper at Mr. Secretary's. My life is very regular here: on Sunday morning I conſtantly viſit Lord Keeper, and ſup at Lord Treaſurer's with the ſame ſet of company. I was not ſleepy to-night; I reſolved I would not; yet it is paſt midnight at this preſent writing.

London, 10. Lord Treaſurer and Maſham and I left Windſor at three this afternoon; we dropt Maſham at Kenſington with his Lady, and got home by ſix. It was ſeven before we ſat down to dinner, and I ſtayed till paſt eleven. Patrick came home with the Secretary: I am more plagued with Patrick and my portmantua than with myſelf. I forgot to

tell you, that when I went to Windſor on Saturday, I overtook Lady Giffard and Mrs. Fenton in a chariot going, I ſuppoſe, to Sheen. I was then in a chariot too, of Lord Treaſurer's brother, who had buſineſs with the Treaſurer; and my Lord came after, and overtook me at Turnham-Green, four miles from London, and then the brother went back, and I went in the coach with Lord Treaſurer: ſo it happened that thoſe people ſaw me, and not with Lord Treaſurer. Mrs. F. was to ſee me about a week ago; and deſired I would get her ſon into the Charter-houſe.

11. This morning the Printer ſent me an account of Prior's journey; it makes a two-penny pamphlet; I ſuppoſe you will ſee it, for I dare engage it will run; 'tis a formal grave lie, from the beginning to the end. I writ all but about the laſt page, that I dictated, and the Printer writ. Mr. Secretary ſent to me to dine where he did; it was at Prior's; when I came in Prior ſhewed me the pamphlet, ſeemed to be angry, and ſaid, here is our Engliſh liberty: I read ſome of it, and ſaid I liked it mightily, and envied the rogue the thought; for had it come into my head, I ſhould have certainly done it myſelf. We ſtayed at Prior's till paſt ten, and then the Secretary received a pacquet with the news of Bouchain being taken, for which the guns will go off to-morrow. Prior owned his having been in France, for it was paſt denying; it ſeems he was diſcovered by a raſcal at Dover, who had poſitive orders to let him paſs. I believe we ſhall have a peace.

12. It is terrible rainy weather, and has coſt me three ſhillings in coaches and chairs to-day, yet I

was dirty into the bargain. I was three hours this morning with the Secretary about ſome buſineſs of moment, and then went into the city to dine. The Printer tells me he ſold yeſterday a thouſand of Prior's Journey, and had printed five hundred more. It will do rarely, I believe, and is a pure bite. And what is MD doing all this while? got again to their cards, their Walls, their Deans, their Stoytes, and their claret? pray preſent my ſervice to Mr. Stoyte and Catherine. Tell goody Stoyte, ſhe owes me a world of dinners, and I will ſhortly come over and demand them.—Did I tell you of the Archbiſhop of Dublin's laſt letter? he had been ſaying in ſeveral of his former, that he would ſhortly write to me ſomething about myſelf, and it looked to me as if he intended ſomething for me: at laſt out it comes, and conſiſts of two parts. Firſt, he adviſes me to ſtrike in for ſome preferment now I have friends; and ſecondly, he adviſes me, ſince I have parts, and learning, and a happy pen, to think of ſome new ſubject in divinity not handled by others, which I ſhould manage better than any body. A rare ſpark this, with a pox! but I ſhall anſwer him as rarely. Methinks he ſhould have invited me over, and given me ſome hopes or promiſes. But, hang him! and ſo good night, *&c.*

13. It rained moſt furiouſly all this morning till about twelve, and ſometimes thundered; I trembled for my ſhillings, but it cleared up, and I made a ſhift to get a walk in the Park, and then went with the Secretary to dine with Lord Treaſurer. Upon Thurſdays there is always a ſelect company; we had

the

he Duke of Shrewſbury, Lord Rivers, the two Se-
retaries, Mr. Granville, and Mr. Prior. Half of
hem went to council at ſix; but Rivers, Granville,
'rior and I ſtayed till eight. Prior was often affecting
o be angry at the account of his journey to Paris;
nd indeed the two laſt pages, which the Printer
ot ſomebody to add, are ſo romantick, they ſpoil
ll the reſt. Dilly Aſhe pretended to me that he
vas only going to Oxford and Cambridge for a fort-
ight, and then would come back. I could not ſee
im, as I appointed t'other day; but ſome of his
riends tell me, he took leave of them as going to
reland; and ſo they ſay at his lodging. I believe
he rogue was aſhamed to tell me ſo, becauſe I ad-
iſed him to ſtay the Winter, and he ſaid he would.
find he had got into a good ſet of ſcrub acquaint-
nce, and I thought paſſed his time very merrily;
ut I ſuppoſe he languiſhed after Balderig, and the
laret of Dublin: and, after all, I think he is in the
ight; for he can eat, drink and converſe better there
han here. Bernage was with me this morning: he
alls now and then; he is in terrible fear of a peace.
He ſaid, he never had his health ſo well as in Por-
ugal. He is a favourite of his Colonel.

14. I was mortified enough to-day, not knowing
where in the world to dine, the town is ſo empty;
met H. Coote, and thought he would invite me,
ut he did not: Sir John Stanley did not come into
ny head; ſo I took up with Mrs. Van, and dined
vith her and her damned landlady, who, I believe,
y her eye-brows, is a bawd. This evening I met
Addiſon and Paſtoral Phillips in the Park, and ſupped

with them at Addiſon's lodgings; we were very good company; and yet know no man half ſo agreeable to me as he is. I ſat with them till twelve, ſo you may think 'tis late, young women; however, I would have ſome little converſation with MD before your Preſto goes to bed, becauſe it makes me ſleep and dream, and ſo forth. Faith this letter goes on ſlowly enough, ſirrahs, but I can't write much at a time till you are quite ſettled after your journey you know, and have gone all your viſits, and loſt your money at ombre. You never play at cheſs now, Stella. That puts me in mind of Dick Tighe; I fancy I told you, he uſed to beat his wife here; and ſhe deſerved it; and he reſolves to part with her; and they went to Ireland in different coaches. O Lord, I ſaid all this before, I'm ſure, Go to bed, ſirrahs.

Windſor, 15. I made the Secretary ſtop at Brentford, becauſe we ſet out at two this afternoon, and faſting would not agree with me. I only deſigned to eat a bit of bread and butter, but he would light, and we ate roaſt beef like dragons. And he made me treat him and two more Gentlemen; faith it coſt me a guinea; I don't like ſuch jeſting, yet I was mightily pleaſed with it too. To-night our ſociety met at the Secretary's, there were nine of us; and we have choſen a new member, the Earl of Jerſey, whoſe father died lately. 'Tis paſt one, and I have ſtolen away.

16. I deſign to ſtay here this week by myſelf, about ſome buſineſs that lies on my hands, and will take up a great deal of time. Dr. Adams, one of the

the Canons, invited me to-day to dinner. The tables are ſo full here on Sunday, that it is hard to dine with a few, and Dr. Adams knows I love to do ſo; which is very obliging. The Queen ſaw company in her bed-chamber; ſhe looks very well, but ſhe ſat down. I ſupped with Lord Treaſurer as uſual, and ſtayed till paſt one as uſual, and with our uſual company, except Lord Keeper, who did not come this time to Windſor. I hate theſe ſuppers mortally; but I ſeldom eat any thing.

17. Lord Treaſurer and Mr. Secretary ſtay here till to-morrow; ſome buſineſs keeps them, and I am ſorry for it, for they hinder me a day. Mr. Lewis and I were going to dine ſoberly with a little court friend at one. But Lord Harley and Lord Dupplin kept me by force, and ſaid we ſhould dine at Lord Treaſurer's, who intended to go at four to London; I ſtayed like a fool, and went with the two young Lords to Lord Treaſurer; who very fairly turned us all three out of doors. They both were invited to the Duke of Somerſet, but he was gone to a horſe-race, and would not come till five: ſo we were forced to go to a tavern, and ſend for wine from Lord Treaſurer's, who at laſt we were told did not go to town till the morrow, and at Lord Treaſurer's we ſupped again; and I deſired him to let me add four ſhillings to the bill I gave him. We ſat up till two, yet I muſt write to little MD.

18. They are all gone early this morning; and I am alone to ſeek my fortune; but Dr. Arbuthnot engages me for my dinners; and he yeſterday gave me my choice of place, perſon, and victuals for

to-day. So I choſe to dine with Mrs. Hill, who is one of the dreſſers, and Mrs. Maſham's ſiſter; no company but us three, and to have a ſhoulder of mutton, a ſmall one, which was exactly, only there was too much victuals beſides; and the Dr.'s wife was of the company. And to-morrow Mrs. Hill and I are to dine with the Doctor. I have ſeen a fellow often about Court, whom I thought I knew; I aſked who he was, and they told me it was the Gentleman Porter; then I called him to mind; he was Killy's acquaintance (I won't ſay yours) I think his name is Lovet, or Lovel, or ſomething like it. I believe he does not know me, and in my preſent poſture I ſhall not be fond of renewing old acquaintance; I believe I uſed to ſee him with the Bradleys; and by the way, I have not ſeen Mrs. Bradley ſince I came to England. I left your letter in London, like a fool; and cannot anſwer it till I go back, which will not be until Monday next: ſo this will be above a fortnight from my laſt; but I will fetch it up in my next; ſo go and walk to the Dean's for your health this fine weather.

19. The Queen deſigns to have cards and dancing here next week, which makes us think ſhe will ſtay here longer than we believed. Mrs. Maſham is not well after her lying in: I doubt ſhe got ſome cold: ſhe is lame in one of her legs with a rheumatick pain. Dr. Arbuthnot and Mrs. Hill go to morrow to Kenſington to ſee her, and return the ſame night. Mrs. Hill and I dined with the Doctor to-day. I rode out this morning with the Doctor to ſee Cranburn, a houſe of Lord Ranelagh's,

lagh's, and the Ducheſs of Marlborough's lodge, and the Park; the fineſt places they are for nature, and plantations, that ever I ſaw; and the fineſt riding upon artificial roads, made on purpoſe for the Queen. Arbuthnot made me draw up a ſham ſubſcription for a book, called a Hiſtory of the Maids of Honour ſince Harry the Eighth, ſhewing they make the beſt wives, with a liſt of all the maids of honour ſince, &c. to pay a crown in hand, and t'other crown upon delivery of the book; and all in the common forms of thoſe things. We got a Gentleman to write it fair, becauſe my hand is known, and we ſent it to the maids of honour, when they came to ſupper. If they bite at it, 'twill be a very good court jeſt; and the Queen will certainly have it; we did not tell Mrs. Hill.

20. To-day I was invited to the green cloth by Colonel Godfrey, who married the Duke of Marlborough's ſiſter, mother to the Duke of Berwick by King James: I muſt tell you thoſe things that happened before you were born: but I made my excuſes, and young Harcourt (Lord Keeper's ſon) and I dined with my next neighbour Dr. Adams. Mrs. Maſham is better, and will be here in three or four days. She had need; for the Ducheſs of Somerſet is thought to gain ground daily.—We have not yet ſent you over all your bills; and I think we have altered your money-bill. The Duke of Ormond is cenſured here by thoſe in power for very wrong management in the affair of the mayoralty. He is governed by fools; and has uſually much more ſenſe than his adviſers, but never proceeds

ceeds by it. I muſt know how your health continues after Wexford. Walk and uſe exerciſe, ſirrahs both; and get ſomebody to play at ſhuttlecock with you, Madam Stella, and walk to the Dean's and Donnybrook.

21. Colonel Godfrey ſent to me again to-day; ſo I dined at the Green-cloth, and we had but eleven at dinner, which is a ſmall number there, the Court being always thin of company till Saturday night.—This new ink and pen make a ſtrange figure; *I muſt write larger, yes I muſt, or* Stella *won't be able to read this**. S. S. S. there's your S s for you, Stella. The maids of honour are bit, and have all contributed their crowns, and are teaſing others to ſubſcribe for the book. I will tell Lord Keeper and Lord Treaſurer to-morrow; and I believe the Queen will have it. After a little walk this evening, I ſquandered away the reſt of it in ſitting at Lewis's lodging, while he and Dr. Arbuthnot played at picquet. I have that fooliſh pleaſure, which I believe nobody has beſide me, except old Lady Berkeley. But I fretted when I came away; I will loiter ſo no more, for I have a plaguy deal of buſineſs upon my hands, and very little time to do it. The pamphleteers begin to be very buſy againſt the Miniſtry: I have begged Mr. Secretary to make examples of one or two of them; and he aſſures me he will. They are very bold and abuſive.

22. This being the day the Miniſtry comes to Windſor, I ate a bit or two at Mr. Lewis's lodgings,

* Theſe words in *Italicks* are written enormouſly large.

becauſe

becauſe I muſt ſup with Lord Treaſurer; and at half an hour after one, I led Mr. Lewis a walk up the avenue, which is two miles long: we walkt in all about five miles; but I was ſo tired with his low walking, that I left him here, and walkt two miles towards London, hoping to meet Lord Treaſurer, and return with him; but it grew darkiſh, and I was forced to walk back, ſo I walkt nine miles in all; and Lord Treaſurer did not come till after eight; which is very wrong, for there was no moon, and I often tell him how ill he does to expoſe himſelf ſo; but he only makes a jeſt of it. I ſupped with him, and ſtaid till now, when it is half an hour after two. He is as merry, and careleſs, and diſengaged as a young heir at one and twenty. 'Tis late indeed.

23. The Secretary did not come laſt night, but at three this afternoon; I have not ſeen him yet; but I verily think they are contriving a peace as faſt as they can, without which it will be impoſſible to ſubſiſt. The Queen was at church to-day, but was carried in a chair. I and Mr. Lewis dined privately with Mr. Lowman, Clerk of the Kitchen. I was to ſee Lord Keeper this morning, and told him the jeſt of the maids of honour, and Lord Treaſurer had it laſt night. That rogue Arbuthnot puts it all upon me. The Court was very full to-day; I expected Lord Treaſurer would have invited me to ſupper; but he only bowed to me, and we had no diſcourſe in the drawing-room. 'Tis now ſeven at night, and I am at home, and I hope Lord Treaſurer will not ſend for me to ſupper; if he does not,

I will

I will reproach him, and he will pretend to chide me for not coming.—So farewell till I go to bed, for I am going to be buſy.—'Tis now paſt ten, and I went down to aſk the ſervants about Mr. Secretary; they tell me the Queen is yet at council, and that ſhe went to ſupper, and came out to the council afterwards. 'Tis certain they are managing a peace. I will go to bed, and there's an end.—'Tis now eleven, and a meſſenger is come from Lord Treaſurer to ſup with them; but I have excuſed myſelf, and am glad I am in bed; for elſe I ſhould ſit up till two, and drink till I was hot. Now I'll go ſleep.

London, 24. I came to town by ſix with Lord Treaſurer, and have ſtaid till ten. That of the Queen's going out to ſup, and coming in again, is a lie, as the Secretary told me this morning: but I find the Miniſtry are very buſy with Mr. Prior, and I believe he will go again to France. I am told ſo much, that we ſhall certainly have a peace very ſoon. I had charming weather all laſt week at Windſor; but we have had a little rain to-day, and yeſterday was windy. Prior's Journey ſells ſtill; they have ſold two thouſand, although the town is empty. I found a letter from Mrs. Fenton here, deſiring me in Lady's Giffard's name to come and paſs a week at Sheen, while ſhe is at Moor-park. I will anſwer it with a vengeance: and now you talk of anſwering, there is MD's N. 20 is yet to be anſwered: I had put it up ſo ſafe I could hardly find it; but here it is, faith, and I am afraid I cannot ſend this till Thurſday; for I muſt ſee the Secretary

to-morrow

)-morrow morning, and be in ſome other place in ıe evening.

25. Stella writes like an Emperor, and gives ıch an account of her journey, never ſaw the like. ,et me ſee; ſtand away, let us compute; you ſtaid)ur days at Iniſh-Corthy; two nights at Mrs. Pro-y's mother's; and yet was but ſix days in journey;)r your words are, "We left Wexford this day :nnight, and came here laſt night." I have heard ıem ſay, that travellers may lie by authority. Make ıp this, if you can. How far is it from Wexford o Dublin? how many miles did you travel in a ay? * Let me ſee—thirty pounds in two months, ; nine ſcore pounds a year; a matter of nothing in tella's purſe. I dreamed Billy Swift was alive, and hat I told him, you writ me word he was dead, and hat you had been at his funeral, and I admired at our impudence, and was in mighty haſte to run and et you know what lying rogues you were. Poor ad, he is dead of his mother's former folly and ondneſs, and yet now I believe as you ſay, that her ;rief will ſoon wear off.—O yes, Madam Dingley, nightily tired of the company, no doubt of it, at Wexford? and your deſcription of it is excellent; :lean ſheets, but bare walls; I ſuppoſe then you lay ıpon the walls.—Mrs. Walls has got her tea; but who pays me the money? come, I ſhall never get

* The Doctor was always a bad reckoner, either of money or any thing elſe; and this is one of his rapid computations. For as Stella was ſeven days in journey, although Dr. Swift ſays only ſix, ſhe might well have ſpent four days at Iniſh-Corthy, and two nights at Mr. Proby's mother's, the diſtance from Wexford to Dublin being but two eaſy days journey.

it;

it; ſo I make a preſent of it to ſtop ſome gaps, &c. Where's the thanks of the houſe? ſo, that's well; why, it coſt four and thirty ſhillings Engliſh—You muſt adjuſt that with Mrs. Walls; I think that is ſo many pence more with you.—No, Leigh and Sterne, I ſuppoſe, were not at the water-ſide; I fear Sterne's buſineſs will not be done; I have not ſeen him this good while. I hate him for the management of that box; and I was the greateſt fool in nature for truſting to ſuch a young jackanapes; I will ſpeak to him once more about it, when I ſee him. Mr. Addiſon and I met once more ſince, and I ſupped with him: I believe I told you ſo ſomewhere in this letter. The Archbiſhop choſe an admirable meſſenger in Walls to ſend to me; yet I think him fitter for a meſſenger than any thing.—The D— ſhe* has! I did not obſerve her looks. Will ſhe rot out of modeſty with Lady Giffard? I pity poor Jenny—but her huſband is a dunce, and with reſpect to him ſhe loſes little by her deafneſs. I believe, Madam Stella, in your accounts you miſtook one liquor for another, and it was a hundred and forty quarts of wine, and thirty-two of water.—This is all written in the morning before I go to the Secretary, as I am now doing. I have anſwered your letter a little ſhorter than ordinary; but I have a mind it ſhould go to-day, and I will give you my journal at night in my text; for I'm ſo afraid of another letter before this goes: I will never have two together again unanſwered.—What care I for Dr. Tiſdall and Dr. Raymond, or how many chil-

* Somewhat or other which Stella's mother had conſented to.

dren

dren they have? I wiſh they had a hundred apiece. Lord Treaſurer promiſes me to anſwer the Biſhops' letter to-morrow, and ſhew it me; and I believe it will confirm all I ſaid, and mortify thoſe that threw the merit on the Duke of Ormond. For I have made him jealous of it; and t'other day talking of the matter, he ſaid, I am your witneſs you got it for them before the Duke was Lord Lieutenant. My humble ſervice to Mrs. Walls, Mrs. Stoyte, and Catherine. Farewel, *&c.*

What do you do when you ſee any literal miſtakes in my letters? how do you ſet them right? for I never read them over to correct them. Farewel again.

Pray ſend this note to Mrs. Brent, to get the money when Parviſol comes to town, or ſhe can ſend to him.

LETTER XXXI.

London, Sept. 25, 1711.

I DINED in the city to-day, and at my return I put my 30th into the poſt-office; and when I got home I found for me one of the nobleſt letters I ever read; it was from ——, three ſides and a half in folio on a large ſheet of paper; the two firſt pages made up of ſatire upon London, and crowds and hurry, ſtolen from ſome of his own ſchool-boy's exerciſes: the ſide and a half remaining is ſpent in deſiring me to recommend Mrs. South, your Commiſſioner's widow, to my Lord Treaſurer for a penſion. He is the prettieſt, diſcreeteſt fellow that ever my eyes beheld, or that ever dipt pen into ink. I know

know not what to ſay to him. A pox on him, I have too many ſuch cuſtomers on this ſide already. I think I will ſend him word that I never ſaw my Lord Treaſurer in my life: I am ſure I induſtriouſly avoided the name of any great perſon when I ſaw him, for fear of his reporting it in Ireland. And this recommendation muſt be a ſecret too, for fear the Duke of Bolton ſhould know it, and think it was too mean. I never read ſo d—d a letter in my life: a little would make me ſend it over to you.—I muſt ſend you a pattern, the firſt place I caſt my eyes on, I will not pick and chooſe. [In this place (meaning the Exchange in London) which is the compendium of old Troynovant, as that is of the whole buſy world, I got ſuch a ſurfeit, that I grew ſick of mankind, and reſolved, for ever after, to bury myſelf in the ſhady retreat of ——.] You muſt know that London has been called by ſome Troynovant, or New Troy.—Will you have any more? Yes, one little bit for Stella, becauſe ſhe'll be fond of it. [This wondrous theatre (meaning London) was no more to me than a deſert, and I ſhould leſs complain of ſolitude in a Connaught ſhipwreck, or even the great Bog of Allen.] A little ſcrap for Mrs. Marget*, and then I have done. [Their royal Fanum, wherein the Idol Pecunia is daily worſhipped, ſeemed to me to be juſt like a hive of bees working and labouring under huge weights of cares.] Fanum is a temple, but he means the Exchange; and Pecunia is money: ſo now Mrs. Marget will underſtand her part. One

* Stella's maid.

more

more paragraph, and I—Well, come, don't be in ſuch a rage, you ſhall have no more. Pray, Stella, be ſatisfied; 'tis very pretty: and that I muſt be acquainted with ſuch a dog as this!——Our peace goes on faſt. Prior was with the Secretary two hours this morning: I was there a little after he went away; and was told it. I believe he will ſoon be diſpatched again to France; and I will put ſomebody to write an account of his ſecond journey: I hope you have ſeen the other. This latter has taken up my time with ſtorming at it.

26. Bernage has been with me theſe two days; yeſterday I ſent for him to let him know, that Dr. Arbuthnot is putting in ſtrongly to have his brother made a Captain over Bernage's head. Arbuthnot's brother is but an Enſign; but the Doctor has great power with the Queen: yet he told me, he would not do any thing hard to a Gentleman who is my friend; and I have engaged the Secretary and his Colonel for him. To-day he told me very melancholy, that the other had written from Windſor (where he went to ſolicit) that he has got the company; and Bernage is full of the ſpleen. I made the Secretary write yeſterday a letter to the Colonel in Bernage's behalf. I hope it will do yet; and I have written to Dr. Arbuthnot to Windſor, not to inſiſt on doing ſuch a hardſhip. I dined in the city at Pontack's with Stratford; it coſt me ſeven ſhillings: he would have treated; but I did not let him. I have removed my money from the Bank to another fund. I deſire Parviſol may ſpeak to Hawkſhaw to pay in my money when he can; for I will

put it in the funds; and in the mean time borrow ſo much of Mr. Secretary, who offers to lend it me. Go to the Dean's, ſirrahs.

'27. Bernage was with me again to-day, and is in great fear, and ſo was I; but this afternoon at Lord Treaſurer's, where I dined, my brother George Granville, Secretary at War, after keeping me a while in ſuſpence, told me, that Dr. Arbuthnot had waved the buſineſs, becauſe he would not wrong a friend of mine; that his brother is to be a Lieutenant, and Bernage is made a Captain. I called at his lodging, and the ſoldier's Coffee-houſe, to put him out of pain, but cannot find him; ſo I have left word, and ſhall ſee him to-morrow morning, I ſuppoſe. Bernage is now eaſy; he has ten ſhillings a day, beſide lawful cheating. However, he gives a private ſum to his Colonel; but it is very cheap: his Colonel loves him well, but is ſurpriſed to ſee him have ſo many friends. So he is now quite off my hands.—I left the company early to-night at Lord Treaſurer's; but the Secretary followed me, to deſire I would go with him to W——. Mr. Lewis's man came in before I could finiſh that word beginning with a W, which ought to be Windſor, and brought me a very handſome raillying letter from Dr. Arbuthnot, to tell me, he had, in compliance to me, given up his brother's pretenſions in favour of Bernage this very morning; that the Queen had ſpoken to Mr. Granville to make the company eaſy in the other's having the captainſhip. Whether they have done it to oblige me or no, I muſt own it ſo. He ſays, he this very morning begged her

Majeſty to give Mr. Bernage the company. I am nighty well pleaſed to have ſucceeded ſo well; but ou will think me tedious, although you like the nan, as I think.

Windſor, 28. I came here a day ſooner than or- linary, at Mr. Secretary's deſire, and ſupped with im and Prior, and two private Miniſters from rance, and a French prieſt. I know not the two Miniſters names; but they are come about the eace. The names the Secretary called them, I uppoſe, were feigned; they were good rational men. We have already ſettled all things with France, and very much to the honour and advantage of England; and the Queen is in mighty good humour. All this news is a mighty ſecret; the people in general know that a peace is forwarding. The Earl of Straffofd is to go ſoon to Holland, and let them know what we have been doing: and then there will be the devil and all to pay; but we'll make them ſwallow it with a pox. The French Miniſters ſtaid with us till one, and the Secretary and I ſat up talking till two; ſo you will own 'tis late, ſirrahs, and time for your little ſaucy Preſto to go to bed and ſleep adazy; and God bleſs poor little MD: I hope they are now faſt aſleep and dreaming of Preſto.

29. Lord Treaſurer came to-night, as uſual, at half an hour after eight, as dark as pitch. I am weary of chiding him; ſo I commended him for obſerving his friends advice, and coming ſo early, &c. I was two hours with Lady Oglethorp to- night, and then ſupped with Lord Treaſurer, after

dining at the Green-cloth: I ſtaid till two; this is the effect of Lord Treaſurer's being here; I muſt ſup with him, and he keeps curſed hours. Lord Keeper and the Secretary were abſent; they cannot ſit up with him. This long ſitting up makes the periods in my letters ſo ſhort. I deſign to ſtay here all the next week, to be at leiſure by myſelf, to finiſh ſomething of weight I have upon my hands, and which muſt ſoon be done. I ſhall then think of returning to Ireland, if theſe people will let me; and I know nothing elſe they have for me to do. I gave Dr. Arbuthnot my thanks for his kindneſs to Bernage, whoſe commiſſion is now ſigned. Methinks I long to know ſomething of Stella's health, how it continues after Wexford waters.

30. The Queen was not at chapel to-day, and all for the better, for we had a dunce to preach: ſhe has a little of the gout. I dined with my brother Maſham and a moderate company, and would not go to Lord Treaſurer's till after ſupper at eleven o'clock, and pretended I had miſtaken the hour; ſo I ate nothing: and a little after twelve the company broke up, the Keeper and Secretary refuſing to ſtay; ſo I ſaved this night's debauch. Prior went away yeſterday with his Frenchmen, and a thouſand reports are raiſed in this town. Some ſaid, they knew one to be the Abbé de Polignac; others ſwore it was the Abbé du Bois. The Whigs are in a rage about the peace; but we'll wherret them, I warrant, boys. Go, go, go to the Dean's, and don't mind politicks, young women, they are not good after the waters; they

they are ſtark naught; they ſtrike up into the head. Go, get two black aces, and fiſh for a manilio.

Oct. 1. Sir John Walters, an honeſt drunken fellow, is now in waiting, and invited me to the Green-cloth to-day, that he might not be behind hand with Colonel Godfrey, who is a Whig. I was engaged to the Mayor's feaſt with Mr. Maſham; but waiting to take leave of Lord Treaſurer, I came too late, and ſo returned ſneaking to the Green-cloth, and did not ſee my Lord Treaſurer neither; but was reſolved not to loſe two dinners for him. I took leave to-day of my friend and ſolicitor Lord Rivers, who is commanded by the Queen to ſet out for Hanover on Thurſday. The Secretary does not go to town till to-morrow: he and I and two friends more drank a ſober bottle of wine here at home, and parted at twelve; he goes by ſeven to-morrow morning, ſo I ſhall not ſee him. I have power over his cellar in his abſence, and make little uſe of it. Lord Dartmouth and my friend Lewis ſtay here this week; but I can never work out a dinner from Dartmouth. Maſham has promiſed to provide for me: I ſquired his Lady out of her chaiſe to-day, and muſt viſit her in a day or two. So you have had a long fit of the fineſt weather in the world; but I am every day in pain that it will go off. I have done no buſineſs to-day: I am very idle.

2. My friend Lewis and I, to avoid over-much eating, and great tables, dined with honeſt Jemmy Eckerſhall, Clerk of the Kitchen, now in waiting, and I beſpoke my dinner: but the cur had your acquaintance Lovet, the Gentleman Porter, to be our

company: Lovet, towards the end of dinner, afte twenty wrigglings, ſaid he had the honour to ſe me formerly at Moor-park, and thought he remem bered my face; I ſaid, I thought I remembere him, and was glad to ſee him, &c. and I eſcape for that much, for he was very pert. It has raine all this day, and I doubt our good weather is gone I have been very idle this afternoon, playing a twelve-penny picquet with Lewis; I won ſeven ſhillings, which is the only money I won this year; I have not played above four times, and I think always at Windſor: cards are very dear, there is a duty on them of ſix-pence a pack, which ſpoils ſmall gameſters.

3. Mr. Maſham ſent this morning to deſire I would ride out with him, the weather growing again very fine: I was very buſy, and ſent my excuſes; but deſired he would provide me a dinner: I dined with him, his Lady, and her ſiſter, Mrs. Hill, who invites us to-morrow to dine with her, and we are to ride out in the morning. I ſat with Lady Oglethorp till eight this evening, then was going home to write; looked about for the woman that keeps the key of the houſe; ſhe told me Patrick had it. I cooled my heels in the cloiſters till nine, then went into the muſick-meeting, where I had been often deſired to go; but was weary in half an hour of their fine ſtuff *, and ſtole out ſo privately that every body ſaw me; and cooled my heels in the cloiſters again till after ten: then came in Patrick. I went up, ſhut the chamber-door, and

* Swift, like ſome others, rather hated than loved muſick.

gave

: him two or three ſwinging cuffs on the ear, I have ſtrained the thumb of my left hand with ing him, which I did not feel until he was :. He was plaguily afraid and humbled.

. It was the fineſt day in the world, and we out before eleven, a noble caravan of us. The :heſs of Shrewſbury in her own chaiſe with one e, and Miſs Touchet with her; Mrs. Maſham Mrs. Scarborow, one of the dreſſers, in one of Queen's chaiſes; Miſs Foreſter and Miſs Scar-ow, two maids of honour, and Mrs. Hill on ſeback. The Duke of Shrewſbury, Mr. Maſham, rge Fielding, Arbuthnot and I on horſeback

Mrs. Hill's horſe was hired for Miſs Scar-ow, but ſhe took it in civility, her own horſe galled and could not be rid, but kicked and ced: the hired horſe was not worth eighteen ce. I borrowed coat, boots and horſe, and in t we had all the difficulties, and more than we l to have in making a party from Trim to * gfield's. My coat was light camblet, faced 1 red velvet, and ſilver buttons. We rode in great Park and the foreſt about a dozen miles, the Ducheſs and I had much converſation; we home by two, and Mr. Maſham, his Lady, Ar-nnot and I dined with Mrs. Hill. Arbuthnot e us all melancholy, by ſome ſymptoms of dy ur—e: he expects a cruel fit of the ſtone in lve hours; he ſays he is never miſtaken, and he ears like a man that is to be racked to-morrow. nnot but hope it will not be ſo bad; he is a per-

* Mr. Longfield lived at Killibride, about four miles from Trim.

fectly honeſt man, and one I have much obligation to. It rained a little this afternoon, and grew fair again. Lady Oglethorp ſent to ſpeak to me, and it was to let me know that Lady Rocheſter deſires ſhe and I may be better acquainted. 'Tis a little too late; for I am not now in love with Lady Rocheſter: they ſhame me out of her, becauſe ſhe is old. Arbuthnot ſays, he hopes my ſtrained thumb is not the gout; for he has often found people ſo miſtaken. I do not remember the particular thing that gave it me, only I had it juſt after beating Patrick, and now it is better; ſo I believe he is miſtaken.

5. The Ducheſs of Shrewſbury ſent to invite me to dinner; but I was abroad laſt night when her ſervant came, and this morning I ſent my excuſes, becauſe I was engaged, which I was ſorry for. Mrs. Foreſter taxed me yeſterday about the Hiſtory of the Maids of Honour; but I told her fairly it was no jeſt of mine; for I found they did not reliſh it altogether well: and I have enough already of a quarrel with that brute Sir John Walters, who has been railing at me in all companies ever ſince I dined with him; that I abuſed the Queen's meat and drink, and ſaid, nothing at the table was good, and all a d——d lie; for, after dinner, commending the wine, I ſaid, I thought it was ſomething ſmall. You would wonder how all my friends laugh at this quarrel. It will be ſuch a jeſt for the Keeper, Treaſurer, and Secretary.——I dined with honeſt Colonel Godfrey, took a good walk of an hour on

the

the Terrace, and then came up to ſtudy: but it grows bloody cold, and I have no waiſtcoat here.

6. I never dined with the Chaplains till to-day; but my friend Gaſtrel and the Dean of Rocheſter had often invited me, and I happened to be diſengaged: it is the worſt provided table at Court. We ate on pewter: every Chaplain, when he is made a Dean, gives a piece of plate, and ſo they have got a little, ſome of it very old. One who was made Dean of Peterborow (a ſmall deanry) ſaid, he would give no plate; he was only Dean of Pewterborow. The news of Mr. Hill's miſcarriage in his expedition came to-day, and I went to viſit Mrs. Maſham and Mrs. Hill, his two ſiſters, to condole with them. I adviſed them by all means to go to the muſick-meeting to-night, to ſhew they were not caſt down, &c. and they thought my advice was right, and went. I doubt Mr. Hill and his Admiral made wrong ſteps; however, we lay it all to a ſtorm, &c. I ſat with the Secretary at ſupper; then we both went to Lord Treaſurer's ſupper, and ſat till twelve. The Secretary is much mortified about Hill; becauſe this expedition was of his contriving, and he counted much upon it; but Lord Treaſurer was juſt as merry as uſual, and old laughing at Sir John Walters and me falling out. I ſaid, nothing grieved me, but that they would take example, and perhaps preſume upon it, and get out of my government; but that I thought I was not obliged to govern bears, though I governed men. They promiſe to be as obedient as ever, and ſo we laughed;—and ſo

I go

I go to bed; for it is colder ſtill, and you have a fire now, and are at cards at home.

7. Lord Harley and I dined privately to-day with Mrs. Maſham and Mrs. Hill, and my brother Maſham. I ſaw Lord Halifax at Court, and we joined and talked, and the Ducheſs of Shrewſbury came up and reproached me for not dining with her: I ſaid, that was not ſo ſoon done; for I expected more advances from Ladies, eſpecially Ducheſſes: ſhe promiſed to comply with any demands I pleaſed; and I agreed to dine with her to-morrow, if I did not go to London too ſoon, as I believe I ſhall before dinner. Lady Oglethorp brought me and the Ducheſs of Hamilton together to-day in the drawing-room, and I have given her ſome encouragement, but not much. Every body has been teazing Walters. He told Lord Treaſurer that he took his company from him that were to dine with him; my Lord ſaid, I will ſend you Dr. Swift: Lord Keeper bid him take care what he did; for, ſaid he, Dr. Swift is not only all our favourite, but our governor. The old company ſupped with Lord Treaſurer, and got away by twelve.

London, 8. I believe I ſhall go no more to Windſor; for we expect the Queen will come in ten days to Hampton-Court. It was froſt laſt night, and cruel cold to-day. I could not dine with the Ducheſs; for I left Windſor half an hour after one with Lord Treaſurer, and we called at Kenſington, where Mrs. Maſham was got to ſee her children for two days. I dined, or rather ſupped with Lord Treaſurer, and ſtaid till after ten. Tiſdall

and

and his family are gone from hence, upon ſome wrangle with the family. Yeſterday I had two letters brought me to Mr. Maſham's; one from Ford, and t'other from our little MD, N. 21. I would not tell you till to-day, becauſe I would not. I won't anſwer it till the next, becauſe I have ſlipt two days by being at Windſor, which I muſt recover here. Well, ſirrahs, I muſt go to ſleep. The roads were as dry as at Midſummer to-day. This letter ſhall go to-morrow.

9. Morning. It rains hard this morning; I ſuppoſe our fair weather is now at an end. I think I'll put on my waiſtcoat to-day: ſhall I? Well, I will then, to pleaſe MD. I think of dining at home to-day upon a chop and a pot. The town continues yet very thin. Lord Strafford is gone to Holland to tell them what we have done here towards a Peace. We ſhall ſoon hear what the Dutch ſay, and how they take it. My humble ſervice to Mrs. Walls, Mrs. Stoyte and Catherine.—Morrow, deareſt ſirrahs, and farewel; and God Almighty bleſs MD, poor, little, dear MD, for ſo I mean, and Preſto too. I'll write to you again to-night, that is, I'll begin my next letter. Farewell, *&c.*

This little bit belongs to MD; we muſt always write on the margin *: you are ſaucy rogues.

* This happens to be the only ſingle line written upon the margin of any of his journals. By ſome accident there was a margin about as broad as the back of a razor, and therefore he made this uſe of it.

LETTER

LETTER XXXII.

London, October 9, 1711.

I WAS forced to lie down at twelve to-day, and mend my night's ſleep: I ſlept till after two, and then ſent for a bit of mutton and pot of ale from the next cook's ſhop, and had no ſtomach. I went out at four, and called to ſee Biddy Floyd, which I had not done theſe three months: ſhe is ſomething marked, but has recovered her complexion quite, and looks very well. Then I ſat the evening with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, and drank coffee, and ate an egg. I likewiſe took a new lodging to-day, not liking a ground-floor, nor the ill ſmell, and other circumſtances. I lodge, or ſhall lodge, by Leiceſter-fields, and pay ten ſhillings a week; that wont hold out long, faith. I ſhall lie here but one night more. It rained terribly till one o'clock to-day. I lie, for I ſhall lie here two nights, till Thurſday, and then remove. Did I tell you that my friend Mrs. Barton has a brother drowned, that went on the expedition with Jack Hill? He was a lieutenant-colonel, and a coxcomb; and ſhe keeps her chamber in form, and the ſervants ſay, ſhe receives no meſſages.——Anſwer MD's letter, Preſto, d'ye hear? No, ſays Preſto, I won't yet, I'm buſy: you're a ſaucy rogue. Who talks?

10. It coſt me two ſhillings in coach-hire to dine in the city with a printer. I have ſent, and cauſed to be ſent, three pamphlets out in a fortnight. I will ply the rogues warm, and whenever any thing of theirs

theirs makes a noiſe, it ſhall have an anſwer. I have inſtructed an under-ſpur-leather to write ſo, that it is taken for mine. A rogue that writes a news-paper called The Proteſtant Poſt-boy, has reflected on me in one of his papers; but the Secretary has taken him up, and he ſhall have a ſqueeze extraordinary. He ſays, that an ambitious Tantivy, miſſing of his towering hopes of preferment in Ireland, is come over to vent his ſpleen on the late miniſtry, &c. I'll Tantivy him with a vengeance. I ſat the evening at home, and am very buſy, and can hardly find time to write, unleſs it were to MD. I am in furious haſte.

11. I dined to-day with Lord Treaſurer. Thurſdays are now his days when his choice company comes, but we are too much multiplied. George Granville ſent his excuſes upon being ill; I hear he apprehends the apoplexy, which would grieve me much. Lord Treaſurer calls Prior nothing but Monſieur Baudrier, which was the feigned name of the Frenchman that writ his journey to Paris. They pretend to ſuſpect me, ſo I talk freely of it, and put them out of their play. Lord Treaſurer calls me now Dr. Martin, becauſe Martin * is a ſort of a ſwallow, and ſo is a Swift. When he and I came laſt Monday from Windſor, we were reading all the ſigns † on the road. He is a pure trifler; tell the Biſhop

* From this pleaſantry of my Lord Oxford, the appellative Martinus ſcriblerus took its riſe.

† Vide Swift's imitations of Horace, Lib. II. Sat. 6. where he gives an account of what ſort of tattle entertained my Lord Oxford and him upon

Biſhop of Clogher ſo. I made him make two lines in verſe for the Bell and Dragon, and they were rare bad ones. I ſuppoſe Dilly is with you by this time: what could his reaſon be of leaving London, and not owning it? 'Twas plaguy ſilly. I believe his natural inconſtancy made him weary; I think he is the king of inconſtancy. I ſtayed with Lord Treaſurer till ten; we had five Lords and three Commoners. Go to ombre, ſirrahs.

12. Mrs. Vanhomrigh has changed her lodging as well as I. She found ſhe had got with a bawd, and removed: I dined with her to-day; for though ſhe boards, her landlady does not dine with her. I am grown a mighty lover of herrings; but they are much ſmaller here than with you. In the afternoon I viſited an old Major-general, and eat ſix oyſters; then ſat an hour with Mrs. Colledge, the joiner's daughter that was hanged; it was the joiner was hanged, and not his daughter; with Thompſon's wife, a magiſtrate. There was the famous Mrs. Floyd of Cheſter, who, I think, is the handſomeſt woman (except MD) that ever I ſaw. She told me, that twenty people had ſent her the verſes upon Biddy, as meant to her: and indeed, in point of handſomeneſs, ſhe deſerves them much better. I will not go to Windſor to-morrow, and ſo I told the Secretary to-day. I hate the thoughts of Saturday and Sunday ſuppers with Lord Treaſurer. Jack

upon the road to Windſor; and, among other whims, how, as the chariot paſſed along,

They gravely try'd to read the lines
Writ underneath the country Signs.

Hill

l is come home from his unfortunate expedition, is, I think, now at Windſor: I have not yet him. He is privately blamed by his own friends want of conduct. He called a council of war, therein it was determined to come back. But ſay, a General ſhould not do that, becauſe the cers will always give their opinion for returning, the blame will not lie upon them, but the eral: I pity him heartily, Bernage received his miſſion to-day.

3. I dined to-day with Colonel Crowe, late ernor of Barbadoes; he is a great acquaintance our friend Sterne, to whom I truſted the box. l Treaſurer has refuſed Sterne's buſineſs; and I ot he is a rake; Jemmy Leigh ſtays for him, no-body knows where to find him. I am ſo now, I have hardly time to ſpare to write to little MD; but in a fortnight I hope it will be . I am going now to be buſy, *&c.*

4. I was going to dine with Dr. Cockburn, but Andrew Fountain met me, and carried me to . Van's, where I drank the laſt bottle of Ray- ıd's wine, admirable good, better than any I get ng the Miniſtry. I muſt pick up time to an- this letter of MD's, I'll do it in a day or two ertain.——I am glad I am not at Windſor, for very cold, and I won't have a fire till Novem- I am contriving how to ſtop up my grate with ks. Patrick was drunk laſt night; but did not e to me, elſe I ſhould have given him t'other . I ſat this evening with Mrs. Barton, it is the day of her ſeeing company; but I made her merry

merry enough, and we were three hours diſputing upon Whig and Tory. She grieved for her brother only for form, and he was a ſad dog. Is Stella well enough to go to church, pray? no numbings left? no darkneſs in your eyes? do you walk and exerciſe? Your exerciſe is ombre.——People are coming up to town: the Queen will be at Hampton-Court in a week. Lady Betty Germain, I hear, is come, and Lord Pembroke is coming: his new wife is as big with child as ſhe can tumble.

15. I ſat at home till four this afternoon to-day writing, and ate a roll and butter; then viſited Will. Congreve an hour or two, and ſupped with Lord Treaſurer, who came from Windſor to-day, and brought Prior with him. The Queen has thanked Prior for his good ſervice in France, and promiſed to make him a Comiſſioner of the Cuſtoms. Several of that Commiſſion are to be out; among the reſt, my friend Sir Matthew Dudley; I can do nothing for him, he is ſo hated by the Miniſtry. Lord Treaſurer kept me till twelve, ſo I need not tell you it is now late.

16. I dined to-day with Mr. Secretary at Dr. Coteſworth's, where he now lodges till his houſe be got ready in Golden-Square. One Boyer, a French dog, has abuſed me in a pamphlet, and I have got him up in a meſſenger's hands: the Secretary promiſes me to ſwinge him. Lord Treaſurer told me laſt night, that he had the honour to be abuſed with me in a pamphlet. I muſt make that rogue an example for warning to others. I was to ſee Jack Hill this morning, who made that unfortunate expedi-

tion;

tion; and there is ſtill more misfortune; for that ſhip, which was Admiral of his fleet, is blown up in the Thames, by an accident and careleſsneſs of ſome rogue, who was going, as they think, to ſteal ſome gunpowder: five hundred men are loſt; we don't yet know the particulars. I am got home by ſeven, and am going to be buſy, and you are going to play and ſupper; you live ten times happier than I: but I ſhould live ten times happier than you, if I were with MD. I ſaw Jemmy Leigh to-day in the ſtreet, who tells me that Sterne has not lain above once theſe three weeks in his lodgings, and he doubts he takes ill courſes; he ſtays only till he can find Sterne to go along with him, and he cannot hear of him. I begged him to enquire about the box when he comes to Cheſter, which he promiſes.

17. The Secretary and I dined to-day with Brigadier Britton, a great friend of his. The Lady of the houſe is very galant, about thirty-five; ſhe is ſaid to have a great deal of wit; but I ſee nothing among any of them that equals MD by a bar's length, as hope ſaved. My Lord Treaſurer is much out of order; he has a ſore throat, and the gravel, and a pain in his breaſt where the wound was: pray God preſerve him. The Queen comes to Hampton-Court on Tueſday next; people are coming faſt to town, and I muſt anſwer MD's letter, which I can hardly find time to do, though I am at home the greateſt part of the day. Lady Betty Germain and I were diſputing Whig and Tory to death this morning. She is grown very fat, and looks mighty well.

Biddy Floyd was there, and ſhe is, I think, very much ſpoiled with the ſmall-pox.

18. Lord Treaſurer is ſtill out of order, and that breaks our method of dining there to-day. He is often ſubject to a ſore-throat, and ſome time or other it will kill him, unleſs he takes more care than he is apt to do. It was ſaid about the town, that poor Lord Peterborow was dead at Frankfort; but he is ſomething better, and the Queen is ſending him to Italy, where I hope the warm climate will recover him: he has abundance of excellent qualities, and we love one another mightily. I was this afternoon in the city, ate a bit of meat, and ſettled ſome things with a printer. I will anſwer your letter on Saturday, if poſſible, and then ſend away this; ſo to fetch up the odd days I loſt at Windſor, and keep conſtant to my fortnight. Ombre time is now coming on, and we ſhall have nothing but Manley, and Walls, and Stoytes, and the Dean. Have you got no new acquaintance? Poor girls; no-body knows MD's good qualities.——'Tis very cold; but I will not have a fire till November, that's pozz.—Well, but coming home to-night, I found on my table a letter from MD; faith I was angry, that is with myſelf; and I was afraid too to ſee MD's hand ſo ſoon, for fear of ſomething, I don't know what: at laſt I opened it, and it was over well, and a bill for the two hundred guineas. However, 'tis a ſad thing that this letter is not gone, nor your twenty-firſt anſwered yet.

19. I was invited to-day to dine with Mrs. Van, with ſome company who did not come; but I ate

nothing but herrings: you muſt know I hardly ever eat of above one thing, and that the plaineſt ordinary meat at table; I love it beſt, and believe it wholeſomeſt. You love rarities; yes you do; I wiſh you had all that I ever ſee where I go. I was coming home early, and met the Secretary in his chair, who perſuaded me to go with him to Britton's; for he ſaid, he had been all day at buſineſs, and had eaten nothing. So I went, and the time paſt ſo, that we ſtaid till two, ſo you may believe 'tis late enough.

20. This day has gone all wrong, by ſitting up ſo late laſt night. Lord Treaſurer is not yet well, and can't go to Windſor. I dined with Sir Matthew Dudley, and took occaſion to hint to him that he would loſe his employment, for which I am very ſorry. Lord Pembroke and his family are all come to town. I was kept ſo long at a friend's this evening, that I cannot ſend this to-night. When I knocked at my lodgings, a fellow aſked me where lodged Dr. Swift? I told him, I was the perſon: he gave me a letter he brought from the Secretary's office, and I gave him a ſhilling: when I came up, I ſaw Dingley's hand: faith I was afraid, I do not know what. At laſt it was a formal letter from Dingley about her exchequer buſineſs. Well, I'll do it on Monday, and ſettle it with Tooke. And now, boys, for your letter, I mean the firſt, N. 21. Let's ſee; come out, little letter.—I never had the letter from the Biſhop that Raymond mentions; but I have written to Ned Southwel, to deſire the Duke of Ormond to ſpeak to his reverence that he may

leave off his impertinence. What a pox can they think I am doing for the Archbiſhop here? You have a pretty notion of me in Ireland, to make me an agent for the Archbiſhop of Dublin.——Why; do you think I value your people's ingratitude about my part in ſerving them? I remit them their Firſt-Fruits of Ingratitude, as freely as I got the other remitted to them. This Lord Treaſurer defers writing his letter to them, or elſe they would be plaguily confounded by this time. For, he deſigns to give the merit of it wholly to the Queen and me, and to let them know it was done before the Duke of Ormond was Lord Lieutenant. You viſit, you dine abroad, you ſee friends; you pilgarlick; you walk from Finglaſs, you a cat's foot. O Lord—Lady Gore hung her child by the waiſt; what is that waiſt *, I don't underſtand the word; he muſt hang on till you explain or ſpell it.—I don't believe he was pretty, that's a liiii.—Piſh; burn your Firſt-Fruits; again at it. Stella has made twenty falſe ſpellings in her writing; I'll ſend them to you all back again on the other ſide of this letter, to mend them; I won't miſs one. Why; I think there were ſeventeen Biſhops names to the letter Lord Oxford received.—I will ſend you ſome pamphlets by Leigh: put me in mind of it on Monday, for I ſhall go then to the printer; yes, and the Miſcellany. I am mightily obliged to Walls, but I don't

* With great reſpect to the Doctor's judgment, perhaps Stella's orthography might be defended againſt the tyranny of her inſtructor; at leaſt ſhe has all the moderns on her ſide: however, indeed, waſt as well as waiſt, is to be met with in Littleton's dictionary.

deſerve

deſerve it by any uſage of him here, having ſeen him but twice, and once *en paſſant*. Mrs. Manley forſworn ombre! What; and no blazing ſtar appear? no monſters born? no whale thrown up? Have you not found out ſome evaſion for her? She had no ſuch regard to oaths in her younger days. I got the books for nothing, Madam Dingley; but the wine I got not; it was but a promiſe.—Yes, my head is pretty well in the main, only now and then a little threatning or ſo.——You talk of my reconciling ſome great folks. I tell you what. The Secretary told me laſt night, that he had found the reaſon why the Queen was cold to him for ſome months paſt; that a friend had told it him yeſterday; and it was, that they ſuſpected he was at the bottom with the Duke of Marlborough. Then he ſaid, he had reflected upon all I had ſpoken to him long ago; but he thought it had been only my ſuſpicion, and my zeal and kindneſs for him. I ſaid I had reaſon to take that very ill, to imagine I knew ſo little of the world as to talk at a venture to a great Miniſter; that I had gone between him and Lord Treaſurer often, and told each of them what I had ſaid to the other, and that I had informed him ſo before: he ſaid all that you may imagine to excuſe himſelf, and approve my conduct. I told him, I knew all along, that this proceeding of mine was the ſureſt way to ſend me back to my willows in Ireland, but that I regarded it not, provided I could do the kingdom ſervice in keeping them well together. I minded him how often I had told Lord Treaſurer, Lord Keeper, and him together, that all

things depended on their union, and that my comfort was to ſee them love one another; and I had told them all ſingly, that I had not ſaid this by chance, &c. He was in a rage to be thus ſuſpected; ſwears he will be upon a better foot, or none at all; and I do not ſee, how they can well want him in this juncture. I hope to find a way of ſettling this matter. I act an honeſt part; that will bring me neither profit nor praiſe. MD muſt think the better of me for it: no-body elſe ſhall ever know of it. Here's politicks enough for once; but Madam D. D. gave me occaſion for it. I think I told you I have got into lodgings that don't ſmell ill—O Lord! the ſpectacles; well, I'll do that on Monday too; although it goes againſt me to be employed for folks that neither you nor I care a groat for. Is the eight pounds from Hawkſhaw included in the thirty-nine pounds five ſhillings and twopence? How do I know by this how my account ſtands? Can't you write five or ſix lines to caſt it up? Mine is forty-four pounds *per annum*, and eight pounds from Hawkſhaw makes fifty-two pounds. Pray ſet it right, and let me know; you had beſt. ——And ſo now I have anſwered N. 21, and 'tis late, and I will anſwer N. 22 in my next: this cannot go to-night, but ſhall on Tueſday: and ſo go to your play, and loſe your money, with your two eggs a penny; ſilly jade; you witty? very pretty.

21. Mrs. Van would have me dine with her again to-day, and ſo I did, though Lady Mountjoy has ſent two or three times to have me ſee and dine with her, and ſhe is a little body I love very well. My

head

head has ached a little in the evenings theſe three or four days, but it is not of the giddy ſort, ſo I do not much value it. I was to ſee Lord Harley to-day, but Lord Treaſurer took phyſick, and I could not ſee him. He has voided much gravel, and is better, but not well; he talks of going on Tueſday to ſee the Queen at Hampton-Court; I wiſh he may be able. I never ſaw ſo fine a ſummer day as this was; how is it with you pray? and can't you remember, naughty packs, I han't ſeen Lord Pembroke yet. He will be ſorry to miſs Dilly: I wonder you ſay nothing of Dilly's being got to Ireland; if he be not there ſoon, I ſhall have ſome certain odd thoughts; gueſs them if you can.

22. I dined in the city to-day with Dr. Friend, at one of my printers; I enquired for Leigh, but could not find him: I have forgot what ſort of apron you want. I muſt rout among your letters, a needle in a bottle of hay. I gave Sterne directions, but where to find him Lord knows. I have beſpoken the ſpectacles; got a ſet of Examiners, and five pamphlets, which I have either written or contributed to, except the beſt, which is the Vindication of the Duke of Marlborough; and is entirely of the author of the Atalantis. I have ſettled Dingley's affair with Tooke, who has undertaken it, and underſtands it. I have beſpoken a Miſcellany: what would you have me do more? It coſt me a ſhilling coming home; it rains terribly, and did ſo in the morning. Lord Treaſurer has had an ill day, in much pain. He writes and does buſineſs in his chamber now he is ill: the man is bewitched; he

deſires to ſee me, and I'll maul him, but he will not value it a ruſh.——I am half weary of them all. I often burſt out into theſe thoughts, and will certainly ſteal away as ſoon as I decently can. I have many friends, and many enemies; and the laſt are more conſtant in their nature. I have no ſhuddering at all to think of retiring to my old circumſtances, if you can be eaſy; but I will always live in Ireland as I did the laſt time; I will not hunt for dinners there; nor converſe with more than a very few.

23, Morning. This goes to-day, and ſhall be ſealed bye and bye. Lord Treaſurer takes phyſick again to-day: I believe I ſhall dine with Lord Dupplin. Mr. Tooke brought me a letter directed for me at Morphew's the bookſeller. I ſuppoſe, by the poſtage, it came from Ireland; it is a woman's hand, and ſeems falſe ſpelt on purpoſe; it is in ſuch ſort of verſe as Harris's petition; raillies me for writing merry things, and not upon divinity; and is like the ſubject of the Archbiſhop's laſt letter, as I told you. Can you gueſs whom it came from? it is not ill written; pray find it out; there is a Latin verſe at the end of it all rightly ſpelt; yet the Engliſh, as I think, affectedly wrong in many places—My plaguing time is coming. A young fellow brought me a letter from Judge Coote, with recommendation to be Lieutenant of a man of war. He is the ſon of one Echlin, who was Miniſter of Belfaſt before Tiſdall, and I have got ſome other new cuſtomers; but I ſhall trouble my friends as little as poſſible. Saucy Stella uſed to jeer me for meddling

ddling with other folks affairs: but now I am niſhed for it.——Patrick has brought the candle, I have no more room. Farewell, *&c. &c.*

Here is a full and true Account of STELLA's new Spelling.

Plaguely,	- -	Plaguily *.
Dineing,	- -	Dining.
Straingers,	- -	Strangers.
Chais,	- -	Chaſe †.
Waiſt,	- -	Waſt.
Houer,	- -	Hour.
Immagin,	- -	Imagine.
A bout,	- -	About.
Intellegence,	- -	Intelligence.
Aboundance,	- -	Abundance.
Merrit,	- -	Merit.
Secreet,	- -	Secret.
Phamphlets,	- -	Pamphlets.
Buſſineſs,	- -	Buſineſs.

ll me truly, ſirrah, how many of theſe are miſtakes the pen, and how many are you to anſwer for as ill ſpelling? There are but fourteen; I ſaid nty by gueſs. You muſt not be angry, for I will e you ſpell right, let the world go how it will. ough after all, there is but a miſtake of one letter any of theſe words. I allow you henceforth but falſe ſpellings in every letter you ſend me.

This column of words, as they are corrected, is in Stella's hand. Yet here is one word ſtill falſe ſpelt.

LETTER

LETTER XXXIII.

London, Oct. 23, 1711.

I DINED with Lord Dupplin, as I told you I would, and put my thirty-ſecond into the poſt-office my own ſelf; and I believe there has not been one moment ſince we parted, wherein a letter was not upon the road going or coming to or from PMD *. If the Queen knew it, ſhe would give us a penſion; for it is we bring good luck to their poſt-boys and their pacquets: elſe they would break their necks and ſink. But, an old ſaying and a true one; Be it ſnow or ſtorm or hail, PMD's letters never fail: Croſs winds may ſometimes make them tarry; But PMD's letters can't miſcarry.——Terrible rain to-day, but it cleared up at night enough to ſave my twelve-pence coming home. Lord Treaſurer is much better this evening. I hate to have him ill, he is ſo confoundedly careleſs. I won't anſwer your letter yet, ſo be ſatisfied.

24. I called at Lord Treaſurer's to-day at noon; he was eating ſome broth in his bed-chamber, undreſſed, with a thouſand papers about him. He has a little fever upon him, and his eye terribly bloodſhot; yet he dreſſed himſelf, and went out to the Treaſury. He told me, he had a letter from a Lady with a complaint againſt me; it was from Mrs. Cutts, a ſiſter of Lord Cutts, who writ to him, that I had abuſed her brother: you remember the Salamander; it is printed in the Miſcellany. I told my

* That is, Preſto and MD.

Lord,

ord, that I would never regard complaints, and hat I expected whenever he received any againſt ıe, he would immediately put them into the fire, nd forget them, elſe I ſhould have no quiet.——I ad a little turn in my head this morning; which, ıough it did not laſt above a moment, yet being f the true ſort, has made me as weak as a dog all ıis day. 'Tis the firſt I have had this half year, ſhall take my pills if I hear of it again. I dined : Lady Mountjoy's with Harry Coote, and went) ſee Lord Pembroke upon his coming to town.— 'he Whig party are furious againſt a Peace, ıd every day ſome ballad comes out reflecting on ıe Miniſtry on that account. The Secretary St. ɔhn has ſeized on a dozen bookſellers and pub- ſhers, into his meſſengers hands. Some of the ɔreign Miniſters have publiſhed the Preliminaries ɣreed on here between France and England; and ɔople rail at them as inſufficient to treat a Peace ɔon; but the ſecret is, that the French have agreed) articles much more important, which our Mini- ers have not communicated, and the people, who ıink they know all, are diſcontented that there is no ore. This was an inconvenience I foretold to the ɔcretary; but we could contrive no way to fence ɣainſt it. So there's politicks for you.

25. The Queen is at Hampton-Court; ſhe went ı Tueſday in that terrible rain. I dined with ewis at his lodgings, to diſpatch ſome buſineſs we ad. I ſent this morning and evening to Lord 'reaſurer, and he is much worſe by going out; I n in pain about evening. He has ſent for Dr. Radcliffe;

Radcliffe; pray God preſerve him. The Chancellor of the Exchequer ſhewed me to-day a ballad in manuſcript againſt Lord Treaſurer and his South-Sea project; it is very ſharply written: if it be not printed, I will ſend it to you. If it be, it ſhall go in your pacquet of pamphlets.—I found out your letter about directions for the apron, and have ordered to be bought a cheap, green ſilk work apron; I have it by heart. I ſat this evening with Mrs. Barton, who is my near neighbour. It was a delicious day, and I got my walk, and was thinking whether MD was walking too juſt at that time that Preſto was.——This paper does not coſt me a farthing, I have it from the Secretary's office. I long till to-morrow to know how my Lord Treaſurer ſleeps this night, and to hear he mends; we are all undone without him; ſo pray for him, ſirrahs, and don't ſtay too late at the Dean's.

26. I dined with Mrs. Van; for the weather is ſo bad, and I am ſo buſy, that I can't dine with great folks: and beſides I dare eat but little, to keep my head in order, which is better. Lord Treaſurer is very ill, but I hope in no danger. We have no quiet with the Whigs, they are ſo violent againſt a Peace; but I'll cool them, with a vengeance, very ſoon. I have not heard from the Biſhop of Clogher, whether he has got his ſtatues. I writ to him ſix weeks ago; he's ſo buſy with his Parliament. I won't anſwer your letter yet, ſay what you will, ſaucy girls.

27. I forgot to go about ſome buſineſs this morning, which coſt me double the time; and I was forced

to

to be at the Secretary's office till four, and loſe my dinner; ſo I went to Mrs. Van's, and made them get me three herrings, which I am very fond of, and they are a light vittals: beſides, I was to have ſupped at Lady Aſhburnham's; but the drab did not call for us in her coach, as ſhe promiſed, but ſent for us, and ſo I ſent my excuſes. It has been a terrible rainy day, but ſo flattering in the morning, that I would needs go out in my new hat. I met Leigh and Sterne as I was going into the Park. Leigh ſays he will go to Ireland in ten days, if he can get Sterne to go with him; ſo I will ſend him the things for MD, and I have deſired him to enquire about the box. I hate that Sterne for his careleſſneſs about it; but it was my fault.

29. I was all this terrible rainy day with my friend Lewis upon buſineſs of importance; and I dined with him, and came home about ſeven, and thought I would amuſe myſelf a little after the pains I had taken. I ſaw a volume of Congreve's plays in my room, that Patrick had taken to read; and I looked into it, and in mere loitering read in it till twelve, like an owl and a fool: if ever I do ſo again; never ſaw the like. Count Gallas, the Emperor's Envoy, you will hear is in diſgrace with us: the Queen has ordered her Miniſters to have no more commerce with him; the reaſon is, the fool writ a rude letter to Lord Dartmouth, Secretary of State, complaining of our proceedings about a peace; and he is always in cloſe confidence with Lord Wharton, and Sunderland, and others of the late Miniſtry. I believe you begin to think there will be no peace; the

the whigs here are ſure it cannot be, and ſtocks are fallen again. But I am confident there will, unleſs France plays us tricks; and you may venture a wager with any of your whig acquaintance, that we ſhall not have another campaign. You will get more by it than by ombre, ſirrah.—I let ſlip telling you yeſterday's journal, which I thought to have done this morning, but blundered. I dined yeſterday at Harry Coote's with Lord Hatton, Mr. Finch, a ſon of Lord Nottingham, and Sir Andrew Fountain. I left them ſoon; but hear they ſtaid till two in the morning, and were all drunk; and ſo good night for laſt night, and good night for to-night. You blundering gooſecap, an't you aſhamed to blunder to young Ladies? I ſhall have a fire in three or four days now, oh ho.

30. I was to-day in the city concerting ſome things with a Printer, and am to be to-morrow all day buſy with Mr. Secretary about the ſame. I won't tell you now; but the Miniſters reckon it will do abundance of good, and open the eyes of the nation, who are half bewitched againſt a peace. Few of this generation can remember any thing but war and taxes, and they think it is as it ſhould be; whereas 'tis certain we are the moſt undone people in Europe, as I am afraid I ſhall make appear beyond all contradiction. But I forgot; I won't tell you what I will do, nor what I will not do: ſo let me alone, and go to Stoyte, and give goody Stoyte and Catherine my humble ſervice; I love goody Stoyte better than goody Walls. Who'll pay me for this green apron? I will have the money; it coſt ten ſhillings

ngs and ſix-pence. I think it plaguy dear for eap thing; but they ſaid, that Engliſh ſilk ld cockle, and I know not what. You have naking into the bargain. 'Tis right Italian: I ſent it and the pamphlets to Leigh, and will the Miſcellanies and ſpectacles in a day or two. uld ſend more; but faith I'm plaguy poor at nt.

. The devil's in this Secretary; when I went morning he had people with him; but ſays he, re to dine with Prior to-day, and then will do ur buſineſs in the afternoon: at two Prior ſends l, he is otherwiſe engaged; then the Secretary I go and dine with Brigadier Britton, ſit till , grow merry, no buſineſs done; he is in haſte e Lady Jerſey, we part, and appoint no time to again. This is the fault of all the preſent iſters, teaſing me to death for my aſſiſtance, g the whole weight of their affairs upon it, yet ing opportunities. Lord Treaſurer mends every though ſlowly: I hope he will take care of elf. Pray, will you ſend to Parviſol to ſend bill of twenty pounds as ſoon as he can, for I money. I muſt have money; I will have ey, ſirrahs.

ov. 1. I went to day into the city to ſettle buſineſs with Stratford, and to dine with him; ıe was engaged, and I was ſo angry I would not with any other merchant, but went to my ter, and ate a bit, and did buſineſs of miſchief him, and I ſhall have the ſpectacles and Miſny to-morrow, and leave them with Leigh. A

fine

fine day always makes me go into the city, if I can ſpare time, becauſe it is exerciſe; and that does me more good than any thing. I have heard nothing ſince of my head, but a little, I don't know how, ſometimes: but I am very temperate, eſpecially now the Treaſurer is ill, and the Miniſters often at Hampton-Court, and the Secretary not yet fixed in his houſe, and I hate dining with many of my old acquaintance. Here has been a fellow diſcovered going out of the Eaſt-India houſe with ſixteen thouſand pounds in money and bills; he would have eſcaped, if he had not been ſo uneaſy with thirſt, that he ſtole out before his time, and was caught. But what is that to MD? I wiſh we had the money, provided the Eaſt-India company was never the worſe; you know we muſt not covet, *&c.* Our weather, for this fortnight paſt, is chequered, a fair and a rainy day; this was very fine, and I have walked four miles, wiſh MD would do ſo, lazy ſluttikins.

2. It has rained all day with a *continuendo*, and I went in a chair to dine with Mrs. Van; always there in a very rainy day. But I made a ſhift to come back afoot. I live a very retired life, pay very few viſits, and keep but very little company; I read no news-papers. I am ſorry I ſent you the Examiner; for the Printer is going to print them in a ſmall volume: it ſeems the author is too proud to have them printed by ſubſcription, though his friends offered, they ſay, to make it worth five hundred pounds to him. The Spectators are likewiſe printing in a larger and ſmaller volume: ſo I believe they are

going

going to leave them off, and indeed people grow weary of them, though they are often prettily written. We have had no news for me to ſend you now towards the end of my letter. The Queen has the gout a little; I hoped the Lord Treaſurer would have had it too; but Radcliffe told me yeſterday it was the rheumatiſm in his knee and foot; however he mends; and I hope will be abroad in a ſhort time. I am told they deſign giving away ſeveral employments before the Parliament ſits, which will be the thirteenth inſtant. I either do not like, or not underſtand this policy; and if Lord Treaſurer does not mend ſoon, they muſt give them juſt before the ſeſſions. But he is the greateſt procraſtinator in the world.

3. A fine day this, and I walked a pretty deal; I ſtufft the Secretary's pockets with papers, which he muſt read and ſettle at Hampton-Court, where he went to-day, and ſtays ſome time. They have no lodgings for me there, ſo I can't go; for the town is ſmall, chargeable and inconvenient. Lord Treaſurer had a very ill night laſt night, with much pain in his knee and foot, but is eaſier to-day.—And ſo I went to viſit Prior about ſome buſineſs, and ſo he was not within, and ſo Sir Andrew Fountain made me dine to-day again with Mrs. Van, and I came home ſoon, remembering this muſt go to-night, and that I had a letter of MD's to anſwer. O Lord, where is it? let me ſee; ſo, ſo, here it is. You grudge writing ſo ſoon. Pox on that bill; he woman would have me manage that money for ier. I do not know what to do with it now I have

it; I am like the unprofitable ſteward in the goſpel; I laid it up in a napkin; there thou haſt what is thine own, &c. Well, well, I know of your new Mayor. (I'll tell you a pun; a fiſhmonger owed a man two crowns; ſo he ſent him a piece of bad ling and a tench, and then ſaid he was paid: how is that now? find it out; for I won't tell it you: which of you finds it out?) well, but as I was ſaying, what care I for your Mayor? I fancy Ford may tell Forbes right about my returning to Ireland before Chriſtmas, or ſoon after. I'm ſorry you did not go on with your ſtory about pray God you be John; I never heard it in my life, and wonder what it can be.—Ah, Stella, faith you leaned upon your Bible to think what to ſay when you writ that. Yes, that ſtory of the Secretary's making me an example is true; "never heard it before;" why how could you hear it? is it poſſible to tell you the hundredth part of what paſſes in our companies here? the Secretary is as eaſy with me as Mr. Addiſon was. I have often thought what a ſplutter Sir William Temple makes about being Secretary of State; I think Mr. St. John the greateſt young man I ever knew; wit, capacity, beauty, quickneſs of apprehenſion, good learning, and an excellent taſte; the beſt orator in the Houſe of Commons, admirable converſation, good nature, and good manners; generous, and a deſpiſer of money. His only fault is talking to his friends in way of complaint of too great a load of buſineſs, which looks a little like affectation: and he endeavours too much to mix the fine Gentleman, and man of pleaſure, with the man of

f buſineſs. What truth and ſincerity he may have know not: he is now but thirty-two, and has been ecretary above a year. Is not all this extraordinary? ow he ſtands with the Queen and Lord Treaſurer have told you before. This is his character; and believe you will be diverted by knowing it. I rit to the Archbiſhop of Dublin, Biſhop of Cloyne, id of Clogher together, five weeks ago from Windr: I hope they had my letters; pray know if logher had his.—Fig for your Phyſician and his dvice, Madam Dingley; if I grow worſe, I will; herwiſe I will truſt to temperance and exerciſe: our fall of the leaf; what care I when the leaves ll? I am ſorry to ſee them fall with all my heart; ut why ſhould I take phyſick becauſe leaves fall f from trees? that won't hinder them from falling. a man falls from a horſe, muſt I take phyſick r that?—This arguing makes you mad; but it is ue right reaſon, not to be diſproved.—I am glad heart to hear poor Stella is better; uſe exerciſe id walk, ſpend pattens and ſpare potions, wear out ogs and waſte claret. Have you found out my an of the fiſhmonger? don't read a word more till ou have got it. And Stella is handſome again, you y? and is ſhe fat? I have ſent to Leigh the ſet of xaminers; the firſt thirteen were written by ſeeral hands, ſome good, ſome bad; the next three id thirty were all by one hand, that makes forty-: * then that author, whoever he was, laid it

* Here the Doctor's memory failed him a little: he ſhould have id, the firſt twelve were written by ſeveral hands (for Swift's Exniners commenced with No. 13), and the next thirty-two were by one hand,

down on purpoſe to confound gueſſers; and the laſt ſix were written by a woman. Then there is an account of Guiſcard by the ſame woman, but the facts ſent by Preſto. Then an Anſwer to the Letter to the Lords about Greg by Preſto; Prior's Journey by Preſto; Vindication of the Duke of Marlborough entirely by the ſame woman; Comment on Hare's Sermon by the ſame woman, only hints ſent to the Printer from Preſto to give her. Then there's the Miſcellany, an apron for Stella, a pound of chocolate without ſugar for Stella, a fine ſnuff-raſp of ivory, given me by Mrs. St. John for Dingley, and a large roll of tobacco, which ſhe muſt hide or cut ſhorter out of modeſty, and four pair of ſpectacles for the Lord knows who. There's the cargo, I hope it will come ſafe. Oh, Mrs. Maſham and I are very well; we write to one another, but it is upon buſineſs; I believe I told you ſo before: pray pardon my forgetfulneſs in theſe caſes; poor Preſto can't help it. MD ſhall have the money as ſoon as Tooke gets it. And ſo I think I have anſwered all, and the paper is out, and now I have fetcht up

hand, in all forty four. Vid. his Letter to Stella, dated June 7, 1711. If the Reader has any doubt of this matter ſtill remaining, let him conſult the two laſt paragraphs of the forty-fourth Examiner; and for curioſity, if he pleaſes, read the firſt paragraph of the forty-fifth Number, where he will find the Examiner intends to proceed on a plan quite different from Swift's courſe of politicks. However, in ſix or eight weeks after Swift became ſilent, the Examiner was laid down, although revived again the December following, and continued to be a lively and ſpirited paper for two or three months, the writers of it being ſupplied with hints from Mr. Secretary St. John and Dr. Swift. But the Miniſtry having then obtained their ends in Parliament, and the peace being in great forwardneſs, they ſuffered the Examiner to ſink again into obſcurity and dulneſs.

my

my week, and will ſend you another this day fortnight.—Why, you rogues, two crowns make *tench-ill-ling:* you are ſo dull you could never have found it out. Farewel, *&c. &c.*

LETTER XXXIV.

London, Nov. 3, 1711.

MY thirty-third lies now before me juſt finiſhed, and I am going to ſeal and ſend it, ſo let me know whether you would have me add any thing: I gave you my journal of this day; and it is now nine at night, and I am going to be buſy for an hour or two.

4. I left a friend's houſe to-day where I was invited, juſt when dinner was ſetting on, and pretended I was engaged, becauſe I ſaw ſome fellows I did not know; and went to Sir Matthew Dudley's, where I had the ſame inconvenience, but he would not let me go; otherwiſe I would have gone home, and ſent for a ſlice of mutton and a pot of ale, rather than dine with perſons unknown, as bad for aught I know as your Deans, Parſons, and Curates. Bad ſlabby weather to-day.—Now methinks I write at eaſe, when I have no letter of MD's to anſwer. But I miſtook, and have got the large paper. The Queen is laid up with the gout at Hampton-Court; ſhe is now ſeldom without it any long time together; I fear it will wear her out in a very few years. I plainly find I have leſs twitchings about my toes ſince here Miniſters are ſick and out of town, and that I don't dine with them. I would compound for a light

eaſy gout to be perfectly well in my head.—Pray walk when the froſt comes, young Ladies, go a froſt-biting. It comes into my head, that from the very time you firſt went to Ireland I have been always plying you to walk and read. The young fellows here have begun a kind of faſhion, to walk, and many of them have got ſwinging ſtrong ſhoes on purpoſe; it has got as far as ſeveral young Lords; if it hold, it would be a very good thing. Lady Lucy and I are fallen out: ſhe rails at me, and I have left viſiting her.

5. MD was very troubleſome to me laſt night in my ſleep; I was a dreamed, methought, that Stella was here: I aſked her after Dingley, and ſhe ſaid, ſhe had left her in Ireland, becauſe ſhe deſigned her ſtay to be ſhort, and ſuch ſtuff.—Monſieur Pontchartrain, the Secretary of State in France, and Monſieur Fontenelle, the Secretary of the Royal Academy there (who writ the *Dialogues des morts*, &c.) have ſent letters to Lord Pembroke, that the Academy have, with the King's conſent, choſen him one of their Members, in the room of one who is lately dead. But the cautious Gentleman has given me the letters to ſhew my Lord Dartmouth and Mr. St. John, our two Secretaries, and let them ſee there is no treaſon in them; which I will do on Wedneſday, when they come from Hampton-Court. The letters are very handſome, and it is a very great mark of honour and diſtinction to Lord Pembroke. I hear the two French Miniſters are come over again about the peace; but I have ſeen nobody of conſequence to know the truth. I

dined to-day with a Lady of my acquaintance, who was ſick, in her bed-chamber, upon three herrings and a chicken; the dinner was my beſpeaking. We begin now to have cheſnuts and Seville oranges; have you the latter yet? 'Twas a terrible windy day, and we had proceſſions in carts of the Pope and the Devil, and the butchers rang their cleavers; you know this is the fifth of November, popery and gun-powder.

6. Since I am uſed to this way of writing, I fancy I could hardly make out a long letter to MD without it. I think I ought to allow for every line taken up by telling you where I dined; but that will not be above ſeven lines in all, half a line to a dinner. Your Ingoldſby is going over, and they ſay here, he is to be made a Lord.—Here was I ſtaying in my room till two this afternoon for that puppy Sir Andrew Fountain, who was to go with me into the city, and never came; and if I had not ſhot a dinner flying, with one Mr. Murray, I might have faſted, or gone to an ale-houſe.—You never ſaid one word of goody Stoyte in your letter; but I ſuppoſe theſe Winter nights we ſhall hear more of her.—Does the Provoſt laugh as much as he uſed to do? we reckon him here a good-for-nothing fellow.—I deſign to write to your Dean one of theſe days, but I can never find time, nor what to ſay. I will think of ſomething: but if DD * were not in Ireland, I believe ſeriouſly I ſhould not think of the place twice a year. Nothing there ever makes the ſubject of talk in any company where I am.

* Theſe two initial letters include both Stella and Dingley.

7. I went to-day to the city on buſineſs; but ſtopt at a Printer's and ſtaid there; it was a moſt delicious day. I hear the Parliament is to be prorogued for a fortnight longer; I ſuppoſe, either becauſe the Queen has the gout, or that Lord Treaſurer is not well, or that they would do ſomething more towards a peace. I called at Lord Treaſurer's at noon, and ſat a while with Lord Harley, but his father was aſleep. A Bookſeller has reprinted or new-titled a Sermon of Tom Swift's printed laſt year, and publiſhes an advertiſement calling it Dr. Swift's Sermon. Some friend of Lord Galway has, by his directions, publiſhed a four-ſhilling book about his conduct in Spain, to defend him; I have but juſt ſeen it. But what care you for books, except Preſto's Miſcellanies? Leigh promiſed to call and ſee me, but has not yet; I hope he will take care of his cargo, and get your Cheſter box. A murrain take that box; every thing is ſpoiled that is in it. How does the ſtrong box do? you ſay nothing of Raymond; is his wife brought to bed again; or how? has he finiſhed his houſe; paid his debts; and put out the reſt of the money to uſe? I am glad to hear poor Joe is like to get his two hundred pounds. I ſuppoſe Trim is now reduced to ſlavery again. I am glad of it; the people were as great raſcals as the Gentlemen. But I muſt go to bed, ſirrahs; the Secretary is ſtill at Hampton-Court with my papers, or is come only to-night. They plague me with attending them.

8. I was with the Secretary this morning, and we dined with Prior, and did buſineſs this afternoon till about

bout eight, and I muſt alter and undo, and a clutter: am glad the Parliament is prorogued. I ſtaid with rior till eleven; the Secretary left us at eight. rior, I believe, will be one of thoſe employed to ake the peace, when a congreſs is opened. Lord ſhburnham told to-day at the coffee-houſe, that ord Harley was yeſterday morning married to the uke of Newcaſtle's daughter, the great heireſs, and got about all the town. But I ſaw Lord Harley eſterday at noon in his night-gown, and he dined in he city with Prior and others; ſo it is not true: ut I hope it will be ſo; for I know, it has been rivately managing this long time: the Lady will ot have half her father's eſtate; for the Duke left ord Pelham's ſon his heir; the widow Ducheſs will not ſtand to the will, and ſhe is now at law with Pelham. However, at worſt, the girl will have about ten thouſand pounds a year, to ſupport the honour: for Lord Treaſurer will never ſave a groat for himſelf. Lord Harley is a very valuable young Gentleman; and they ſay the girl is hand-ſome, and has good ſenſe, but red hair.

9. I deſigned a jaunt into the city to-day to be merry, but was diſappointed; ſo one always is in this life; and I could not ſee Lord Dartmouth to-day, with whom I had ſome buſineſs. Buſineſs nd pleaſure both diſappointed. You can go to your Dean, and for want of him, goody Stoyte, or Walls, r Manley, and meet every where with cards and laret. I dined privately with a friend on a herring nd chicken, and half a flaſk of bad Florence. I egin to have fires now, when the mornings are cold;

cold; I have got ſome looſe bricks at the back of my grate for good huſbandry. Fine weather. Patrick tells me, my caps are wearing out; I know not how to get others. I want a neceſſary woman ſtrangely; I am as helpleſs as an elephant.—I had three pacquets from the Archbiſhop of Dublin, coſt me four ſhillings, all about Higgins, printed ſtuff, and two long letters. His people forget to encloſe them to Lewis; and they were only directed to Doctor Swift, without naming London or any thing elſe: I wonder how they reached me, unleſs the Poſt-maſter directed them. I have read all the traſh, and am weary.

10. Why; if you muſt have it out, ſomething is to be publiſhed of great moment, and three or four great people are to ſee there are no miſtakes in point of fact; and 'tis ſo troubleſome to ſend it among them, and get their corrections, that I am weary as a dog. I dined to-day with the Printer, and was there all the afternoon; and it plagues me, and there's an end, and what would you have? Lady Dupplin, Lord Treaſurer's daughter, is brought to bed of a ſon. Lord Treaſurer has had an ugly return of his gravel. 'Tis good for us to live in gravel-pits, but not for gravel-pits to live in us: a man in this caſe ſhould leave no ſtone unturned. Lord Treaſurer's ſickneſs, the Queen's gout, the forwarding the peace, occaſion putting off the Parliament a fortnight longer. My head has had no ill returns. I had good walking to-day in the city, and take all opportunities of it on purpoſe for my health; but I can't walk in the Park, becauſe that

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is only for walking ſake, and loſes time, ſo I mix it with buſineſs: I wiſh MD walked half as much as Preſto. If I was with you, I'd make you walk; I would walk behind or before you, and you ſhould have maſks on, and be tuckt up like any thing, and Stella is naturally a ſtout walker, and carries herſelf firm, methinks I ſee her ſtrut, and ſtep clever over a kennel; and Dingley would do well enough, if her petticoats were pinned up; but ſhe is ſo embroiled, and ſo fearful, and then Stella ſcolds, and Dingley ſtumbles, and is ſo daggled. Have you got the whale-bone petticoats amongſt you yet? I hate them; a woman here may hide a moderate gallant under them. Pſhaw, what's all this I'm ſaying? methinks I am talking to MD face to face.

11. Did I tell you that old Frowde, the old fool, is ſelling his eſtate at Pepperhara, and is ſculking about the town no body knows where? and who do you think manages all this for him, but that rogue Child, the double Squire of Farnham? I have put Mrs. Maſham, the Queen's favourite, upon buying it; but that is yet a great ſecret; and I have employed Lady Oglethorp to enquire about it. I was with Lady Oglethorp to-day, who is come to town for a week or two, and to-morrow I will ſee to hunt out the old fool; he is utterly ruined, and at this preſent in ſome blind alley with ſome dirty wench. He has two ſons that muſt ſtarve, and he never gives them a farthing. If Mrs. Maſham buys the land, I will deſire her to get the Queen to give ſome penſion to the old fool, to keep him from abſolutely ſtarving. What do you meddle with other peoples affairs

affairs for? ſays Stella. O, but Mr. Maſham and his wife are very urgent with me, ſince I firſt put them in the head of it. I dined with Sir Matthew Dudley, who, I doubt, will ſoon loſe his employment.

12. Morning. I am going to hunt out old Frowde, and to do ſome buſineſs in the city. I have not yet called to Patrick to know whether it be fair. It has been paſt dropping theſe two days. Rainy weather hurts my pate and my purſe. He tells me 'tis very windy, and begins to look dark; woe be to my ſhillings: an old ſaying and a true; Few fillings, many ſhillings. If the day be dark, my purſe will be light. To my enemies be this curſe; A dark day and a light purſe. And ſo I'll riſe, and go to my fire, for Patrick tells me I have a fire; yet it is not ſhaving day, nor is the weather cold; this is too extravagant. What is become of Dilly? I ſuppoſe you have him with you. Stella is juſt now ſhewing a white leg, and putting it into the ſlipper.—Preſent my ſervice to her, and tell her I am engaged to the Dean; and deſire ſhe will come too; or, Dingley, can't you write a note? This is Stella's morning dialogue, no, morning ſpeech I mean.—Morrow, ſirrahs, and let me riſe as well as you; but I promiſe you Walls can't dine with the Dean to-day, for ſhe is to be at Mrs. Proby's juſt after dinner, and to go with Gracy Spencer to the ſhops to buy a yard of muſlin, and a ſilver lace for an under-petticoat. Morrow again, ſirrahs.—At night. I dined with Stratford in the city, but could not finiſh my affairs with him; but now I have reſolved to

buy

ıy five hundred pounds South-Sea ſtock, which ill coſt me three hundred and eighty ready money; ıd I will make uſe of the bill of a hundred pounds ɔu ſent me, and transfer Mrs. Walls over to awkſhaw; or, if ſhe diſlikes it, I will borrow a ındred pounds of the Secretary, and repay her. hree ſhillings coach-hire to-day. I have ſpoken Frowde's brother, to get me the loweſt price of ıe eſtate, to tell Mrs. Maſham.

13. I dined privately with a friend to-day in the eighbourhood. Laſt Saturday night I came home, ıd the drab had juſt waſhed my room, and my bed-ıamber was all wet, and I was forced to go to bed ı my own defence, and no fire: I was ſick on Sun-ay, and now have got a ſwinging cold. I ſcolded ke a dog at Patrick, although he was out with me: deteſt waſhing of rooms: can't they waſh them in morning, and make a fire, and leave open the win-ows? I ſlept not a wink laſt night for hawking nd ſpitting: and now every body has colds. Here's clatter: I'll go to bed and ſleep if I can.

14. Lady Mountjoy ſent to me two days ago, ſo dined with her to-day, and in the evening went o ſee Lord Treaſurer. I found Patrick had been uſt there with a how d'ye, and my Lord had re-urned anſwer, that he deſired to ſee me. Mrs. Maſham was with him when I came; and they are ever diſturbed: 'tis well ſhe is not very handſome: hey ſit alone together, ſettling the nation. I ſat vith Lady Oxford, and ſtopt Mrs. Maſham as ſhe ame out, and told her what progreſs I had made, &c. and then went to Lord Treaſurer: he is very well,

well, only uneaſy at riſing or ſitting, with ſome rheumatick pain in his thigh, and a foot weak. He ſhewed me a ſmall paper, ſent by an unknown hand to one Mr. Cook, who ſent it to my Lord: it was written in plain large letters, thus;

Though G——d's knife did not ſucceed;
A F——n's yet may do the Deed.

And a little below: *Burn this you Dog.* My Lord has frequently ſuch letters as theſe: once he ſhewed me one, which was a viſion deſcribing a certain man, his dreſs, his ſword, and his countenance, who was to murder my Lord. And he told me, he ſaw a fellow in the chapel at Windſor with a dreſs very like it. They often ſend him letters ſigned Your humble ſervant, *The Devil*, and ſuch ſtuff. I ſat with him till after ten, and have buſineſs to do.

15. The Secretary came yeſterday to town from Hampton-Court, ſo I went to him early this morning; but he went back laſt night again: and coming home to-night I found a letter from him to tell me, that he was juſt come from Hampton-Court, and juſt returning, and will not be here till Saturday night. A pox take him; he ſtops all my buſineſs. I'll beg leave to come back when I have got over this; and hope to ſee MD in Ireland ſoon after Chriſtmas.—I'm weary of Courts, and want my journies to Laracor; they did me more good than all the miniſtries theſe twenty years. I dined to-day in the city, but did no buſineſs as I deſigned. Lady Mountjoy tells me, that Dilly is got to Ireland, and that the Archbiſhop of Dublin was

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the cauſe of his returning ſo ſoon. The Parliament was prorogued two days ago for a fortnight, which, with the Queen's abſence, makes the town very dull, and empty. They tell me the Duke of Ormond brings all the world away with him from Ireland. London has nothing ſo bad in it in Winter, as your knots of Iriſh folks; but I go to no Coffee-houſe, and ſo I ſeldom ſee them. This letter ſhall go on Saturday; and then I am even with the world again. I have lent money, and cannot get it, and am forced to borrow for myſelf.

16. My man made a blunder this morning, and let up a viſiter, when I had ordered to ſee no-body; ſo I was forced to hurry a hang-dog inſtrument of mine into my bed-chamber, and keep him cooling his heels there above an hour.——I am going on fairly in the common forms of a great cold; I believe it will laſt me about ten days in all.——I ſhould have told you that in thoſe two verſes ſent to Lord Treaſurer, the G——d ſtands for Guiſcard; that is eaſy; but we differed about F——n; I thought it was for Frenchman, becauſe he hates them, and they him: and ſo it would be, That although Guiſcard's knife miſs'd its deſign, the knife of a Frenchman might yet do it. My Lord thinks it ſtands for Felton, the name of him that ſtabbed the firſt Duke of Buckingham.—Sir Andrew Fountain and I dined with the Vans to-day, and my cold made me loiter all the evening. Stay, young women, don't you begin to owe me a letter? juſt a month to-day ſince I had your N. 22. I'll ſtay a week longer, and then I'll expect like agog; till then you may play

play at ombre, and ſo forth, as you pleaſe. The Whigs are ſtill crying down our Peace, but we will have it, I hope, in ſpite of them: the Emperor comes now with his two eggs a penny, and promiſes wonders to continue the war; but it is too late; only I hope the fear of it will ſerve to ſpur on the French to be eaſy and ſincere. Night, ſirrahs; I'll go early to bed.

17. Morning. This goes to-night; I will put it myſelf in the poſt-office. I had juſt now a long letter from the Archbiſhop of Dublin, giving me an account of the ending your ſeſſions, how it ended in a ſtorm; which ſtorm, by the time it arrives here, will be only half nature. I can't help it, I won't hide. I often adviſed the diſſolution of that Parliament, although I did not think the ſcoundrels had ſo much courage; but they have it only in the wrong, like a bully that will fight for a whore, and run away in an army. I believe, by ſeveral things the Archbiſhop ſays, he is not very well either with the government or clergy.—See how luckily my paper ends with a fortnight.—God Almighty bleſs and preſerve deareſt little MD.—I ſuppoſe your Lord-lieutenant is now ſetting out for England. I wonder the Biſhop of Clogher does not write to me; or let me know of his ſtatues, and how he likes them: I will write to him again, as ſoon as I have leiſure. Farewel, deareſt MD, and love Preſto, who loves MD infinitely above all earthly things, and who will.—My ſervice to Mrs. Stoyte, and Catherine. I'm ſitting in my bed; but will riſe to ſeal this. Morrow, dear rogues. Farewel again, deareſt MD, *&c.*

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LETTER XXXV.

London, Nov. 17, 1711.

I PUT my laſt this evening in the poſt-office. I dined with Dr. Cockburn. This being Queen Elizabeth's birth-day, we have the D—and all to lo among us. I juſt heard of the ſtir as my letter was ſealed this morning; and was ſo croſs I would not open it to tell you. I have been viſiting Lady Oglethorp and Lady Worſley; the latter is lately come to town for the Winter, and with child, and what care you? This is Queen Elizabeth's birth-day, uſually kept in this town by 'prentices, &c. but the Whigs deſigned a mighty proceſſion by midnight, and had laid out a thouſand pounds to dreſs up the Pope, Devil, Cardinals, Sacheverell, &c. and carry them with torches about, and burn them. They did it by contribution. Garth gave five guineas, Dr. Garth I mean, if ever you heard of him. But they were ſeized laſt night, by order from the Secretary: you will have an account of it, for they bawl it about the ſtreets already. They had ſome very fooliſh and miſchievous deſigns; and it was thought they would have put the rabble upon aſſaulting my Lord Treaſurer's houſe, and the Secretary's; and other violences. The Militia was raiſed to prevent it, and now, I ſuppoſe, all will be quiet. The figures are now at the Secretary's office at Whitehall. I deſign to ſee them if I can.

18. I was this morning with Mr. Secretary, who juſt came from Hampton-Court. He was telling

me more particulars about this buſineſs of burning the Pope. It coſt a great deal of money, and had it gone on, would have coſt three times as much: but the town is full of it, and half a dozen Grub-ſtreet papers already. The Secretary and I dined at Brigadier Britton's, but I left them at ſix, upon an appointment with ſome ſober company of men and Ladies, to drink punch at Sir Andrew Fountain's. We were not very merry; and I don't love rack punch, I love it better with brandy; are you of my opinion? Why then, twelve-penny weather; ſirrahs, why don't you play at ſhuttlecock? I have thought of it a hundred times; faith Preſto will come over after Chriſtmas, and will play with Stella before the cold weather is gone. Do you read the Spectators? I never do; they never come in my way; I go to no Coffee-houſes. They ſay abundance of them are very pretty; they are going to be printed in ſmall volumes; I'll bring them over with me. I ſhall be out of my hurry in a week, and if Leigh be not gone over, I will ſend you by him what I am now finiſhing. I don't know where Leigh is; I have not ſeen him this good while, though he promiſed to call: I ſhall ſend to him. The Queen comes to town on Thurſday for good and all.

19. I was this morning at Lord Dartmouth's office, and ſent out for him from the Committee of Council, about ſome buſineſs. I was aſking him more concerning this buſtle about the figures in wax-work of the Pope, and Devil, *&c.* He was not at leiſure, or he would have ſeen them. I hear the owners are ſo impudent, that they deſign to re-

plevin them by law. I am aſſured that the figure of the Devil is made as like Lord Treaſurer as they could. Why; I dined with a friend in St. James's-ſtreet. Lord Treaſurer, I am told, was abroad to-day; I will know to-morrow how he does after it. The Duke of Marlborough is come, and was yeſterday at Hampton-Court with the Queen; no, it was t'other day; no, it was yeſterday; for to-day I remember Mr. Secretary was going to ſee him, when I was there, not at the Duke of Marlborough's, but at the Secretary's; the Duke is not ſo fond of me. What care I? I won ſeven ſhillings to-night at picquet: I play twice a year or ſo.

20. I have been ſo teaſed with Whiggiſh diſcourſe by Mrs. Barton and Lady Betty Germain, never ſaw the like. They turn all this affair of the pope-burning into ridicule; and indeed they have made too great a clutter about it, if they had no real reaſon to apprehend ſome tumults. I dined with Lady Betty. I hear Prior's commiſſion is paſſed to be Ambaſſador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary for the Peace; my Lord Privy-ſeal, who you know is Biſhop of Briſtol, is the other; and Lord Strafford, already Ambaſſador at the Hague, the third: I am forced to tell you ignorant ſluts who is who. I was punning ſcurvily with Sir Andrew Fountain and Lord Pembroke this evening; do you ever pun now? Sometimes with the Dean, or Tom Leigh. Prior puns very well. Odſo, I muſt go ſee his Excellency, 'tis a noble advancement: but they could do no leſs, after ſending him to France. Lord Strafford is as proud as hell, and

how he will bear one of Prior's mean birth on an equal character with him, I know not. And ſo I go to my buſineſs, and bid you good night.

21. I was this morning buſy with my printer; I gave him the fifth ſheet, and then I went and dined with him in the city, to correct ſomething, and alter, *&c.* and I walked home in the duſk, and the rain overtook me: and I found a letter here from Mr. Lewis; well, and ſo I opened it; and he ſays, The Peace is paſt danger, *&c.* Well; and ſo there was another letter incloſed in his; well; and ſo I looked on the outſide of this t'other letter. Well; and ſo who do you think this t'other letter was from? Well; and ſo I'll tell you, it was from little MD, N. 23, 23, 23, 23. I tell you it is no more, I have told you ſo before *: but I juſt looked again to ſatisfy you. Hie, Stella, you write like an Emperor, a great deal together; a very good hand, and but four falſe ſpellings in all. Shall I ſend them to you? I am glad you did not take my correction ill. Well; but I won't anſwer your letter now, ſirrah ſaucy boxes, no, no; not yet; juſt a month and three days from the laſt, which is juſt five weeks: you ſee it comes juſt when I begin to grumble.

22. Morning. Tooke has juſt brought me Dingley's money. I will give you a note for it at the end of this letter. There was half a crown for entering the letter of attorney: but I ſwore to ſtop that. I'll ſpend your money bravely here. Morrow, dear ſirrahs.——At night. I dined to-day

* Nothing was ever more in Swift's ſtyle and manner of converſation, than theſe repetitions and the words following.

with

with Sir Thomas Hanmer; his wife, the Ducheſs of Grafton, dined with us: ſhe wears a great high head-dreſs, ſuch as was in faſhion fifteen years ago, and looks like a mad-woman in it; yet ſhe has great remains of beauty. I was this evening to ſee Lord Harley, and thought to have ſat with Lord Treaſurer; but he was taken up with the Dutch Envoy and ſuch folks; and I would not ſtay. One particular in life here different from what I have in Dublin, is, that whenever I come home I expect to find ſome letter for me, and ſeldom miſs; and never any worth a farthing, but often to vex me. The Queen does not come to town till Saturday. Prior is not yet declared; but theſe Miniſters being at Hampton-Court I know nothing; and if I write news from common hands, it is always lies. You will think it affectation; but nothing has vexed me more for ſome months paſt, than people I never ſaw, pretending to be acquainted with me, and yet ſpeak ill of me too; at leaſt ſome of them. An old crooked Scotch Counteſs, whom I never heard of in my life, told the Ducheſs of Hamilton t'other day, that I often viſited her. People of worth never do that; ſo that a man only gets the ſcandal of having ſcurvy acquaintance. Three Ladies were railing againſt me ſome time ago, and ſaid they were very well acquainted with me; two of which I had never heard of; and the third I had only ſeen twice where I happened to viſit. A man who has once ſeen me in a Coffee-houſe will aſk me how I do, when he ſees me talking at Court with a Miniſter of ſtate; who is ſure to aſk

me, how I came acquainted with that ſcoundrel. But come, ſirrahs, this is all ſtuff to you, ſo I'll ſay no more on this ſide the paper, but turn over.

23. My printer invited Mr. Lewis and me to dine at a tavern to-day, which I have not done five times ſince I came to England; I never will call it Britain, pray don't call it Britain. My week is not out, and one ſide of this paper is out, and I have a letter to anſwer of MD's into the bargain: muſt I write on the third ſide? faith that will give you an ill habit. I ſaw Leigh laſt night: he gives a terrible account of Sterne; he reckons he is ſeduced by ſome wench; he is over head and ears in debt, and has pawned ſeveral things. Leigh ſays he goes on Monday next for Ireland, but believes Sterne will not go with him; Sterne has kept him theſe three months. Leigh has got the apron and things, and promiſes to call for the box at Cheſter; but I deſpair of it. Good night, ſirrahs; I have been late abroad.

24. I have finiſhed my pamphlet to-day, which has coſt me ſo much time and trouble; it will be publiſhed in three or four days, when the Parliament begins ſitting. I ſuppoſe the Queen is come to town, but know nothing, having been in the city finiſhing and correcting with the printer. When I came home I found letters on my table as uſual, and one from your mother, to tell me, that you deſire your writings and a picture ſhould be ſent to me, to be ſent over to you. I have juſt anſwered her letter, and promiſed to take care of them if they be ſent to me. She is at Farnham: it is too late to ſend them by Leigh; beſides, I will wait

your

our orders, Madam Stella. I am going to finiſh a etter to Lord Treaſurer about reforming our lan-guage; but firſt I muſt put an end to a ballad; ınd go you to your cards, ſirrahs, this is card ſeaſon.

25. I was early with the Secretary to-day, but ıe was gone to his devotions, and to receive the ıacrament; ſeveral rakes did the ſame; it was not or piety, but employments; according to act of Parliament. I dined with Lady Mary Dudley; and ɔaſt my time ſince inſipidly, only I was at Court ıt noon, and ſaw fifty acquaintance I had not met his long time: that is the advantange of a Court, ınd I fancy I am better known than any man that goes there. Sir John Walters' quarrel with me has entertained the town ever ſince; and yet we never had a word, only he railed at me behind my back. The Parliament is again to be prorogued for eight or nine days; for the Whigs are too ſtrong in the Houſe of Lords: other reaſons are pretended, but that is the truth. The prorogation is not yet known, but will be to-morrow.

26. Mr. Lewis and I dined with a friend of his, ınd unexpectedly there dined with us an Iriſh Knight, ɔne Sir John St. Leger, who follows the law here, ɔut at a great diſtance: he was ſo pert, I was forced to take him down more than once. I ſaw to-day the Pope, and Devil, and the other figures of Car-dinals, *&c.* fifteen in all, which have made ſuch a noiſe. I have put an under-ſtrapper upon writing a two-penny pamphlet to give an account of the whole deſign. My large pamphlet will be pub-liſhed to-morrow, copies are ſent to the great men

this night. Domville is come home from his travels; I am vexed at it; I have not ſeen him yet; I deſign to preſent him to all the great men.

27. Domville came to me this morning, and we dined at Pontack's, and were all day together, till ſix this evening; he is perfectly as fine a gentleman as I know; he ſet me down at Lord Treaſurer's, with whom I ſtaid about an hour, till Monſieur Buys, the Dutch Envoy, came to him about buſineſs. My Lord Treaſurer is pretty well; but ſtiff in the hips with the remains of the rheumatiſm. I am to bring Domville to my Lord Harley in a day or two. It was the dirtieſt rainy day that ever I ſaw. The pamphlet* is publiſhed; Lord Treaſurer had it by him on the table, and was aſking me about the mottos in the title page; he gave me one of them himſelf. I muſt ſend you the pamphlet if I can.

28. Mrs. Van ſent to me to dine with her today, becauſe ſome Ladies of my acquaintance were to be there; and there I dined. I was this morning to return Domville his viſit, and went to viſit Mrs. Maſham, who was not within. I am turned out of my lodging by my landlady: it ſeems her huſband and her ſon are coming home; but I have taken another lodging hard by, in Leiceſter-fields. I preſented Mr. Domville to Mr. Lewis and Mr. Prior this morning. Prior and I are called the two Soſias in a Whig news-paper. Soſias, can you read it? The pamphlet begins to make a noiſe: I was

* This pamphlet was *The Conduct of the Allies.*

aſked

ſked by ſeveral whether I had ſeen it, and they adviſed me to read it, for it was ſomething very extraordinary. I ſhall be ſuſpected; and it will have everal paultry anſwers. It muſt take its fate, as avage ſaid of his ſermon that he preached at Farnam on Sir William Temple's death. Domville aw Savage in Italy, and ſays he is a coxcomb, and alf mad: he goes in red, and with yellow waiſtoats, and was at ceremony kneeling to the Pope n a Palm-Sunday, which is much more than kiſſing is toe; and I believe it will ruin him here when tis told. I'll anſwer your letter in my new lodgngs: I have hardly room; I muſt borrow from he other ſide.

29. New lodgings. My printer came this morning to tell me he muſt immediately print a ſecond dition, and Lord Treaſurer made one or two ſmall ddition: they muſt work day and night to have it out on Saturday; they ſold a thouſand in two days. Our ſociety met to-day, nine of us were preſent, we dined at our brother Bathurſt's: we made ſeveral regulations, and have choſen three new members, Lord Orrery, Jack Hill, who is Mrs. Maſham's brother, he that lately miſcarried in the expedition to Quebec, and one Colonel Diſney. We have taken a room in a houſe near St. James's to meet in. I left them early about correcting the pamphlet, *&c.* and am now got home, *&c.*

30. This morning I carried Domville to ſee my Lord Harley, and I did ſome buſineſs with Lord Treaſurer, and have been all this afternoon with the printer,

printer, adding ſomething to the ſecond edition. I dined with the printer; the pamphlet makes a world of noiſe, and will do a great deal of good: it tells abundance of moſt important facts which were not at all known. I'll anſwer your letter to-morrow morning; or ſuppoſe I anſwer it juſt now, though it is pretty late. Come then—You ſay you are buſy with parliaments, *&c.* that's more than ever I will be when I come back; but you will have none theſe two years. Lord Santry, *&c.* * yes, I have had enough on't. I am glad Dilly is mended; does not he thank me for ſhewing him the Court and the great people's faces? He had his glaſs out at the Queen and the reſt. 'Tis right what Dilly ſays; I depend upon nothing from my friends; but to go back as I came. Never fear Laracor, 'twill mend with a Peace; or ſurely they'll give me the Dublin pariſh. Stella is in the right; the Biſhop of Oſſory is the ſilliеſt, beſt-natured wretch breathing, of as little conſequence as an egg-ſhell.——Well, the ſpelling I have mentioned before; only the next time ſay *at leaſt*, and

* Lord Santry was as violent a Whig as Dick Tighe [Vid. Letter 59 in Dodſley's Collection, dated Feb. 10, 1711], and Dr. Higgins, who is in this place hinted at by the *&c.* much ſuch another as Sacheverell; conſequently my Lord was an outrageous enemy and perſecutor of Higgins. However, it happened one day that Lord Santry was looking out of the great window at Lucas's Coffee-houſe when Higgins was paſſing by; 'How do you do, Doctor?' ſaid my Lord, in a ſneering contemptuous manner. 'Very well, I thank you, little maſter,' ſaid Higgins. 'Let me out, let me out to him,' cried Santry in a rage, pretending to leap out of the window, which was not far from the ground. 'Aye, do,' ſaid Higgins, 'let him out, I'll ſoon pitch him in to you again.'

not

not *at leſt*. Pox on your Newbury: what can I do for him? I'll give his caſe (I am glad it is not a woman's) to what members I know; that's all I can do. Lord Treaſurer's lameneſs goes off daily. Pray God preſerve poor good Mrs. Stoyte, ſhe would be a great loſs to us all; pray give her my ſervice, and tell her ſhe has my heartieſt prayers. I pity poor Mrs. Manley; but I think the child is happy to die, conſidering how little proviſion it would have had. Poh, every pamphlet abuſes me, and for things that I never writ. Joe ſhould have written me thanks for his two hundred pounds: I reckon he got it by my means; and I muſt thank the Duke of Ormond, who I dare ſwear will ſay he did it on my account. Are they golden pippins, thoſe ſeven apples? We have had much rain every day as well as you: 7l. 17s. 8d. old blunderer, not 18s. I have reckoned it 18 times. Hawkſhaw's eight pounds is not reckoned; and if it be ſecure, it may lie where it is, unleſs they deſire to pay it: ſo Parviſol may let it drop till further orders; for I have put Mrs. Weſley's money into the bank, and will pay her with Hawkſhaw's.——I mean that Hawkſhaw's money goes for an addition to MD, you know; but be good houſewives. Bernage never comes now to ſee me; he has no more to aſk: but I hear he has been ill.—A pox on Mrs. South's affair; I can do nothing in it, but by way of aſſiſting any body elſe that ſolicits it, by dropping a favourable word, if it comes in my way. Tell Walls I do no more for any body with my Lord Treaſurer, eſpecially a thing of this kind. Tell him I have ſpent all my

my diſcretion, and have no more to uſe.——And ſo I have anſwered your letter fully and plainly—And ſo I have got to the third ſide of my paper, which is more than belongs to you, young women. It goes to-morrow, To no-body's ſorrow. You are ſilly, not I; I'm a poet, If I had but, *&c.*——Who's ſilly now? rogues and laſſes, tinderboxes and buzzards. O Lord, I am in a high vein of ſillineſs; methought I was ſpeaking to deareſt little MD face to face. There; ſo lads, enough for to-night; to cards with the blackguards. Good night, my delight, *&c.*

Dec. 1. Piſh, ſirrahs, put a date always at the bottom of the letter as well as the top, that I may know when you ſend it; your laſt is of Nov. 3d, yet I had others at the ſame time written a fortnight after. Whenever you would have any money, ſend me word three weeks before, and in that time you will certainly have an anſwer, with a bill on Parviſol: pray do this; for my head is full, and it will eaſe my memory. Why, I think I quoted to you ſome of——'s letter, ſo you may imagine how witty the reſt was; for it was all of a bunch, as goodman Peeſley ſays. Pray let us have no more *Buſſineſs*, but *Buſyneſs*: the Deuſe take me if I know how to ſpell it, your wrong ſpelling, Madam Stella, has put me out: it does not look right; let me ſee, *Buſſineſs*, *Buſyneſs*, *Buſineſs Biſyneſs*, *Biſneſs*, *Byſneſs*; faith, I know not which is right, I think the ſecond; I believe I never writ the word in my life before; yes, ſure I muſt though; *Buſineſs*, *Buſyneſs*, *Biſyneſs*.——I have perplexed myſelf, and

can't

can't do it. Prithee aſk Walls. *Buſineſs*, I fancy that's right. Yes it is; I looked in my own pamphlet, and found it twice in ten lines, to convince you that I never writ it before. Oh, now I ſee it as plain as can be; ſo yours is only an *s* too much. The Parliament will certainly meet on Friday next; the Whigs will have a great majority in the Houſe of Lords; no care is taken to prevent it; there is too much neglect; they are warned of it, and that ſignifies nothing: it was feared there would be ſome peeviſh addreſs from the Lords againſt a Peace. 'Tis ſaid about the town, that ſeveral of the Allies begin now to be content that a Peace ſhould be treated. This is all the news I have. The Queen is pretty well; and ſo now I bid poor deareſt MD farewel till to-night, then I will talk with them again.

The fifteen images that I ſaw were not worth forty pounds, ſo I ſtretched a little when I ſaid a thouſand. The Grub-ſtreet account of that tumult is publiſhed. The Devil is not like Lord Treaſurer; they were all in your odd antick maſks, bought in common ſhops. I fear Prior will not be one of the Plenipotentiaries.

I was looking over ſome of this letter, and find I make many miſtakes of leaving out words; ſo 'tis impoſſible to find my meaning, unleſs you be conjurers. I will take more care for the future, and read over every day juſt what I have written that day; which will take up no time to ſpeak of.

LETTER

LETTER XXXVI.

London, December 1, 1711.

MY laſt was put in this evening. I intended to dine with Mr. Maſham to-day, and called at White's Chocolate-houſe to ſee if he was there. Lord Wharton ſaw me at the door, and I ſaw him, but took no notice, and was going away; but he came through the crowd, called after me, and aſked me how I did, *&c.* This was pretty; and I believe he wiſhed every word he ſpoke was a halter to hang me. Maſham did not dine at home, ſo I ate with a friend in the neighbourhood. The printer has not ſent me the ſecond edition; I know not the reaſon, for it certainly came out to-day; perhaps they are glutted with it already. I found a letter from Lord Harley on my table, to tell me that his father deſires I would make two ſmall alterations. I am going to be buſy, *&c.*

2. Morning. See the blunder; I was making it the 37th day of the month from the number above. Well, but I am ſtaying here for old Frowde, who appointed to call this morning: I am ready dreſſed to go to church; I ſuppoſe he dare not ſtir out but on Sundays. The printer called early this morning, told me the ſecond edition went off yeſterday in five hours, and he muſt have a third ready to-morrow, for they might have ſold half another: his men are all at work with it, though it be Sunday. This old fool will not come, and I ſhall miſs church.—Morrow, ſirrahs.—At night. I was at Court

Court to-day; the Queen is well, and walked through part of the rooms. I dined with the Secretary, and diſpatched ſome buſineſs. He tells me, the Dutch Envoy deſigns to complain of that pamphlet. The noiſe it makes is extraordinary. It is fit it ſhould anſwer the pains I have been at about it. I ſuppoſe it will be printed in Ireland. Some lay it to Prior, others to Mr. Secretary St. John, but I am always the firſt they lay every thing to. I'll go ſleep, *&c.*

3. I have ordered Patrick not to let any odd fellow come up to me; and a fellow would needs ſpeak with me from Sir George Prettyman. I had never heard of him, and would not ſee the meſſenger; but at laſt it proved that this Sir George has ſold his eſtate, and is a beggar. Smithers, the Farnham carrier, brought me this morning a letter from your mother, with three papers incloſed of Lady Giffard's writing; one owning ſome Exchequer buſineſs of 100l. to be Stella's; another for 100l. that ſhe has of yours, which I made over to you for Mariſton; and a third for 300l.; the laſt is on ſtampt paper. I think they had better lie in England in ſome good hand till Lady Giffard dies; and I will think of ſome ſuch hand before I come over. I was aſking Smithers about all the people of Farnham. Mrs. White has left off dreſſing, is troubled with lameneſs and ſwelled legs, and ſeldom ſtirs out; but her old hang-dog huſband as hearty as ever. I was this morning with Lord Treaſurer about ſomething he would have altered in the pamphlet; but it can't be till the fourth edition, which I believe will be ſoon;

ſoon; for I dined with the printer, and he t
me they have ſold off half the third. Mrs. Pe
val and her daughter have been in town t
three weeks, which I never heard till to-day;
Mrs. Weſley is come to town too, to conſult
Radcliffe. The Whigs are reſolved to bring
pamphlet into the Houſe of Lords to have it c
demned, ſo I hear. But the printer will ſtand
it, and not own the author; he muſt ſay, he
it from the penny-poſt. Some people talk a
the Houſe of Lords would do ſome peeviſh thi
for the Whigs are now a great majority in it;
Miniſters are too negligent of ſuch things: I h
never ſlipt giving them warning; ſome of them
ſenſible of it; but Lord Treaſurer ſtands too m
upon his own legs. I fancy his good fortune
bear him out in every thing; but in reaſon I ſhc
think this Miniſtry to ſtand very unſteady: if t
can carry a Peace, they may hold; I believe
elſe.

4. Mr. Secretary ſent to me to-day to dine v
him alone; but we had two more with us, wh
hindered me doing ſome buſineſs. I was this morn
with young Harcourt, ſecretary to our ſociety,
take a room for our weekly meetings; and the
low aſked us five guineas a week only to have h
to dine once a week; was not that pretty? ſo
broke off with him, and are to dine next Thurſ
at Harcourt's (he is Lord Keeper's ſon). T
have ſold off above half the third edition, and
ſwers are coming out: the Dutch Envoy reſt
dining with Dr. D'avenant, becauſe he was ſuſpe

o write it: I have made ſome alterations in every dition, and it has coſt me more trouble, for the ime, ſince the printing than before. 'Tis ſent over o Ireland, and I ſuppoſe you will have it reprinted.

5. They are now printing the fourth edition, which is reckoned very extraordinary, conſidering tis a dear twelvepenny book, and not bought up in numbers by the party to give away, as the Whigs do, but purely upon its own ſtrength. I have got an under ſpur-leather to write an Examiner again, and the Secretary and I will now and then ſend hints; but we would have it a little upon the Grub-ſtreet, to be a match for their writers. I dined with Lord Treaſurer to-day at five: he dined by himſelf after his family, and drinks no claret yet, for fear of his rheumatiſm, of which he is almoſt well. He was very pleaſant, as he is always; yet I fancied he was a little touched with the preſent poſture of affairs. The Elector of Hanover's Miniſter here has given in a violent memorial againſt the Peace, and cauſed it to be printed. The Whig Lords are doing their utmoſt for a majority againſt Friday, and deſign, if they can, to addreſs the Queen againſt the Peace. Lord Nottingham, a famous Tory and ſpeech-maker, is gone over to the Whig ſide: they toaſt him daily, and Lord Wharton ſays, It is Diſmal (ſo they call him from his looks) will ſave England at laſt. Lord Treaſurer was hinting to if he wiſhed a ballad was made on him, and I will get up one againſt to-morrow. He gave me a ſcurrilous printed paper of bad verſes on himſelf, under the name of the Engliſh Catiline, and

made me read them to the company. It was his birth-day, which he would not tell us, but Lord Harley whiſpered it to me.

6. I was this morning making the ballad, two degrees above Grub-ſtreet; at noon I paid a viſit to Mrs. Maſham, and then went to dine with our ſociety. Poor Lord Keeper dined below ſtairs, I ſuppoſe on a bit of mutton. We choſe two Members; we were eleven met, the greateſt meeting we ever had: I am next week to introduce Lord Orrery. The printer came before we parted, and brought the ballad, which made them laugh very heartily a dozen times. He is going to print the pamphlet in ſmall, a fifth edition, to be taken off by friends and ſent into the country. A ſixpenny anſwer is come out, good for nothing, but gueſſing me among others for the author. To-morrow is the fatal day for the Parliament meeting, and we are full of hopes and fears. We reckon we have a majority of ten on our ſide in the Houſe of Lords; yet I obſerved Mrs. Maſham a little uneaſy; ſhe aſſures me the Queen is ſtout. The Duke of Marlborough has not ſeen the Queen for ſome days paſt; Mrs. Maſham is glad of it, becauſe ſhe ſays, he tells a hundred lies to his friends of what ſhe ſays to him: he is one day humble, and the next on the high ropes. The Duke of Ormond, they ſay, will be in town to-night by twelve.

7. This being the day the Parliament was to meet, and the great queſtion to be determined, I went with Dr. Friend to dine in the city, on purpoſe to be out of the way, and we ſent our printer to ſee what was our fate; but he gave us a mel-

elancholy account of things. The Earl of Not-ngham began, and ſpoke againſt a Peace, and de-red that in their addreſs they might put in a auſe to adviſe the Queen not to make a peace ithout Spain; which was debated, and carried by e Whigs by about ſix voices: and this has hap-ened entirely by my Lord Treaſurer's neglect, who id not take timely care to make up all his ſtrength, lthough every one of us gave him caution enough. ottingham has certainly been bribed. The queſtion yet only carried in the Committee of the whole ouſe, and we hope when it is reported to the ouſe to-morrow, we ſhall have a majority by ſome cotch Lords coming to town. However, it is a ighty blow and loſs of reputation to Lord Trea-arer, and may end in his ruin. I hear the thing nly as the printer brought it, who was at the de-ate; but how the miniſtry take it, or what their opes and fears are, I cannot tell until I ſee them. ſhall be early with the Secretary to-morrow, and hen I will tell you more, and ſhall write a full ccount to the Biſhop of Clogher to-morrow, and o the Archbiſhop of Dublin, if I have time. I m horribly down at preſent. I long to know how ord Treaſurer bears this, and what remedy he has. he Duke of Ormond came this day to town, and as there.

8. I was early this morning with the Secretary, nd talkt over this matter. He hoped, that when t was reported this day in the Houſe of Lords, they ould diſagree with their Committee, and ſo the natter would go off, only with a little loſs of re-

putation to Lord Treaſurer. I dined with Dr. Cockburn, and after a Scotch Member came in, and told us that the clauſe was carried againſt the Court in the Houſe of Lords almoſt two to one. I went immediately to Mrs. Maſham, and meeting Dr. Arbuthnot (the Queen's favourite phyſician) we went together. She was juſt come from waiting at the Queen's dinner, and going to her own. She had heard nothing of the thing being gone againſt us. It ſeems Lord Treaſurer had been ſo negligent, that he was with the Queen while the queſtion was put in the Houſe: I immediately told Mrs. Maſham, that either ſhe and Lord Treaſurer had joined with the Queen to betray us, or that they two were betrayed by the Queen: ſhe proteſted ſolemnly it was not the former, and I believed her; but ſhe gave me ſome lights to ſuſpect the Queen is changed. For, yeſterday when the Queen was going from the Houſe, where ſhe ſat to hear the debate, the Duke of Shrewſbury Lord Chamberlain aſked her, whether he or the great Chamberlain Lindſay ought to lead her out; ſhe anſwered ſhort, Neither of you, and gave her hand to the Duke of Somerſet, who was louder than any in the Houſe for the clauſe againſt Peace. She gave me one or two more inſtances of this ſort, which convince me that the Queen is falſe, or at leaſt very much wavering. Mr. Maſham begged us to ſtay, becauſe Lord Treaſurer would call, and we were reſolved to fall on him about his negligence in ſecuring a majority. He came, and appeared in good humour as uſual, but I thought his countenance was much caſt down. I raillied

raillied him, and desired him to give me his staff, which he did; I told him, If he would secure it me a week, I would set all right: he asked, How? I said, I would immediately turn Lord Marlborough, his two daughters, the Duke and Duchess of Somerset, and Lord Cholmondely out of all their employments; and I believe he had not a friend but was of my opinion. Arbuthnot asked, How he came not to secure a majority? He could answer nothing, but that he could not help it, if people would lie and forswear. A poor answer for a great Minister. There fell from him a scripture expression, that the *hearts of Kings are unsearchable*. I told him, It was what I feared, and was from him the worst news he could tell me. I begged him to know what he had to trust to; he stuck a little; but at last bid me not fear, for all would be well yet. We would fain have had him eat a bit where he was, but he would go home, it was past six: he made me go home with him. There we found his brother and Mr. Secretary. He made his son take a list of all in the House of Commons who had places, and yet voted against the Court, in such a manner as if they should lose their places: I doubt he is not able to compass it. Lord Keeper came in an hour, and they were going upon business. So I left him, and returned to Mrs. Masham; but she had company with her, and I would not stay.—This is a long journal, and of a day that may produce great alterations, and hazard the ruin of England. The Whigs are all in triumph; they foretold how all this would be, but we thought it boasting. Nay,

they ſaid the Parliament ſhould be diſſolved before Chriſtmas, and perhaps it may: this is all your d——d Ducheſs of Somerſet's doings. I warned them of it nine months ago, and a hundred times ſince: the Secretary always dreaded it. I told Lord Treaſurer, I ſhould have the advantage of him; for he would loſe his head, and I ſhould only be hanged, and ſo carry my body entire to the grave.

9. I was this morning with Mr. Secretary; we are both of opinion that the Queen is falſe. I told him what I heard, and he confirmed it by other circumſtances. I then went to my friend Lewis, who had ſent to ſee me. He talks of nothing but retiring to his eſtate in Wales. He gave me reaſons to believe the whole matter is ſettled between the Queen and the Whigs; he hears that Lord Somers is to be Treaſurer, and believes, that ſooner than turn out the Ducheſs of Somerſet, ſhe will diſſolve the Parliament, and get a Whiggiſh one, which may be done by managing elections. Things are now in the criſis, and a day or two will determine. I have deſired him to engage Lord Treaſurer, that as ſoon as he finds the change is reſolved on, he will ſend me abroad as Queen's ſecretary ſomewhere or other, where I may remain till the new Miniſters recal me; and then I will be ſick for five or ſix months till the ſtorm has ſpent itſelf. I hope he will grant me this; for I ſhould hardly truſt myſelf to the mercy of my enemies while their anger is freſh. I dined to-day with the Secretary, who affects mirth, and ſeems to hope all will yet be well. I took him aſide after dinner, told

told him how I had ſerved them, and had aſked no reward, but thought I might aſk ſecurity; and then deſired the ſame thing of him, to ſend me abroad before a change. He embraced me, and ſwore he would take the ſame care of me as himſelf, *&c.* but bid me have courage, for that in two days my Lord Treaſurer's wiſdom would appear greater than ever; that he ſuffered all that had happened on purpoſe, and had taken meaſures to turn it to advantage. I ſaid, God ſend it; but I do not believe a ſyllable; and as far as I can judge, the game is loſt. I ſhall know more ſoon, and my letters will at leaſt be a good hiſtory to ſhew you the ſteps of this change.

10. I was this morning with Lewis, who thinks they will let the Parliament ſit till they have given the money, and then diſſolve them in Spring, and break the Miniſtry. He ſpoke to Lord Treaſurer about what I deſired him. My Lord deſired him with great earneſtneſs to aſſure me, that all would be well, and that I ſhould fear nothing. I dined in the city with a friend. This day the Commons went to the Queen with their addreſs, and all the Lords who were for the Peace went with them, to ſhew their zeal. I have now ſome farther conviction that the Queen is falſe, and it begins to be known.

11. I went between two and three to ſee Mrs. Maſham; while I was there ſhe went to her bedchamber to try a petticoat. Lord Treaſurer came in to ſee her, and ſeeing me in the outer room fell a raillying me; ſays he, You had better keep com-

pany with me, than with ſuch a fellow as Lewis, who has not the ſoul of a chicken, nor the heart of a mite. Then he went in to Mrs. Maſham, and as he came back deſired her leave to let me go home with him to dinner. He aſked, whether I was not afraid to be ſeen with him? I ſaid, I never valued my Lord Treaſurer in my life, and therefore ſhould have always the ſame eſteem for Mr. Harley and Lord Oxford. He ſeemed to talk confidently, as if he reckoned that all this would turn to advantage. I could not forbear hinting, that he was not ſure of the Queen; and that thoſe ſcoundrel, ſtarving Lords would never have dared to vote againſt the Court, if Somerſet had not aſſured them, that it would pleaſe the Queen. He ſaid, That was true, and Somerſet did ſo. I ſtaid till ſix; then de Buys, the Dutch Envoy, came to him, and I left him. Prior was with us a while after dinner. I ſee him and all of them caſt down; though they make the beſt of it.

12. Ford is come to town; I ſaw him laſt night; he is in no fear, but ſanguine, although I have told him the ſtate of things. This change ſo reſembles the laſt, that I wonder they do not obſerve it. The Secretary ſent for me yeſterday to dine with him, but I was abroad; I hope he had ſomething to ſay to me. This is morning, and I write in bed. I am going to the Duke of Ormond, whom I have not yet ſeen. Morrow, ſirrahs.——At night. I was to ſee the Duke of Ormond this morning: he aſked me two or three queſtions after his civil way, and they related to Ireland: at laſt I told him, that

from

rom the time I had ſeen him, I never once thought f Iriſh affairs. He whiſpered me, that he hoped had done ſome good things here; I ſaid, If every ody elſe had done half as much, we ſhould not be s we are: then we went aſide, and talked over af-airs. I told him how all things ſtood, and adviſed im what was to be done. I then went and ſat an our with the Ducheſs; then as long with Lady Oglethorp, who is ſo cunning a devil, that I be-ieve ſhe could yet find a remedy, if they would ake her advice. I dined with a friend at Court.

13. I was this morning with the Secretary; he will needs pretend to talk as if things would be well; Will you believe it, ſaid he, if you ſee theſe people turned out? I ſaid, Yes, if I ſaw the Duke nd Ducheſs of Somerſet out: he ſwore, if they were not, he would give up his place. Our Society lined to-day at Sir William Wyndham's; we were hirteen preſent. Lord Orrery, and two other Mem-ers were introduced; I left them at ſeven. I for-ot to tell you, that the printer told me yeſterday, hat Morphew, the publiſher, was ſent for by that ord Chief Juſtice, who was a manager againſt acheverell: he ſhewed him two or three papers and amphlets; among the reſt mine of the *Conduct of he Allies*, threatened him, aſked who was the au-hor, and has bound him over to appear next term. He would not have the impudence to do this, if he lid not foreſee what was coming at Court.

14. Lord Shelburn was with me this morning, o be informed of the ſtate of affairs, and deſired I would anſwer all his objections againſt a Peace, which

which was ſoon done, for he would not give me room to put in a word. He is a man of good ſenſe enough; but argues ſo violently, that he will ſome day or other put himſelf into a conſumption. He deſires that he may not be denied when he comes to ſee me, which I promiſed, but will not perform. Leigh and Sterne ſet out for Ireland on Monday ſennight: I ſuppoſe they will be with you long before this.——I was to-night drinking very good wine in ſcurvy company, at leaſt ſome of them; I was drawn in, but will be more cautious for the future: 'tis late, &c.

15. Morning. They ſay the Occaſional Bill is brought to-day into the Houſe of Lords; but I know not. I will now put an end to my letter, and give it in to the poſt-houſe myſelf. This will be a memorable letter, and I ſhall ſigh to ſee it ſome years hence. Here are the firſt ſteps towards the ruin of an excellent Miniſtry; for I look upon them as certainly ruined; and God knows what may be the conſequences.——I now bid my deareſt MD farewel; for company is coming, and I muſt be at Lord Dartmouth's office by noon. Farewel, deareſt MD; I wiſh you a merry Chriſtmas; I believe you will have this about that time. Love Preſto, who loves MD above all things a thouſand times. Farewel again, deareſt MD, &c.

LETTER

LETTER XXXVII.

London, Dec. 15, 1711.

PUT in my letter this evening myſelf. I was to-day enquiring at the Secretary's office of Mr. vis, how things went: I there met Prior, who me, he gave all for gone, &c. and was of opi- the whole Miniſtry would give up their places t week; Lewis thinks they will not till Spring, n the ſeſſion is over; both of them entirely de- r. I went to ſee Mrs. Maſham, who invited to dinner; but I was engaged to Lewis. At four ent to Maſham's. He came and whiſpered me, he had it from a very good hand, that all ld be well, and I found them both very chear- The company was going to the Opera, but red I would come and ſup with them. I did t ten, and Lord Treaſurer was there, and ſat us till paſt twelve, and was more chearful than ve ſeen him theſe ten days. Mrs. Maſham told he was mightily caſt down ſome days ago, and ould not indeed hide it from me. Arbuth- is in good hopes, that the Queen has not be- ed us; but only has been frightened, and flat- l, &c. But I cannot yet be of his opinion, ther my reaſons are better, or that my fears are ter. I do reſolve, if they give up, or are turned ſoon, to retire for ſome months, and I have ned upon the place already: but I will take nods for hearing from MD, and writing to them. I would be out of the way upon the firſt of the fer-

ferment; for they lay all things on me, even ſome I have never read.

16. I took courage to-day, and went to Court with a very chearful countenance. It was mightily crowded; both parties coming to obſerve each other's faces. I avoided Lord Hallifax's bow till he forced it on me; but we did not talk together. I could not make leſs than fourſcore bows, of which about twenty might be to Whigs. The Duke of Somerſet is gone to Petworth, and, I hear, the Ducheſs too, of which I ſhall be very glad. Prince Eugene, who was expected here ſome days ago, we are now told, will not come at all. The Whigs deſigned to have met him with forty thouſand horſe. Lord Treaſurer told me ſome days ago of his diſcourſe with the Emperor's reſident, that puppy Hoffman, about Prince Eugene's coming; by which I found my Lord would hinder it, if he could; and we ſhall be all glad if he does not come, and think it a good point gained. Sir Andrew Fountain, Ford and I dined to-day with Mrs. Van, by invitation.

17. I have miſtaken the day of the month, and been forced to mend it thrice. I dined to-day with Mr. Maſham and his Lady, by invitation. Lord Treaſurer was to be there, but came not. It was to entertain Buys, the Dutch Envoy, who ſpeaks Engliſh well enough: he was plaguy politick, telling a thouſand lies, of which none paſſed upon any of us. We are ſtill in the condition of ſuſpenſe, and, I think, have little hopes. The Ducheſs of Somerſet is not gone to Petworth; only the

the Duke; and that is a poor ſacrifice. I believe the Queen certainly deſigns to change the Miniſtry; but perhaps may put it off till the ſeſſion is over: and I think they had better give up now, if ſhe will not deal openly; and then they need not anſwer for the conſequences of a Peace, when it is in other hands, and may yet be broken. They ſay, my Lord Privy-ſeal ſets out for Holland this week: ſo the Peace goes on.

18. It has rained hard from morning till night, and coſt me three ſhillings in coach-hire. We have had abundance of wet weather. I dined in the city, and was with the printer, who has now a fifth edition of the *Conduct*, &c. it is in ſmall, and ſold for ſix-pence; they have printed as many as three editions, becauſe they are to be ſent in numbers into the country by great men, *&c.* who ſubſcribe for hundreds. It has been ſent a fortnight ago to Ireland; I ſuppoſe you will print it there. The Tory Lords and Commons in Parliament argue all from it: and all agree, that never any thing of that kind was of ſo great conſequence, or made ſo many converts. By the time I have ſent this letter, I expect to hear from little MD: it will be a month two days hence ſince I had your laſt, and I will allow ten days for accidents. I cannot get rid of the leavings of a cold I got a month ago; or elſe it is a new one. I have been writing letters all this evening till I am weary, and I am ſending out another little thing, which I hope to finiſh this week, and deſign to ſend to the printer in an unknown hand. There was printed a Grub-ſtreet ſpeech of Lord Notting-

Nottingham; and he was ſuch an owl to complain of it in the Houſe of Lords, who have taken up the printer for it. I heard at Court, that Walpole (a great Whig Member) ſaid, that I and my whimſical club writ it at one of our meetings, and that I ſhould pay for it. He will find he lies; and I ſhall let him know by a third hand my thoughts of him. He is to be Secretary of State, if the Miniſtry changes: but he has lately had a bribe proved againſt him in Parliament, while he was Secretary at War. He is one of the Whigs chief ſpeakers.

19. Sad diſmal weather. I went to the Secretary's office, and Lewis made me dine with him. I intended to have dined with Lord Treaſurer. I have not ſeen the Secretary this week. Things do not mend at all. Lord Dartmouth deſpairs, and is for giving up; Lewis is of the ſame mind; but Lord Treaſurer only ſays, Poh, poh, all will be well. I am come home early to finiſh ſomething I am doing; but I find I want heart and humour; and would read any idle book that came in my way. I have juſt ſent away a penny paper to make a little miſchief. Patrick is gone to the burial of an Iriſh footman, who was Dr. King's ſervant; he died of a conſumption, a fit death for a poor ſtarving wit's footman. The Iriſh ſervants always club to bury a countryman.

20. I was with the Secretary this morning, and for aught I can ſee we ſhall have a languiſhing death: I can know nothing, nor themſelves neither. I dined, you know, with our Society, and

that

nat odious Secretary would make me preſident next eek, ſo I muſt entertain them this day ſennight t the Thatched-houſe Tavern, where we dined o-day; it will coſt me five or ſix pounds; yet the ecretary ſays, he will give me wine. I found a tter when I came home from the Biſhop of Clogher.

21. This is the firſt time I ever got a new cold efore the old one was going: it came yeſterday, and ppeared in all due forms, eyes and noſe running, &c. and is now very bad, and I cannot tell how got it. Sir Andrew Fountain and I were invited o dine with Mrs. Van.—I was this morning with he Duke of Ormond; and neither he nor I can hink of any thing to comfort us in preſent affairs. We muſt certainly fall, if the Ducheſs of Somerſet e not turned out; and no-body believes the Queen will ever part with her. The Duke and I were ettling when Mr. Secretary and I ſhould dine with im, and he fixt upon Tueſday; and when I came way I remembered it was Chriſtmas Day. I was to ſee Lady ——, who is juſt up after lying-in; and the uglieſt ſight I have ſeen, pale, dead, old and yellow, for want of her paint. She has turned my ſtomach. But ſhe will ſoon be painted, and a beauty again.

22. I find myſelf diſordered with a pain all round the ſmall of my back, which I imputed to Champagne I had drunk; but find it to have been only my new cold. It was a fine froſty day, and I reſolved to walk into the city. I called at Lord Treaſurer's at eleven, and ſtaid ſome time with him.

He

He ſhewed me a letter from a great Preſbyterian parſon * to him, complaining how their friends had betrayed them by paſſing this Conformity Bill; and he ſhewed me the anſwer he had written; which his friends would not let him ſend; but was a very good one. He is very chearful; but gives one no hopes, nor has any to give. I went into the city, and there I dined.

23, Morning. As I was dreſſing to go to church, a friend that was to ſee me, adviſed me not to ſtir out; ſo I ſhall keep at home to-day, and only eat ſome broth, if I can get it. It is a terrible cold froſt, and ſnow fell yeſterday, which ſtill remains; look there, you may ſee it from the pent-houſes. The Lords made yeſterday two or three votes about Peace, and Hanover, of a very angry kind, to vex the Miniſtry, and they will meet ſooner by a fortnight than the Commons; and they ſay, are preparing ſome knocking addreſſes. Morrow, ſirrahs. I'll ſit at home, and when I go to bed, I will tell you how I am.—I have ſat at home all day, and eaten only a meſs of broth and a roll. I have written a Prophecy, which I deſign to print; I did it to-day, and ſome other verſes.

24. I went into the city to-day in a coach, and dined there. My cold is going. It is now bitter hard froſt, and has been ſo theſe three or four days. My Propheſy † is printed, and will be publiſhed

* This Preſbyterian teacher was Mr. Shower. *Vide* his letter to the Lord High Treaſurer Oxford, and my Lord Treaſurer's anſwer.

† The Windſor Prophecy.

after

ſter Chriſtmas Day; I like it mightily; I don't now how it will paſs. You will never underſtand t at your diſtance, without help. I believe every ody will gueſs it to be mine, becauſe it is ſome- what in the ſame manner with that of Merlin in he Miſcellanies. My Lord Privy-ſeal ſet out this lay for Holland: he'll have a cold journey. I gave Patrick half a crown for his Chriſtmas-box, on condition he would be good, and he came home drunk at midnight. I have taken a memorandum of it; becauſe I never deſign to give him a groat more. 'Tis cruel cold.

25. I wiſh deareſt MD a merry Chriſtmas, and many a one; but mine is melancholy: I durſt not go to church to-day, finding myſelf a little out of order, and it ſnowing prodigiouſly, and freezing. At noon I went to Mrs. Van, who had this week engaged me to dine there to-day: and there I received the news, that poor Mrs. Long died at Lynn in Norfolk on Saturday laſt, at four in the morning; ſhe was ſick but four hours. We ſuppoſe it was the aſthma, which ſhe was ſubject to as well as the dropſy, as ſhe ſent me word in her laſt letter, written about five weeks ago; but then ſaid ſhe was recovered. I never was more afflicted at any death. The poor creature had retired to Lynn two years ago, to live cheap, and pay her debts. In her laſt letter ſhe told me ſhe hoped to be eaſy by Chriſtmas; and ſhe kept her word, although ſhe meant t otherwiſe. She had all ſorts of amiable qualities, nd no ill ones, but the indiſcretion of too much eglecting her own affairs. She had two thouſand

pounds left her by an old grandmother, with which ſhe intended to pay her debts, and live on an annuity ſhe had of one hundred pounds a year, and Newburg-houſe, which would be about ſixty pounds more. That odious grandmother living ſo long, forced her to retire; for the two thouſand pounds was ſettled on her after the old woman's death, yet her brute of a brother, Sir James Long, would not advance it for her; elſe ſhe might have paid her debts, and continued here, and lived ſtill: I believe melancholy helped her on to her grave. I have ordered a paragraph to be put in the Poſt-boy, giving an account of her death, and making honourable mention of her; which is all I can do to ſerve her memory: but one reaſon was ſpite; for, her brother would fain have her death a ſecret, to ſave the charge of bringing her up here to bury her, or going into mourning. Pardon all this, for the ſake of a poor creature I had ſo much friendſhip for.

26. I went to Mr. Secretary this morning, and he would have me dine with him. I called at noon at Mrs. Maſham's, who deſired me not to let the Prophecy be publiſhed, for fear of angering the Queen about the Ducheſs of Somerſet; ſo I writ to the printer to ſtop them. They have been printed and given about, but not ſold. I ſaw Lord Treaſurer there, who had been two hours with the Queen; and Mrs. Maſham is in hopes things will do well again. I went at night again, and ſupped at Mr. Maſham's, and Lord Treaſurer ſat with us till one o'clock. So 'tis late, *&c.*

27. I entertained our Society at the Thatched-houſe Tavern to-day at dinner; but brother Bathurſt ſent for wine, the houſe affording none. The printer had not received my letter, and ſo he brought us dozens apiece of the Prophecy; but I ordered him to part with no more. 'Tis an admirable good one, and people are mad for it. The froſt ſtill continues violently cold. Mrs. Maſham invited me to come to-night and play at cards; but our Society did not part till nine. But I ſupped with Mrs. Hill, her ſiſter, and there was Mrs. Maſham and Lord Treaſurer, and we ſtaid till twelve. He is endeavouring to get a majority againſt next Wedneſday, when the Houſe of Lords is to meet, and the Whigs intend to make ſome violent addreſſes againſt a Peace, if not prevented. God knows what will become of us.——It is ſtill prodigiouſly cold; but ſo I told you already. We have eggs on the ſpit, I wiſh they may not be addle. When I came home to-night I found, forſooth, a letter from MD, N. 24, 24, 24, 24; there, do you know the numbers now? and at the ſame time one from me, full of thanks: let him know I have received it, and am glad of his ſucceſs, but won't put him to the charge of a letter. I had a letter ſome time ago from Mr. Warburton *, and I beg one of you will copy out what I ſhall tell you, and ſend it by ſome opportunity to Warburton. 'Tis as follows: The Doctor has received Mr. Warburton's letter, and deſires he will let the Doctor know, where that ac-

* The Doctor's Curate at Laracor.

cident he mentions is like ſoon to happen, and he will do what he can in it.——And pray, Madam, let them know, that I do this to ſave myſelf the trouble, and them the expence, of a letter.—And I think this is enough for one that comes home at twelve from a Lord Treaſurer and Mrs. Maſham. Oh, I could tell you ten thouſand things of our mad politicks, upon what ſmall circumſtances great affairs have turned. But I will go reſt my buſy head.

28. I was this morning with brother Bathurſt to ſee the Duke of Ormond. We have given his grace ſome hopes to be one of our Society. The Secretary and I and Bathurſt are to dine with him on Sunday next. The Duke is not in much hopes, but has been very buſy in endeavouring to bring over ſome Lords againſt next Wedneſday. The Ducheſs catched me as I was going out; ſhe is ſadly in fear about things, and blames me for not mending them by my credit with Lord Treaſurer; and I blame her. She met me in the ſtreet at noon, and engaged me to dine with her, which I did; and we talked an hour after dinner in her cloſet. If we miſcarry on Wedneſday, I believe it will be by ſome ſtrange ſort of neglect. They talk of making eight new Lords, by calling up ſome Peers eldeſt ſons; but they delay ſtrangely. I ſaw Judge Coote to-day at the Duke of Ormond's: he deſires to come and ſee me, to juſtify his principles.

29. Morning. This goes to-day. I will not anſwer yours, your 24th, till my next, which ſhall begin to-night, as uſual. Lord Shelburn has ſent to

to invite me to dinner, but I am engaged with Lewis at Ned Southwell's. Lord Northampton and Lord Aylesbury's sons are both made Peers; but we shall want more. I write this post to your Dean. I owe the Archbishop a letter this long time. All people that come from Ireland complain of him, and scold me for protecting him. Pray, Madam Dingley, let me know what Presto has received for this year, or whether any thing is due to him for last: I cannot look over your former letters now. As for Dingley's own account of her Exchequer money, I will give it on t'other side. Farewel, my own dearest MD, and love Presto; and God ever bless dearest MD, *&c. &c.* I wish you many happy Christmasses and New-Years.

I have owned to the Dean a letter I just had from you; but that I had not one this great while before.

DINGLEY'S Account.

Received of Mr. Tooke, - - - - -	6	17	6
Deducted for entering the letter of attorney, - - - - - - - -	0	2	6
For the three half crowns it used to cost you, I don't know why nor wherefore, - - - - - - - -	0	7	6
For exchange to Ireland, - - - - -	0	10	0
For coach-hire, - - - - - - - -	0	2	6
In all, just	8	0	0

So there's your money, and we are both even: for I'll pay you no more than that eight pounds Irish, and pray be satisfied.

Churchwarden's accounts, boys.

Saturday night. I have broke open my letter, and tore it into the bargain; to let you know, that we are all ſafe; the Queen has made no leſs than twelve Lords to have a majority; nine new ones, the other three Peers ſons; and has turned out the Duke of Somerſet. She is awaked at laſt, and ſo is Lord Treaſurer: I want nothing now but to ſee the Ducheſs out. But we ſhall do without her. We are all extremely happy. Give me joy, ſirrahs. This is written in a Coffee-houſe. Three of the new Lords are of our Society.

LETTER XXXVIII.

London, Dec. 29, 1711.

I PUT my letter in this evening, after coming from dinner at Ned Southwell's, where I drank very good Iriſh wine, and we were in great joy at this happy turn of affairs. The Queen has been at laſt perſuaded to her own intereſt and ſecurity, and I freely think ſhe muſt have made both herſelf and kingdom very unhappy, if ſhe had done otherwiſe. It is ſtill a mighty ſecret that Maſham is to be one of the new Lords; they ſay he does not yet know it himſelf; but the Queen is to ſurpriſe him with it. Mr. Secretary will be a Lord at the end of the ſeſſion; but they want him ſtill in Parliament. After all, it is a ſtrange unhappy neceſſity of making ſo many Peers together; but the Queen has drawn it upon herſelf, by her confounded trimming and moderation. Three, as I told you, are of our Society.

30. I writ

30. I writ the Dean and you a lie yeſterday; for he Duke of Somerſet is not yet turned out. I was to-day at Court, and reſolved to be very civil to he Whigs; but ſaw few there. When I was in he Bedchamber talking to Lord Rocheſter, he went p to Lady Burlington, who aſked him, who I as; and Lady Sunderland and ſhe whiſpered about ne: I deſired Lord Rocheſter to tell Lady Sunderand, I doubted ſhe was not as much in love with ne as I was with her; but he would not deliver ny meſſage. The Ducheſs of Shrewſbury came unning up to me, and clapt her fan up to hide us rom the company, and we gave one another joy of his change; but ſighed, when we reflected on the omerſet family not being out. The Secretary and , and brother Bathurſt, and Lord Windſor, dined ith the Duke of Ormond. Bathurſt and Windſor re to be two of the new Lords. I deſired Lord adnor's brother, at Court to-day, to let my Lord now I would call on him at ſix, which I did, and as arguing with him three hours to bring him over o us, and I ſpoke ſo cloſely, that I believe he will e tractable; but he is a ſcoundrel, and though I id I only talked for my love to him, I told a lie; r I did not care if he were hanged: but every ne gained over is of conſequence. The Duke of arlborough was at Court to-day, and no-body ardly took notice of him. Maſham's being a Lord egins to take wind: nothing at Court can be kept ſecret. Wedneſday will be a great day: you ſhall now more.

31. Our froſt is broken ſince yeſterday, and it is very ſlabbery; yet I walked to the city and dined, and ordered ſome things with the printer. I have ſettled Dr. King in the Gazette; it will be worth two hundred pounds a year to him. Our new Lords patents are paſſed: I don't like the expedient, if we could have found any other. I ſee I have ſaid this before. I hear the Duke of Marlborough is turned out of all his employments: I ſhall know to-morrow, when I am to carry Dr. King to dine with the Secretary.—Theſe are ſtrong remedies; pray God the patient is able to bear them. The laſt miniſtry people are utterly deſperate.

Jan. 1. Now I wiſh my deareſt little MD many happy New-years; yes, both Dingley and Stella, aye and Preſto too, many happy New-years. I dined with the Secretary, and it is true that the Duke of Marlborough is turned out of all. The Duke of Ormond has got his regiment of Foot-guards, I know not who has the reſt. If the Miniſtry be not ſure of a Peace, I ſhall wonder at this ſtep, and do not approve it at beſt. The Queen and Lord Treaſurer mortally hate the Duke of Marlborough, and to that he owes his fall, more than to his other faults: unleſs he has been tampering too far with his party, of which I have not heard any particulars; however it be, the world abroad will blame us. I confeſs my belief, that he has not one good quality in the world beſide that of a General, and even that I have heard denied by ſeveral great ſoldiers. But we have had conſtant ſucceſs in arms

while

while he commanded. Opinion is a mighty matter n war, and I doubt but the French think it impoſſible to conquer an army that he leads, and our ſoldiers think the ſame; and how far even this ſtep may encourage the French to play tricks with us, no man knows. I do not love to ſee perſonal reſentment mix with publick affairs.

2. This being the day the Lords meet, and the new Peers to be introduced, I went to Weſtminſter to ſee the ſight; but the crowd was too great in the houſe. So I only went into the robing-room, to give my four brothers joy, and Sir Thomas Manſel, and Lord Windſor; the other ſix I am not acquainted with. It was apprehended the Whigs would have raiſed ſome difficulties, but nothing happened. I went to ſee Lady Maſham at noon, and wiſh her joy of her new honour, and a happy new-year. I found her very well pleaſed; for peerage will be ſome ſort of protection to her upon any turn of affairs. She engaged me to come at night, and ſup with her and Lord Treaſurer; I went at nine, and ſhe was not at home, ſo I would not ſtay.—No, no, I won't anſwer your letter yet, young women. I dined with a friend in the neighbourhood. I ſee nothing here like Chriſtmas, except brawn or mince-pies in places where I dine, and giving away my half crowns like farthings to great mens porters and butlers. Yeſterday I paid ſeven good guineas to the fellow at the tavern, where I treated the Society. I have a great mind to ſend you the bill. I think I told you ſome articles. I have not heard whether any thing was done in the Houſe of Lords after introducing

troducing the new ones. Ford has been ſitting with me till peeaſt tweeleve a clock.

3. This was our Society day, Lord Dupplin was Preſident; we chooſe every week; the laſt Preſident treats and chooſes his ſucceſſor. I believe our dinner coſt fifteen pounds beſide wine. The Secretary grew briſk, and would not let me go, nor Lord Lanſdown, who would fain have gone home to his Lady, being newly married to Lady Mary Thynne. It was near one when we parted; ſo you muſt think I can't write much to-night. The adjourning of the Houſe of Lords yeſterday, as the Queen deſired, was juſt carried by the twelve new Lords, and one more. Lord Radnor was not there; I hope I have cured him. Did I tell you, that I have brought Dr. King in to be Gazetteer? it will be worth above two hundred pounds a year to him: I believe I told you ſo before, but I am forgetful. Go, get you gone to ombre, and claret, and toaſted oranges. I'll go ſleep.

4. I cannot get rid of the leavings of my cold. I was in the city to-day, and dined with my printer, and gave him a ballad made by ſeveral hands, I know not whom. I believe Lord Treaſurer had a finger in it; I added three ſtanzas; I ſuppoſe Dr. Arbuthnot had the greateſt ſhare. I have been overſeeing ſome other little prints, and a pamphlet made by one of my underſtrappers. Somerſet is not out yet. I doubt not but you will have the Prophecy in Ireland, although it is not publiſhed here, only printed copies given to friends. Tell me, do you underſtand it? No, faith, not without help,

help. Tell me what you ſtick at, and I'll explain. We turned out a member of our Society yeſterday for groſs neglect and non-attendance. I writ to him by order to give him notice of it. It is Tom Harley, Secretary to the Treaſurer, and couſin-german to Lord Treaſurer. He is going to Hanover from the Queen. I am to give the Duke of Ormond notice of his election as ſoon as I can ſee him.

5. I went this morning with a pariſhioner of mine, one Nuttal, who came over here for a legacy of one hundred pounds, and a roguiſh lawyer had refuſed to pay him, and would not believe he was the man. I writ to the lawyer a ſharp letter, that I had taken Nuttal into my protection, and was reſolved to ſtand by him; and the next news was, that the lawyer deſired I would meet him, and atteſt he was the man, which I did, and his money was paid upon the ſpot. I then viſited Lord Treaſurer, who is now right again, and all well, only that the Somerſet family is not out yet. I hate that; I don't like it, as the man ſaid by, *&c.* Then I went and viſited poor Will. Congreve, who had a French fellow tampering with one of his eyes; he is almoſt blind of both. I dined with ſome merchants in the city, but could not ſee Stratford, with whom I had buſineſs. Preſto, leave off your impertinence, and anſwer our letter, ſayth MD. Yes, yes, one of theſe days, when I have nothing elſe to do. Oh, faith, this letter is a week written, and not one ſide done yet.—Theſe ugly ſpots are not tobacco, but this is the laſt gilt ſheet I have of large paper, therefore hold your tongue. Nuttal was ſurpriſed, when they gave

gave him bits of paper inſtead of money; but I made Ben Tooke put him in his geers: he could not reckon ten pounds, but was puzzled with the Iriſh way. Ben. Tooke and my printer have deſired me to make them ſtationers to the ordnance, of which Lord Rivers is maſter inſtead of the Duke of Marlborough. It will be a hundred pounds a year apiece to them, if I can get it. I will try tomorrow.

6. I went this morning to Earl Rivers, gave him joy of his new employment, and deſired him to prefer my printer and bookſeller to be ſtationers to his office. He immediately granted it me; but, like an old courtier, told me it was wholly on my account, but that he heard I had intended to engage Mr. Secretary to ſpeak to him, and deſired I would engage him to do ſo; but that however he did it only for my ſake. This is a court trick, to oblige as many as you can at once. I read prayers to poor Mrs. Weſley (who is very much out of order) inſtead of going to church; and then I went to Court, which I found very full, in expectation of ſeeing Prince Eugene, who landed laſt night, and lies at Leiceſter-Houſe; but he was not to ſee the Queen till ſix this evening. I hope and believe he comes too late to do the Whigs any good. I refuſed dining with the Secretary, and was like to loſe my dinner, which was at a private acquaintance's. I went at ſix to ſee the Prince at Court; but he was gone in to the Queen; and when he came out, Mr. Secretary, who introduced him, walked ſo near him, that he quite ſcreened him from me with his great

reat periwig. I'll tell you a good paſſage: as Prince Eugene was going with Mr. Secretary to Court, he old the Secretary, that Hoffman, the Emperor's reſident, ſaid to his Highneſs, that it was not proper o go to Court without a long wig, and his was a yed-up one; now, ſays the Prince, I knew not what to do; for I never had a long periwig in my ife; and I have ſent to all my valets and footmen o ſee whether any of them have one, that I might orrow it; but none of them has any.—Was not his ſpoken very greatly with ſome ſort of contempt? But the Secretary ſaid; it was a thing of no conſequence, and only obſerved by Gentlemen-uſhers. I ſupped with Lord Maſham, where Lord Treaſurer and Mr. Secretary ſupped with us; the firſt left us at twelve, but the reſt did not part till two; yet I have written all this, becauſe it is freſh: and now I'll go ſleep, if I can; that is, I believe I ſhall, becauſe I have drank a little.

7. I was this morning to give the Duke of Ormond notice of the honour done him to make him one of our Society, and to invite him on Thurſday next to the Thatched-houſe: he has accepted it with the gratitude and humility ſuch a preferment deſerves; but cannot come till the next meeting, becauſe Prince Eugene is to dine with him that day; which I allowed for a good excuſe, and will report accordingly. I dined with Lord Maſham, and ſat there till eight this evening; and came home, becauſe I was not very well, but a little griped: but now I am well again, I will not go, at leaſt but very ſeldom, to Lord Maſham's ſuppers. Lord Treaſurer

Treaſurer is generally there, and that tempts me; but late ſitting up does not agree with me; there's the ſhort and the long, and I won't do it; ſo take your anſwer, dear little young women; and I have no more to ſay to you to-night, becauſe of the Archbiſhop; for I am going to write a long letter to him; but not ſo politickly as formerly: I won't truſt him.

8. Well then, come, let us ſee this letter; if I muſt anſwer it, I muſt. What's here now? yes faith, I lamented my birth-day * two days after, and that's all; and you rhyme, Madam Stella; were thoſe verſes made upon my birth-day? faith, when I read them, I had them running in my head all the day, and ſaid them over a thouſand times; they drank your health in all their glaſſes, and wiſhed, &c. I could not get them out of my head. What; no, I believe it was not; what do I ſay upon the eighth of December? Compare, and ſee whether I ſay ſo. I am glad of Mrs. Stoyte's recovery, heartily glad: your Dolly Manley's and Biſhop of Cloyne's child I have no concern about: I am ſorry in a civil way, that's all. Yes, yes, Sir George St. George dead. Go, cry, Madam Dingley; I have written to the Dean. Raymond will be rich, for he has the building itch. I wiſh all he has got may put him out of debt. Poh, I have fires like lightning; they coſt me twelvepence a week, beſide ſmall-coal. I have got four new caps, Madam, very fine and convenient, with ſtriped cambrick, in-

* Dr. Swift, upon his birth-day, uſed always to read the third chapter of Job.

ſtead

ead of muſlin; ſo Patrick need not mend them, ut take the old ones. Stella ſnatched Dingley's ords out of her pen; Preſto a cold; why all the orld here is dead with them: I never had any hing like it in my life; 'tis not gone in five weeks. hope Leigh is with you before this, and has brought our box: how do you like the ivory raſp? Stella is ngry; but I'll have a finer thing for her. Is not ne apron as good? I'm ſure I ſhall never be paid : ſo all's well again. What the quarrel with Sir ohn Walters? why, we had not one word of quar-l; only he railed at me when I was gone. And ord Keeper and Treaſurer teaſed me for a week; was nuts to them: a ſerious thing with a venge-nce. The Whigs may ſell their eſtates then, or ang themſelves, as they are diſpoſed; for a peace ere will be. Lord Treaſurer told me, that Co-lly was going to Hanover. Your Provoſt is a xcomb. Stella is a good girl for not being angry hen I tell her of ſpelling; I ſee none wrong in is. God Almighty be praiſed that your diſorders ſſen, it encreaſes my hopes mightily that they will off. And have you been plagued with the fear the plague? never mind thoſe reports; I have ard them five hundred times. Replevi? Reple-n, ſimpleton, 'tis Dingley I mean; but it is a hard ord, and ſo I'll excuſe it. I ſtated Dingley's ac-unts in my laſt. I forgot Catherine's ſevenpenny nner. I hope it was beefſtakes; I'll call and eat em in Spring: but goody Stoyte muſt give me ffee, or green tea, for I drink no bohea. Well, e, the pamphlet; but there are ſome additions to

the

the fourth edition: the fifth edition was of four thouſand, in a ſmaller print, ſold for ſix-pence. Yes, I had the twenty pound bill from Parviſol; and what then? Pray now eat the Laracor apples; I beg you not to keep them, but tell me what they are. You have had Tooke's bill in my laſt. And ſo there now, your whole letter is anſwered. I tell you what I do; I lay your letter before me, and take it in order, and anſwer what is neceſſary; and ſo, and ſo. Well; when I expected we were all undone, I deſigned to retire for ſix months, and then ſteal over to Laracor; and I had in my mouth a thouſand times two lines of Shakeſpear, where Cardinal Wolſey ſays;

"A weak old man battered with ſtorms of ſtate,
"Is come to lay his weary bones among you."

I beg your pardon, I have cheated you all this margin; I did not perceive it; and I went on wider and wider like Stella; aukward ſluts, *ſhe writes ſo ſo, there:* * that's as like as two eggs a penny.—*A weak old man*, now I am ſaying it, and ſhall till to-morrow.—The Duke of Marlborough ſays, there is nothing he now deſires ſo much as to contrive ſome way how to ſoften Dr. Swift. He is miſtaken; for thoſe things that have been hardeſt againſt him were not written by me. Mr. Secretary told me this from a friend of the Duke's; and I'm ſure now he is down, I ſhall not trample on him; although I love him not, I diſlike his being out.—Bernage was to ſee me this morning, and gave ſome very indifferent

* Theſe words in the manuſcript imitate Stella's writing, and are ſloped the wrong way.

excuſes

xcuſes for not calling here ſo long. I care not wo-pence. Prince Eugene did not dine with the Duke of Marlborough on Sunday, but was laſt night at Lady Betty Germain's aſſemblée, and a vaſt number of Ladies to ſee him. Mr. Lewis and I lined with a private friend. I was this morning to ee the Duke of Ormond, who appointed me to neet him at the Cockpit at one, but never came. I ſat too ſome time with the Ducheſs. We don't ike things very well yet. I am come home early, nd going to be buſy. I'll go write.

9. I could not go ſleep laſt night till paſt two, nd was waked before three by a noiſe of people endeavouring to break open my window; for a while I would not ſtir, thinking it might be my imagination; but hearing the noiſe continued, I roſe and went to the window, and then it ceaſed: I went to bed again, and heard it repeated more violently; then I roſe, and called up the houſe, and got a candle: the rogues had lifted up the ſaſh a yard; there are great ſheds before my windows, although my lodgings be a ſtory high; and if they get upon the ſheds, they are almoſt even with my window. We obſerved their track, and panes of glaſs freſh broken. The watchmen told us to-day, they ſaw them, but could not catch them: they attacked others in the neighbourhood, about the ſame time, and actually robbed a houſe in Suffolk-ſtreet, which is the next ſtreet but one to us. It is ſaid, they are ſeamen diſcharged from ſervice. I went up to call my man, and found his bed empty; it ſeems he often lies abroad. I challenged him this morning as one of

the robbers. He is a ſad dog; and the minute I come to Ireland I will diſcard him. I have this day got double iron bars to every window in my dining-room and bed-chamber; and I hide my purſe in my thread ſtocking between the bed's head and the wainſcot. Lewis and I dined with an old Scotch friend, who brought the Duke of Douglas, and three or four more Scots upon us.

10. This was our Society day you know: but the Duke of Ormond could not be with us, becauſe he dined with Prince Eugene. It coſt me a guinea contribution to a poet, who had made a copy of verſes upon monkies, applying the ſtory to the Duke of Marlborough; the reſt gave two guineas, except the two phyſicians, who followed my example. I don't like this cuſtom; the next time I will give nothing. I ſat this evening at Lord Maſham's with Lord Treaſurer: I don't like his countenance; nor I don't like the poſture of things well. We cannot be ſtout, Till Somerſet's out; as the old ſaying is.

11. Mr. Lewis and I dined with the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who eats the moſt elegantly of any man I know in town: I walkt luſtily in the Park by moon-ſhine till eight, to ſhake off my dinner and wine; and then went to ſup at Mr. Domville's with Ford, and ſtaid till twelve. It is told me to-day as a great ſecret, that the Duke of Somerſet will be out ſoon; that the thing is fixt; but what ſhall we do with the Ducheſs? they ſay, the Duke will make her leave the Queen out of ſpite, if he be out. It has ſtuck upon that fear a good

while already. Well, but Lewis gave me a letter from MD, N. 25. O Lord, I did not expect one this fortnight, faith. You are mighty good, that's certain; but I won't anſwer it, becauſe this goes to-morrow, only what you ſay of the printer being taken up; I value it not; all's ſafe there; nor do I fear any thing, unleſs the Miniſtry be changed; I hope that danger is over. However, I ſhall be in Ireland before ſuch a change; which could not be, I think, till the end of the ſeſſion, if the Whigs deſigns had gone on. Have not you an apron by Leigh, Madam Stella? have you all I mentioned in a former letter?

12. Morning. This goes to-day as uſual. I think of going into the city; but of that at night. 'Tis fine moderate weather theſe two or three days laſt. Farewel, *&c. &c.*

LETTER XXXIX.

London, Jan. 12, 1711-12.

WHEN I ſealed up my letter this morning, I lookt upon myſelf to be not worth a groat in the world. Laſt night, after Mr. Ford and I left Domville, Ford deſired me to go with him for a minute upon earneſt buſineſs, and then told me that both he and I were ruined: for he had truſted Stratford with five hundred pounds for tickets for the lottery, and he had been with Stratford, who confeſſed he had loſt fifteen thouſand pounds by Sir Stephen Evans, who broke laſt week; that he concluded Stratford muſt break too; that he could

not get his tickets, but Stratford made him ſeveral excuſes, which ſeemed very blind ones, *&c.* And Stratford had near four hundred pounds of mine, to buy me five hundred pounds in the South-Sea Company. I came home reflecting a little; nothing concerned me but MD. I called all my philoſophy and religion up; and, I thank God, it did not keep me awake beyond my uſual time above a quarter of an hour. This morning I ſent for Tooke, whom I had employed to buy the ſtock of Stratford, and ſettle things with him. He told me, I was ſecure; for Stratford had tranſferred it to me in form in the South-Sea houſe, and he had accepted it for me, and all was done on ſtampt parchment. However, he would be farther informed; and, at night, ſent me a note to confirm me. However, I am not yet ſecure; and, beſides, am in pain for Ford, whom I firſt brought acquainted with Stratford. I dined in the city.

13. Domville and I dined with Ford to-day by appointment: the Lord Manſel told me at Court to-day, that I was engaged to him: but Stratford had promiſed Ford to meet him and me to-night at Ford's lodgings. He did ſo; ſaid he had hopes to ſave himſelf in his affair with Evans. Ford aſked him for his tickets: he ſaid he would ſend them tomorrow; but looking in his pocket-book, ſaid he believed he had ſome of them about him, and gave him as many as came to two hundred pounds, which rejoiced us much; beſides, he talked ſo frankly, that we think there is no danger. I aſked him, Was there any more to be ſettled between us in my affair? he ſaid, No; and anſwered my queſtions

tions juſt as Tooke had got them from others; ſo I hope I am ſafe. This has been a ſcurvy affair. I believe Stella would have half laughed at me, to ſee a ſuſpicious fellow, like me, over-reached. I ſaw Prince Eugene to-day at Court: I don't think him an ugly faced fellow, but well enough, and a good ſhape.

14. The Parliament was to ſit to-day; and met; but were adjourned by the Queen's directions till Thurſday. She deſigns to make ſome important ſpeech then. She pretended illneſs: but I believe they were not ready, and they expect ſome oppoſition; and the Scotch Lords are angry, and muſt be pacified. I was this morning to invite the Duke of Ormond to our Society on Thurſday, where he is then to be introduced. He has appointed me at twelve to-morrow about ſome buſineſs: I would fain have his help to impeach a certain Lord; but I doubt we ſhall make nothing of it. I intended to have dined with Lord Treaſurer, but I was told he would be buſy; ſo I dined with Mrs. Van; and at night I ſat with Lord Maſham till one. Lord Treaſurer was there, and chid me for not dining with him: he was in very good humour: I brought home two flaſks of Burgundy in my chair: I wiſh MD had them. You ſee it is very late; ſo I'll go to bed, and bid MD good night.

15. This morning I preſented my printer and bookſeller to Lord Rivers, to be ſtationers to the Ordnance; Stationers, that's the word; I did not write it plain at firſt. I believe it will be worth three hundred pounds a year between them. This is the third employment I have got for them. Rivers

told them, the Doctor commanded him, and he durſt not refuſe it. I would have dined with Lord Treaſurer to-day again, but Lord Manſel would not let me, and forced me home with him. I was very deep with the Duke of Ormond to-day at the Cockpit, where we met to be private; but I doubt I cannot do the miſchief I intended. My friend Penn came there, Will. Penn the Quaker, at the head of his brethren, to thank the Duke for his kindneſs to their people in Ireland. To ſee a dozen ſcoundrels with their hats on, and the Duke complimenting with his off, was a good ſight enough. I ſat this evening with Sir William Robinſon, who has mighty often invited me to a bottle of wine: and it is paſt twelve.

16. This being Faſt-day, Dr. Friend and I went into the city to dine late, like good faſters. My printer and bookſeller want me to hook in another employment for them in the Tower, becauſe it was enjoyed before by a ſtationer, although it be to ſerve the Ordnance with oil, tallow, *&c.* and is worth four hundred pounds *per annum* more: I will try what I can do. They are reſolved to aſk ſeveral other employments of the ſame nature to other offices; and I will then greaſe fat ſows, and ſee whether it be poſſible to ſatisfy them. Why am not I a ſtationer? The Parliament ſits to-morrow, and Walpole, late Secretary at War, is to be ſwinged for bribery, and the Queen is to communicate ſomething of great importance to the two Houſes, at leaſt they ſay ſo. But I muſt think of anſwering your letter in a day or two.

17. I went

17. I went this morning to the Duke of Ormond about ſome buſineſs; and he told me he could not dine with us to-day, being to dine with Prince Eugene. Thoſe of our Society of the Houſe of Commons could not be with us, the Houſe ſitting late on Walpole. I left them at nine, and they were not come. We kept ſome dinner for them. I hope Walpole will be ſent to the Tower, and expelled the Houſe: but, this afternoon the Members I ſpoke with in the Court of Requeſts talked dubiouſly of it. It will be a leading card to maul the Duke of Marlborough for the ſame crime, or at leaſt to cenſure him. The Queen's meſſage was only to give them notice of the Peace ſhe is treating, and to deſire they will make ſome law to prevent libels againſt the government; ſo farewel to Grub-ſtreet.

18. I heard to-day that the Commoners of our Society did not leave the Parliament till eleven at night, then went to thoſe I left, and ſtaid till three in the morning. Walpole is expelled, and ſent to the Tower. I was this morning again with Lord Rivers, and have made him give the other employment to my printer and bookſeller; 'tis worth a great deal. I dined with my friend Lewis privately, to talk over affairs. We want to have this Duke of Somerſet out, and he apprehends it will not be; but I hope better. They are going now at laſt to change the Commiſſioners of the Cuſtoms: my friend Sir Matthew Dudley will be out, and three more, and Prior will be in. I have made Ford copy out a ſmall pamphlet, and ſend it to the preſs, that

I might not be known for author; 'tis *A Letter to the* October *Club*, if ever you heard of ſuch a thing. ——Methinks this letter goes on but ſlowly for almoſt a week; I want ſome little converſation with MD, and to know what they are doing juſt now. I am ſick of politicks. I have not dined with Lord Treaſurer theſe three weeks; he chides me, but I don't care; I don't.

19. I dined to-day with Lord Treaſurer; this is his day of choice company; where they ſometimes admit me, but pretend to grumble. And to-day they met on ſome extraordinary buſineſs; the Keeper, Steward, both Secretaries, Lord Rivers, and Lord Angleſey; I left them at ſeven, and came away, and have been writing to the Biſhop of Clogher. I forgot to know where to direct to him ſince Sir George St. George's death; but I have directed to the ſame houſe: you muſt tell me better; for the letter is ſent by the bell-man. Don't write to me again till this is gone, I charge you; for I won't anſwer two letters together. The Duke of Somerſet is out, and was with his yellow liveries at Parliament to-day. You know he had the ſame with the Queen, when he was Maſter of the Horſe: we hope the Ducheſs will follow, or that he will take her away in ſpite. Lord Treaſurer, I hope, has now ſaved his head. Has the Dean received my letter? aſk him at cards to-night.

20. There was a world of people to-day at Court to ſee Prince Eugene, but all bit, for he did not come. I ſaw the Ducheſs of Somerſet talking with the Duke of Buckingham; ſhe looked a little down, but

but was extremely courteous. The Queen has the gout, but is not in much pain. Muſt I fill this line too? * well then, ſo let it be. The Duke of Beaufort has a mighty mind to come into our Society; ſhall we let him? I ſpoke to the Duke of Ormond about it, and he doubts a little whether to let him in or no. They ſay the Duke of Somerſet is adviſed by his friends to let his wife ſtay with the Queen; I am ſorry for it. I dined with the Secretary to-day, with mixed company; I don't love it. Our Society does not meet till Friday, becauſe Thurſday will be a buſy day in the Houſe of Commons; for then the Duke of Marlborough's bribery is to be examined into about the penſion paid him by thoſe that furniſhed bread to the army.

21. I have been five times with the Duke of Ormond about a perfect trifle, and he forgets it: I uſed him like a dog this morning for it. I was aſked to-day by ſeveral in the Court of Requeſts, Whether it was true that the author of the Examiner † was taken up in an action of twenty thouſand pounds by the Duke of Marlborough? I dined in the city, where my printer ſhewed me a pamphlet called Advice to the October Club, which he ſaid was ſent him by an unknown hand; I commended it mightily; he never ſuſpected me; 'tis a two-

* It is the laſt of the page, and written cloſe to the edge of the paper.

† Upon the 10th and 17th of this month the Examiner was very ſevere upon the Duke of Marlborough, and in conſequence of this report purſued him with greater virulence in the following courſe of his papers. But Swift was not the writer of the Examiner at that period.

penny pamphlet. I came home and got timely to bed; but about eleven one of the Secretary's ſervants came to me, to let me know that Lord Treaſurer would immediately ſpeak with me at Lord Maſham's upon earneſt buſineſs; and that if I was a-bed, I ſhould riſe and come. I did ſo; Lord Treaſurer was above with the Queen; and when he came down he laughed, and ſaid it was not he that ſent for me: the buſineſs was of no great importance, only to give me a paper, which might have been done to-morrow. I ſtaid with them till paſt one, and then got to bed again. Pize take their frolicks. I thought to have anſwered your letter.

22. Doctor Gaſtrel was to ſee me this morning; he is an eminent divine, one of the Canons of Chriſt-church, and one I love very well: he ſaid, he was glad to find I was not with James Broad. I aſked what he meant; Why, ſays he, have you not ſeen the Grub-ſtreet paper, that ſays Dr. Swift was taken up as author of the Examiner on an action of twenty thouſand pounds, and was now at James Broad's (who, I ſuppoſe, is ſome bailiff.) I knew nothing of this; but at the Court of Requeſts twenty people told me they heard I had been taken up. Lord Lanſdown obſerved to the Secretary and me, that the Whigs ſpread three lies yeſterday *; that about me; and another, that Macartney, who was turned out laſt Summer, is again reſtored to his places in the army; and the third, that Jack Hill's commiſſion for Lieutenant of the Tower is ſtopt,

* Theſe lies are all particularly mentioned by the Examiner, N. 10, dated Feb. 7, 1711-12.

and

l that Cadogan is to continue. Lanſdown thinks
:y have ſome deſign by theſe reports; I cannot
eſs it. Did I tell you that Sacheverell has deſired
ghtily to come and ſee me; but I have put it off:
has heard that I have ſpoken to the Secretary in
half of a brother whom he maintains, and who
ires an employment. T'other day at the Court
Requeſts Dr. Yalden ſaluted me by name; Sache-
rell, who was juſt by, came up to me, and made
: many acknowledgments and compliments. Laſt
ght I deſired Lord Treaſurer to do ſomething for
at brother of Sacheverell's: he ſaid he never knew
had a brother; but thanked me for telling him,
d immediately put his name in his table-book. I
ll let Sacheverell know this, that he may take his
eaſures accordingly; but he ſhall be none of my
quaintance. I dined to-day privately with the
cretary, left him at ſix, paid a viſit or two, and
me home.

23. I dined again to-day with the Secretary; but
uld not diſpatch ſome buſineſs I had with him,
has ſo much beſides upon his hands at this junc-
re; and preparing againſt the great buſineſs to-
orrow, which we are top full of. The Miniſter's
ſign is, that the Duke of Marlborough ſhall be
nſured as gently as poſſible, provided his friends
ll not make head to defend him; but if they do,
may end in ſome ſeverer votes. A gentleman
ho was juſt now with him, tells me he is much
ſt down, and fallen away; but he is poſitive, if he
s but ten friends in the Houſe, that they ſhall
fend him to the utmoſt, and endeavour to pre-
vent

vent the leaſt cenſure upon him; which I think cannot be, ſince the bribery is manifeſt: Sir Solomon Medina paid him ſix thouſand pounds a year to have the employment of providing bread for the army, and the Duke owns it in his letter to the Commiſſioners of Accounts. I was to-night at Lord Maſham's; Lord Dupplin took out my new little pamphlet, and the Secretary read a great deal of it to Lord Treaſurer; they all commended it to the ſkies, and ſo did I, and they began a health to the author. But I doubt Lord Treaſurer ſuſpected: for he ſaid, This is Dr. Davenant's ſtyle; which is his cant when he ſuſpects me. But I carried the matter very well. Lord Treaſurer put the pamphlet in his pocket to read at home. I'll anſwer your letter to-morrow.

24. The Secretary made me promiſe to dine with him to-day after the Parliament was up; I ſaid I would come; but I dined at my uſual time; knowing the houſe would ſit late on this great affair. I dined at a tavern with Mr. Domville and another gentleman; I have not done ſo before theſe many months. At ten this evening I went to the Secretary, but he was not come home; I ſat with his Lady till twelve, then came away; and he juſt came as I was gone, and he ſent to my lodgings, but I would not go back; and ſo I know not how things have paſſed; but hope all is well; and I will tell you to-morrow day. It is late, *&c.*

25. The Secretary ſent to me this morning to know whether we ſhould dine together; I went to him, and there I learnt, that the queſtion went a-

gainſt

ainſt the Duke of Marlborough by a majority of a ndred; ſo the Miniſtry is mighty well ſatisfied, id the Duke will now be able to do no hurt. The ecretary and I and Lord Maſham, *&c.* dined with ieutenant-general Withers, who is juſt going to ook after the army in Flanders: the Secretary and left them a little after ſeven, and I am come home, nd will now anſwer your letter, becauſe this goes o-morrow: let me ſee.——The box at Cheſter; h, burn that box, and hang that Sterne; I have eſired one to enquire for it who went towards Ire- nd laſt Monday, but am in utter deſpair of it.— No, I was not ſplenetick; you ſee what plunges the Court has been at to ſet all right again. And that Ducheſs is not out yet, and may one day cauſe more niſchief. Somerſet ſhews all about a letter from he Queen, deſiring him to let his wife continue vith her. Is not that rare! I find Dingley ſmelt rat; becauſe the Whigs are *upiſh*; but if ever I ear that word again, I'll *uppiſh* you. I am glad ou got your raſp ſafe and ſound; does Stella like er apron? Your criticks about guarantees of ſuc- eſſion are puppies; that's an anſwer to the objec- ion. The anſwerers here made the ſame objection, ut it is wholly wrong. I am of your opinion, that ord Marlborough is uſed too hardly: I have often ratched out paſſages from papers and pamphlets nt me before they were printed; becauſe I thought em too ſevere. But, he is certainly a vile man, id has no ſort of merit beſide the military. The xaminers are good for little: I would fain have ndered the ſeverity of the two or three laſt, but could

could not. I will either bring your papers over, or leave them with Tooke, for whoſe honeſty I will engage. And I think it is beſt not to venture them with me at ſea. Stella is a prophet, by foretelling ſo very poſitively that all would be well. Duke of Ormond ſpeak againſt Peace? No, ſimpleton: he is one of the ſtancheſt we have for the Miniſtry. Neither trouble yourſelf about the printer: he appeared the firſt day of term, and is to appear when ſummoned again; but nothing elſe will come of it. Lord Chief Juſtice is cooled ſince this new ſettlement. No; I will not ſplit my journals in half; I will write but once a fortnight: but you may do as you will; which is, read only half at once, and t'other half next week. So now your letter is anſwered (Pox on theſe blots!) What muſt I ſay more? I will ſet out in March, if there be a fit of fine weather; unleſs the Miniſtry deſire me to ſtay till the end of the ſeſſion, which may be a month longer; but I believe they will not: for I ſuppoſe the Peace will be made, and they will have no further ſervice for me. I muſt make my canal fine this Summer, as fine as I can. I am afraid I ſhall ſee great neglects among my quickſets. I hope the cherry-trees on the river-walk are fine things now. But no more of this.

26. I forgot to finiſh this letter this morning, and am come home ſo late I muſt give it to the bell-man; but I would have it go to-night, leſt you ſhould think there is any thing in the ſtory of my being arreſted in an action of twenty thouſand pounds by Lord Marlborough, which I hear is in Dyer's letter, and conſequently, I ſuppoſe, gone to Ireland. Farewel, deareſt MD, &c. &c.

LETTER

LETTER XL.

London, Jan. 26, 1711-12.

I HAVE no gilt paper left of this ſize, ſo you muſt be content with plain. Our Society dined together to-day, for it was put off, as I told you, upon Lord Marlborough's buſineſs on Thurſday. The Duke of Ormond dined with us to-day, the firſt time; we were thirteen at table; and Lord Lanſdown came in after dinner, ſo that we wanted but three. The Secretary propoſed the Duke of Beaufort, who deſires to be one of our Society; but I ſtopt it, becauſe the Duke of Ormond doubts a little about it; and he was gone before it was propoſed. I left them at ſeven, and ſat this evening with poor Mrs. Weſley, who has been mightily ill to-day with a fainting fit: ſhe has often convulſions too; ſhe takes a mixture with *aſſa fœtida*, which I have now in my noſe; and every thing ſmells of it. I never ſmelt it before; 'tis abominable. We have eight pacquets, they ſay, due from Ireland.

27. I could not ſee Prince Eugene at Court to-day, the crowd was ſo great. The Whigs contrive to have a crowd always about him, and employ the rabble to give the word, when he ſets out from any place. When the Ducheſs of Hamilton came from the Queen after church, ſhe whiſpered me that ſhe was going to pay me a viſit: I went to Lady Oglethorp's, the place appointed; for Ladies always viſi me in third places, and ſhe kept me till near four ſhe talks too much, is a plaguy detractor, a[illegible]

lieve I ſhall not much like her. I was engaged to dine with Lord Maſham; they ſtaid as long as they could, yet had almoſt dined, and were going in anger to pull down the braſs peg for my hat, but Lady Maſham ſaved it. At eight I went again to Lord Maſham's; Lord Treaſurer is generally there at night: we ſat up till almoſt two. Lord Treaſurer has engaged me to contrive ſome way to keep the Archbiſhop of York from being ſeduced by Lord Nottingham. I will do what I can in it to-morrow. 'Tis very late, ſo I muſt go ſleep.

28. Poor Mrs. Manley the author is very ill of a dropſy and ſore leg; the printer tells me he is afraid ſhe cannot live long. I am heartily ſorry for her; ſhe has very generous principles for one of her ſort; and a great deal of good ſenſe and invention: ſhe is about forty, very homely and very fat. Mrs. Van made me dine with her to-day. I was this morning with the Duke of Ormond, and the prolocutor, about what Lord Treaſurer ſpoke to me yeſterday; I know not what will be the iſſue. There is but a ſlender majority in the Houſe of Lords; and we want more. We are ſadly mortified at the news of the French taking the town in Braſil from the Portugueſe. The ſixth edition of three thouſand of the Conduct of the Allies is ſold, and the printer talks of a ſeventh; eleven thouſand of them have been ſold; which is a prodigious run. The little two-penny Letter of Advice to the October Club does not ſell; I know not the reaſon; for it is finely written, I aſſure you; and, like a true author, I grow fond of it, becauſe it does not ſell: you know that is uſual

to

writers, to condemn the judgment of the world: . had hinted it to be mine, every body would have ught it, but it is a great ſecret.

29. I borrowed one or two idle books of Contes Fees *, and have been reading them theſe two rs, although I have much buſineſs upon my hands. oitered till one at home; then went to Mr. Lewis his office; and the Vice-chamberlain told me, it Lady Ryalton had yeſterday reſigned her em-yment of Lady of the bed-chamber, and that dy Jane Hyde, Lord Rocheſter's daughter, a ghty pretty girl, is to ſucceed; he ſaid too, that dy Sunderland would reſign in a day or two. I ied with Lewis, and then went to ſee Mrs. Weſ-, who is better to-day. But you muſt know, it Mr. Lewis gave me two letters, one from the ſhop of Cloyne, with an incloſed from Lord In-equin to Lord Treaſurer; which he deſires I ould deliver and recommend. I am told, that ord was much in with Lord Wharton, and I re-mber he was to have been one of the Lords ſtices by his recommendation; yet the Biſhop re-mmends him as a great friend to the church, &c. I do what I think proper. T'other letter was om little ſaucy MD, N. 26. O Lord, never ſaw e like, under a cover too, and by way of journal; : ſhall never have done. Sirrahs; how durſt you rite ſo ſoon, ſirrahs? I won't anſwer it yet.

30. I was this morning with the Secretary, who is ſick, and out of humour; he woulds needs ink Champagne ſome days ago, on purpoſe to

* Tales of the Fairies.

ſpite me, becauſe I adviſed him againſt it, and now he pays for it; Stella uſed to do ſuch tricks formerly; he put me in mind of her. Lady Sunderland has reſigned her place too. It is Lady Catherine Hyde that ſucceeds Lady Ryalton; and not Lady Jane. Lady Catherine is the late Earl of Rocheſter's daughter. I dined with the Secretary, then viſited his Lady; and ſat this evening with Lady Maſham; the Secretary came to us; but Lord Treaſurer did not; he dined with the Maſter of the Rolls, and ſtaid late with him. Our Society does not meet till to-morrow ſe'nnight, becauſe we think the Parliament will be very buſy to-morrow upon the ſtate of the war; and the Secretary, who is to treat as Preſident, muſt be in the houſe. I fancy my talking of perſons and things here, muſt be very tedious to you, becauſe you know nothing of them; and I talk as if you did. You know Kevin's-ſtreet, and Werburgh-ſtreet, and (what do you call the ſtreet where Mrs. Walls lives?) and Ingoldſby, and Higgins, and Lord Santry; but what care you for Lady Catherine Hyde? why do you ſay nothing of your health, ſirrah? I hope it is well.

31. Trimnel, Biſhop of Norwich, who was with this Lord Sunderland at Moor-park in their travels, preached yeſterday before the Houſe of Lords; and to-day the queſtion was put to thank him, and print his ſermon; but paſſed againſt him; for it was a terrible Whig ſermon. The Bill to repeal the Act for naturalizing proteſtant foreigners, paſſed the Houſe of Lords to-day by a majority of twenty, though the Scotch Lords went out, and would vote

neither way, in diſcontent about Duke Hamilton's patent, if you know any thing of it. A poem is come out to-day inſcribed to me, by way of a flirt; for it is a Whiggiſh poem, and good for nothing. They plagued me with it in the court of requeſts. I dined with Lord Treaſurer at five alone, only with one Dutch man. Prior is now a Commiſſioner of the Cuſtoms. I told you ſo before, I ſuppoſe. When I came home to-night, I found a letter from Dr. Sacheverell, thanking me for recommending his brother to Lord Treaſurer and Mr. Secretary for a place. Lord Treaſurer ſent to him about it: ſo good a ſolicitor was I, although I once hardly thought I ſhould be a ſolicitor for Sacheverell.

Feb. 1. Has not your Dean of St. Patrick's received my letter? you ſay nothing of it, although I writ above a month ago. My printer has got the gout, and I was forced to go to him to-day, and there I dined. It was a moſt delicious day; why don't you obſerve whether the ſame days be fine with you? to-night at ſix Dr. Atterbury, and Prior, and I, and Dr. Friend, met at Dr. Robert Friend's houſe at Weſtminſter, who is maſter of the ſchool: there we ſat till one, and were good enough company. I here take leave to tell politick Dingley, that the paſſage in the Conduct of the Allies is ſo far from being blameable, that the Secretary deſigns to inſiſt upon it in the Houſe of Commons, when the Treaty of Barrier is debated there, as it now ſhortly will, for they have ordered it to be laid before them. The pamphlet of Advice to the October Club begins now to ſell; but I believe it's fame will hardly reach

Ireland: 'tis finely written, I aſſure you. I long to anſwer your letter; but won't yet; you know 'tis late, &c.

2. This day ends Chriſtmas; and what care I? I have neither ſeen, nor felt, nor heard any Chriſtmas this year. I paſſed a lazy dull day: I was this morning with Lord Treaſurer, to get ſome papers from him, which he will remember as much as a cat, although it be his own buſineſs. It threatened rain, but did not much; and Prior and I walked an hour in the Park, which quite put me out of my meaſures. I dined with a friend hard by; and in the evening ſat with Lord Maſham till twelve. Lord Treaſurer did not come; this is an idle dining day uſually with him. We want to hear from Holland how our peace goes on; for we are afraid of thoſe ſcoundrels the Dutch, leſt they ſhould play us tricks. Lord Marr, a Scotch Earl, was with us at Lord Maſham's; I was arguing with him about the ſtubbornneſs and folly of his countrymen; they are ſo angry about the affair of Duke Hamilton, whom the Queen has made a Duke of England, and the Houſe of Lords will not admit him: he ſwears he would vote for us, but dare not; becauſe all Scotland would deteſt him if he did; he ſhould never be choſen again, nor be able to live there.

3. I was at Court to-day to look for a dinner; but did not like any that were offered me; and I dined with Lord Mountjoy. The Queen has the gout in her knee, and was not at chapel. I hear we have a Dutch mail, but I know not what news, although I was with the Secretary this morning.

He

He ſhewed me a letter from the Hanover Envoy, Mr. Bothmar, complaining that the Barrier Treaty is laid before the Houſe of Commons; and deſiring that no infringement may be made in the Guarantee of the Succeſſion; but the Secretary has written him a peppering anſwer. I fancy you underſtand all this, and are able ſtates-girls, ſince you have read the Conduct of the Allies. We are all preparing againſt the birth-day, I think it is Wedneſday next. If the Queen's gout encreaſes, it will ſpoil ſport. Prince Eugene has two fine ſuits made againſt it; and the Queen is to give him a ſword worth four thouſand pounds, the diamonds ſet tranſparent.

4. I was this morning ſoliciting at the Houſe of Commons' door for Mr. Veſey, a ſon of the Archbiſhop of Tuam, who has petitioned for a Bill to relieve him in ſome difficulty about his eſtate; I ſecured him about fifty members. I dined with Lady Maſham. We have no pacquet from Holland, as I was told yeſterday; and this wind will hinder many people from appearing at the birth-day, who expected cloaths from Holland. I appointed to meet a Gentleman at the Secretary's to-night, and they both failed. The Houſe of Commons have this day made many ſevere votes about our being abuſed by our allies. Thoſe who ſpoke, drew all their arguments from my book, and their votes confirm all I writ; the Court had a majority of a hundred and fifty: all agree, that it was my book that ſpirited them to theſe reſolutions; I long to ſee them in print. My head has not been as well as I

could wiſh it for ſome days paſt, but I have not had any giddy fit, and I hope it will go over.

5. The Secretary turned me out of his room this morning, and ſhewed me fifty guineas rolled up, which he was going to give ſome French ſpy. I dined with four Iriſhmen at a tavern to-day; I thought I had reſolved againſt it before, but I broke it. I played at cards this evening at Lady Maſham's, but I only played for her while ſhe was writing; and I won her a pool; and ſupt there. Lord Treaſurer was with us, but went away before twelve. The Ladies and Lords have all their cloaths ready againſt to-morrow: I ſaw ſeveral mighty fine, and I hope there will be a great appearance, in ſpite of that ſpiteful French faſhion of the whiggiſh Ladies not to come, which they have all reſolved to a woman; and I hope it will more ſpirit the Queen againſt them for ever.

6. I went to dine at Lord Maſham's at three, and met all the company juſt coming out of Court; a mighty crowd; they ſtaid long for their coaches: I had an opportunity of ſeeing ſeveral Lords and Ladies of my acquaintance in their fineries. Lady Aſhburnham looked the beſt in my eyes. They ſay, the Court was never fuller nor finer. Lord Treaſurer, his Lady, and two daughters, and Mrs. Hill dined with Lord and Lady Maſham; the five Ladies were monſtrous fine. The Queen gave Prince Eugene the diamond ſword to-day; but no-body was by when ſhe gave it, except my Lord Chamberlain. There was an entertainment of opera ſongs at night, and the Queen was at all the entertainment,

and

and is very well after it. I ſaw Lady Wharton, as ugly as the Devil, coming out in the crowd all in an undreſs; ſhe had been with the Marlborough daughters and Lady Bridgwater in St. James's, looking out of the window all undreſſed, to ſee the ſight. I do not hear that one Whig Lady was there, except thoſe of the bed-chamber. Nothing has made ſo great a noiſe as one Kelſon's chariot, that coſt nine hundred and thirty pounds, the fineſt was ever ſeen. The rabble huzzaed him as much as they did Prince Eugene. This is birth-day chat.

7. Our Society met to-day, the Duke of Ormond was not with us; we have leſſened our dinners, which were grown ſo extravagant, that Lord Treaſurer and every body elſe cried ſhame. I left them at ſeven, viſited for an hour, and then came home, like a good boy. The Queen is much better after yeſterday's exerciſe: her friends wiſh ſhe would uſe a little more. I oppoſed Lord Jerſey's election into our Society, and he is refuſed: I likewiſe oppoſed the Duke of Beaufort; but I believe he will be choſen in ſpite of me: I don't much care; I ſhall not be with them above two months; for I reſolve to ſet out for Ireland the beginning of April next (before I treat them again) and ſee my willows.

8. I dined to-day in the city; this morning a ſcoundrel dog, one of the Queen's muſick, a German, whom I had never ſeen, got acceſs to me in my chamber by Patrick's folly, and gravely deſired me to get an employment in the Cuſtoms for a friend of his, who would be very grateful; and likewiſe to forward a project of his own, for raiſing ten

thouſand pounds a year upon Operas: I uſed him civiller than he deſerved; but it vexed me to the pluck. He was told, I had a mighty intereſt with Lord Treaſurer, and one word of mine, *&c.*—— Well; I got home early on purpoſe to anſwer MD's letter, N. 26; for this goes to-morrow.—Well; I never ſaw ſuch a letter in all my life; ſo ſaucy, ſo journaliſh, ſo ſanguine, ſo pretending, ſo every thing. I ſatisfied all your fears in my laſt; all is gone well, as you ſay; yet you are an impudent ſlut to be ſo poſitive; you will ſwagger ſo upon your ſagacity that we ſhall never have done. Pray don't miſlay your reply; I would certainly print it, if I had it here: how long is it? I ſuppoſe, half a ſheet: was the Anſwer written in Ireland? yes, yes, you ſhall have a letter when you come from Baligall. I need not tell you again who's out and who's in: we can never get out the Ducheſs of Somerſet.—So, they ſay Preſto writ the Conduct, &c. do they like it? I don't care whether they do or no; but the Reſolutions printed t'other day in the Votes, are almoſt quotations from it; and would never have paſſed, if that book had not been written. I will not meddle with the Spectator, let him fair-ſex it to the world's end. My diſorder is over, but blood was not from the p—les.——Well, Madam Dingley, the froſt; why we had a great froſt, but I forget how long ago; it laſted above a week or ten days: I believe about ſix weeks ago; but it did not break ſo ſoon with us I think as December 29; yet I think it was about that time, on ſecond thoughts. MD can have no letter from Preſto, ſays you, and yet four

days

ays before you own you had my thirty-ſeventh, nreaſonable ſluts! the Biſhop of Glouceſter is not ead, and I am as likely to ſucceed the Duke of Marlborough as him if he were; there's enough for hat now. It is not unlikely that the Duke of hrewſbury will be your governour; at leaſt I be- ieve the Duke of Ormond will not return.—Well, tella again: why really three editions of the Con- luct, *&c.* is very much for Ireland; it is a ſign you ave ſome honeſt among you.—Well; I will do Mr. Manley all the ſervice I can: but he will ruin imſelf. What buſineſs had he to engage at all bout the city? can't he wiſh his cauſe well, and e quiet, when he finds that ſtirring will do it no ood, and himſelf a great deal of hurt? I cannot magine who ſhould open my letter; it muſt be lone at your ſide.—If I hear of any thoughts of urning out Mr. Manley, I will endeavour to pre- ent it. I have already had all the Gentlemen of reland here upon my back often, for defending him. So now I have anſwered your ſaucy letter. My umble ſervice to goody Stoyte and Catherine; I will come ſoon for my dinner.

9. Morning. My cold goes off at laſt; but I hink I have got a ſmall new one. I have no news ince laſt. They ſay we hear by the way of Calais, hat peace is very near concluding. I hope it may e true. I'll go and ſeal up my letter, and give it nyſelf to-night into the Poſt-office; and ſo I bid ny deareſt MD farewel till to-night. I heartily wiſh myſelf with them, as hope ſaved. My wil- ows, and quickſets, and trees will be finely im-

proved,

proved, I hope, this year. It has been fine hard frosty weather yesterday and to-day. Farewel, &c. &c. &c.

LETTER LVIII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. JOHNSON.

Feb. 9, 1711-12.

WHEN my letter is gone, and I have none of your's to answer, my conscience is so clear, and my shoulder so light, and I go on with such courage to prate upon nothing to dear charming MD. you would wonder. I dined to-day with Sir Mathew Dudley, who is newly turned out of the Commission of the Customs. He affects a good heart, and talks in the extremity of whiggery, which was always his principle, though he was gentle a little, while he kept in employment. We can get no pacquets from Holland. I have not been with any of the Ministry these two or three days. I keep out of their way on purpose, for a certain reason, for some time, though I must dine with the Secretary* to-morrow. The choosing of the company being left to me, I have engaged Lord Anglesey and Lord Carteret, and have promised to get three more; but I have a mind that none else should be admitted. However, if I like any body at Court to-morrow, I may perhaps invite them. I have got another cold, but not very bad.

* St. John.

10th, I saw

10th, I ſaw Prince Eugene at Court to-day very plain. He is plaguy yellow, and literally ugly beſides. The Court was very full, and people had their birth-day cloaths. No pacquets from Holland yet. Here are a parcel of drunken whiggiſh Lords, like your Lord Santry, who come into chocolate-houſes, and rail aloud at the Tories, and have challenges ſent them, and the next morning come and beg pardon. General Roſs was like to ſwinge the Marquis of Wincheſter for this trick, the other day; and we have nothing elſe now to talk of till the Parliament has had another bout with the ſtate of the war, as they intend in a few days. They have ordered the barrier treaty to be laid before them; and it was talked ſome time ago, as if there was a deſign to impeach Lord Townſend, who made it.

11th, I dined with Lord Angleſey to-day, who had ſeven Iriſhmen to be my companions, of which two only were coxcombs. One I did not know, and the other was young Bligh, who is a puppy of figure here, with a fine chariot. He aſked me, one day at Court, when I had juſt been talking with ſome Lords, who ſtood near me, Doctor, when ſhall we ſee you in the county of Meath? I whiſpered him to take care what he ſaid, for the people would think he was ſome Barbarian. He never would ſpeak to me ſince, till we met to-day. I went to Lady Maſham's to-night, and ſat with Lord Treaſurer and the Secretary there till paſt two o'clock; and when I came home, found ſome letters from Ireland, which I read, but can ſay nothing of them till to-

morrow,

morrow, it is ſo very late; but I muſt always be, late or early, MD's, &c.

12th, One letter was from the Biſhop of Clogher laſt night, and the other from Walls, about Mrs. South's ſalary, and his own penſion of eighteen pounds for his tythes of the Park. I will do nothing in either. The firſt I cannot ſerve in, and the other is a trifle; only you may tell him I had his letter, and will ſpeak to Ned Southwell about what he deſires me. You ſay nothing of your Dean's receiving my letter.

I find, Clements, whom I recommended to Lord Angleſey laſt year, at Wall's deſire, or rather the Biſhop of Clogher's, is mightily in Lord Angleſey's favour. You may tell the Biſhop and Walls ſo. I ſaid to Lord Angleſey, that I was glad I had the good luck to recommend him, &c.

I dined in the city with my printer, to conſult with him about ſome papers Lord Treaſurer gave me laſt night, as he always does, too late. However, I will do ſomething with them. My third cold is a little better, I never had any thing like it before, three colds ſucceſſively; I hope I ſhall have a fourth. Three meſſengers come from Holland to-day, and they brought over the ſix pacquets that were due. I know not the particulars yet; for when I was with the Secretary at noon, they were juſt opening. But one thing I find, the Dutch are playing us tricks, and tampering with the French; they are dogs; I ſhall know more.

13th, I dined to-day privately with my friend Lewis, at his lodgings, to conſult about ſome obſervations on the barrier treaty. Our news from Holland

Holland is not good. The French raiſe difficulties, and make ſuch offers to the Allies, as cannot be accepted; and the Dutch are uneaſy, that we are likely to get any thing for ourſelves; and the Whigs are glad at all this. I came home early, and have been very buſy three or four hours. I had a letter from Dr. Pratt to-day by a private hand, recommending the bearer to me, for ſomething I ſhall not trouble myſelf about. Weſley writ to recommend the ſame fellow to me. His expreſſion is, that hearing I am acquainted with my Lord Treaſurer, he deſires I would do ſo and ſo. A matter of nothing. What puppies are mankind! I hope I ſhall be wiſer when I have once done with Courts. I think you have not troubled me much with your recommendations. I would do you all the ſervice I could.

14th, Our Society dined to-day at Mr. Secretary's houſe. I went there at four; but hearing the Houſe of Commons would ſit late upon the barrier treaty, I went for an hour to Kenſington, to ſee Lord Maſham's children. My young nephew *, his ſon of ſix months old, has got a ſwelling in his neck. I fear it is the evil. We did not go to dinner till eight at night, and I left them at ten. The Commons have been very ſevere on the barrier treaty, as you will find by their votes. A Whig Member took out the Conduct of the Allies, and read that paſſage about the ſucceſſion with great reſentment; but none ſeconded him. The Church-party carried every vote by a great majority. The Archbiſhop of Dublin is

* Lord Maſham was one of the ſixteen brothers; which accounts for Swift's calling his ſon nephew.

ſo

ſo railed at by all who come from Ireland, that I can defend him no longer. Lord Angleſey aſſured me, that the ſtory of applying Piſo out of Tacitus to Lord Treaſurer being wounded is true. I believe the Duke of Beaufort will be admitted to our Society next meeting. To-day I publiſhed the Fable of Midas, a poem, printed in a looſe half ſheet. I know not how it will take; but it paſſed wonderfully at our Society to-night. Mr. Secretary read it before me the other night, to Lord Treaſurer, at Lord Maſham's, where they equally approved of it. Tell me how it paſſes with you? I think this paper is larger than ordinary; for here is a ſix days journal, and no nearer the bottom. I fear theſe journals are very dull.

15th, Mr. Lewis and I dined by invitation with a Scotch acquaintance, after I had been very buſy in my chamber, till two in the afternoon. My third cold is now very troubleſome on my breaſt, eſpecially in the morning. This is a great revolution in my health; colds never uſed to return ſo ſoon with me, or laſt ſo long. It is very ſurpriſing the news this day: the Dauphin and Dauphineſs, both dying within ſix days. They ſay the old King is almoſt heart-broke: he has had prodigious mortifications in his family. The Dauphin has left two little ſons, of four and two years old; the eldeſt is ſick. There is a fooliſh ſtory got about town, that Lord Strafford, one of our Plenipotentiaries, is in the intereſts of France: and it has been a good while ſaid, that Lord Privy-ſeal * and he do not agree

* Dr. John Robinſon, Biſhop of Briſtol.

very

very well; they are both long practiſed in buſineſs, but neither of them of much parts. Strafford has ſome life and ſpirit; but is infinitely proud, and wholly illiterate.

16th, I dined to-day in the city with my printer, to finiſh ſomething I am doing about the barrier treaty; but it is not quite done *. I went this evening to Lord Maſham's, where Lord Treaſurer ſat with us till paſt twelve. The Lords have voted an addreſs to the Queen, to tell her, they are not ſatisfied with the King of France's offers. The Whigs brought it in of a ſudden; and the Court could not prevent it, and therefore did not oppoſe it. The Houſe of Lords is too ſtrong in Whigs, notwithſtanding the new creations: for they are very diligent, and the Tories as lazy: the ſide that is down has always moſt induſtry. The Whigs intended to have made a vote, that would reflect on Lord Treaſurer; but their project was not ripe. I hit my face ſuch a rap by calling the coach to ſtop to-night, that it is plaguy ſore, the bone beneath the eye. Night, deareſt MD.

17th, The Court was mighty full to-day, and has been ſo theſe many Sundays; but the Queen was not at chapel. She has got a little fit of the gout in her foot. The good of going to Court is, that one ſees all one's acquaintance, whom otherwiſe I ſhould hardly meet twice a year. Prince Eugene dines with the Secretary to-day, with about ſeven or eight General Officers, or foreign Miniſters.

* It was publiſhed under the title of, "Remarks on the Barrier Treaty."

They

They will be all drunk, I am ſure. I never was in company with this Prince. I have propoſed to ſome Lords, that we ſhould have a ſober meal with him; but I cannot compaſs it. It is come over in the Dutch news prints, that I was arreſted on an action of 20,000l. by the Duke of Marlborough. I did not like my court invitations to-day; ſo Sir Andrew Fountain and I went and dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh. I came home at ſix, and have been very buſy till this minute, and it is paſt twelve, ſo I got into bed to write to MD. We reckon the Dauphin's death will ſet forward the peace a good deal.

18th, Lewis had Guiſcard's picture; he bought it, and offered it to Lord Treaſurer, who promiſed to ſend for it, but never did; ſo I made Lewis give it me, and I have it in my room; and now Lord Treaſurer ſays, he will take it from me. Is that fair? he deſigns to have it in length in the cloaths he wore when he did the action, and a penknife in his hand. Kneller is to copy it from this that I have. I intended to dine with Lord Treaſurer to-day, but he has put me off till to-morrow; ſo I dined with Lord Dupplin. You know Lord Dupplin very well; he is a brother of the Society. Well, but I have received a letter from the Biſhop of Clogher, to ſolicit an affair for him with Lord Treaſurer, and with the Parliament, which I will do as ſoon as fly. I am not near ſo keen about other people's affairs as Ppt uſed to reproach me about. It was a judgment on me. Hearkee, idle dearees both, methinks I begin to want a letter from MD: faith and ſo I do. I doubt you have been in pain about the report of my

my being arreſted. The pamphleteers have let me alone this month, which is a great wonder; only the third part of the anſwer to the Conduct, which is lately come out. Did I tell you of it before? the Houſe of Commons goes on in mauling the late Miniſtry and their proceedings.

19th, I dined with Lord Treaſurer to-day, and ſat with him till ten in ſpite of my teeth, though my printer waited for me to correct a ſheet. I told him of four lines I writ extempore with my pencil, on a bit of paper in his houſe, while he lay wounded. Some of the ſervants, I ſuppoſe, made waſte paper of them, and he never heard of them. They were inſcribed to Mr. Harley's phyſician thus:

On Britain Europe's ſafety lies;
Britain is loſt, if Harley dies:
Harley depends upon your ſkill:
Think what you ſave, or what you kill.

I propoſed that ſome company ſhould dine with him on the eighth of March, which was the day he was wounded; but he ſays he deſigns, that the Lords of the Cabinet, who then ſat with him, ſhould dine that day with him: however, he has invited me to dinner. I am not yet rid of my cold; it plagues me in the morning chiefly. Night, MD.

20th, After waiting to catch the Secretary coming out from Sir Thomas Hanmer, for two hours in rain, about ſome buſineſs, I went into the city to my printer, to correct ſome ſheets of the barrier treaty, and remarks, which muſt be finiſhed to-morrow. I have been terribly buſy for ſome days paſt, with this and ſome other things; and I wanted

ſome very neceſſary papers, which the Secretary was to give me, and the pamphlet muſt not be publiſhed without them; but they are all buſy too. Sir Thomas Hanmer is Chairman of the Committee, for drawing up a repreſentation of the ſtate of the nation to the Queen, where all the wrong ſteps of the allies, and the late Miniſtry about the war, will be mentioned. The Secretary, I ſuppoſe, was helping him about it to-day; I believe it will be a pepperer.

21ſt, I have been ſix hours to-day morning writing nineteen pages of a letter to Lord Treaſurer, about forming a ſociety or academy, to correct and fix the Engliſh language. Is Engliſh a ſpeech, or a language? it will not be above five or ſix more. I will ſend it him to-morrow, and will print it, if he deſires me. I dined, you know, with our Society to-day; Thurſday is our day. We had a new member admitted; it was the Duke of Beaufort. We were thirteen met; brother Ormond was not there, but ſent his excuſe, that Prince Eugene dined with him. I left them at ſeven, being engaged to go to Sir Thomas Hanmer, who deſired I would ſee him at that hour. His buſineſs was, that I would * hoen lbp ihainm itaoi dsroanws ubpl tohne sroe qporaenſie p not las toi qobn, which I conſented to do; but do not know whether I ſhall ſucceed, becauſe it is a little out of my way: however, I have taken my ſhare.

22d, I finiſhed the reſt of my letter to Lord Treaſurer to-day, and ſent it to him about one o'clock; and then dined privately with my friend

* Thus decyphered, "help him to draw up the repreſentation."

Mr. Lewis, to talk over ſome affairs of moment. I have gotten the 13th volume of Rymer's collection of the records of the Tower, for the univerſity of Dublin. I will write to the Provoſt to know how I ſhall ſend them to him; no, I won't, for I will bring them myſelf among my own books. I was with Hanmer this morning, and there was the Secretary and Chancellor of the Exchequer * very buſy with him, laying their heads together about the repreſentation. I went to Lord Maſham's to-night, and Lady Maſham made me read her a pretty two-penny pamphlet, called the St. Alban's Ghoſt. I thought I had writ it myſelf; ſo did they; but I did not. Lord Treaſurer came down to us from the Queen, and we ſtayed till two o'clock. That is the beſt night-place I have. The uſual company are Lord and Lady Maſham, Lord Treaſurer, Dr. Arbuthnot, and I; ſometimes the Secretary †, and ſometimes Mrs. Hill, of the bed-chamber, Lady Maſham's ſiſter.

23d, I have no news to tell you this laſt day, nor do I know where I ſhall dine. I hear the Secretary is a little out of order. Perhaps I may dine there, perhaps not. I ſent Hanmer what he wanted from me. I know not how he will approve of it. I was to do more of the ſame ſort. On Tueſday it will be four weeks ſince I had your laſt, No. 26. This day ſe'nnight I expect one, for that will be ſomething more than a full month. Farewel.

* 'Robert Benſon, Eſq; afterwards created Lord Bingley.'

† Mr. St. John.

LETTER LIX.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. JOHNSON.

London, Feb. 23, 1711-12.

AFTER having diſpoſed my laſt letter in the Poſt-office, I am now to begin this, with telling you that I dined with the Secretary to-day, who is much out of order with a cold, and feveriſh; yet he went to the cabinet council to-night at ſix, againſt my will. The Secretary is much the greateſt commoner in England, and turns the whole Parliament, who can do nothing without him; and if he lives, and has his health, will, I believe, be one day at the head of affairs. I have told him ſometimes, that if I were a dozen years younger, I would cultivate his favour, and truſt my fortune with his. But what care you for all this? I am ſorry when I came firſt acquainted with this Miniſtry, that I did not ſend you their names and characters, and then you would have reliſhed what I would have writ, eſpecially if I had let you into the particulars of affairs: but enough of this. Night, deareſt rogues.

24th, I went early this morning to the Secretary, who is not yet well. Sir Thomas Hanmer and the Chancellor of the Exchequer came while I was there, and he would not let me ſtir; ſo I did not go to church, but was buſy with them till noon, about the affair I told you of in my laſt. The other two went away, and I dined with the Secretary, and found my head very much out of order, but no abſolute fit; and I have not been well all this day. It has ſhook me a little. I ſometimes ſit up very late

late at Lord Maſham's, and have writ much for ſeveral days paſt; but I will amend both; for I have now very little buſineſs, and hope I ſhall have no more. I am reſolved to be a great rider this ſummer in Ireland. I was to ſee Mr. Weſley this evening, who has been ſomewhat better for this month paſt, and talks of returning to the Bath in a few weeks. Our Peace goes on but ſlowly; the Dutch are playing tricks, and we do not puſh it as ſtrongly as we ought. The fault of our Court is delay, of which the Queen has a great deal; and Lord Treaſurer is not without his ſhare. But pray let us know a little of your life and converſation. Do you play at ombre, or viſit the Dean, and goody Walls and Stoytes, and Manlys as uſual? I muſt have a letter from you, to fill the other ſide of this ſheet. Let me know what you do? Is my aunt alive yet? Oh, pray, now I think of it, be ſo kind to ſtep to my aunt, and take notice of my great-grandfather's picture; you know he has a ring on his finger, with a ſeal of an anchor and dolphin about it; but I think there is beſides, at the bottom of the picture, the ſame coat of arms quartered with another, which I ſuppoſe was my great-grandmother's. If this be ſo, it is a ſtronger argument than the ſeal. And pray ſee whether you think that coat of arms was drawn at the ſame time with the picture, or whether it be of a later hand; and aſk my aunt what ſhe knows about it. But perhaps there is no ſuch coat of arms on the picture, and I only dreamed it. My reaſon is, becauſe I would aſk ſome herald here, whether I ſhould chooſe that coat, or one in Guillim's large

folio of heraldry, where my uncle Godwin is named with another coat of arms of three ſtags. This is ſad ſtuff to write.

25th, I was this morning again with the Secretary, and we were two hours buſy; and then went together to the Park, Hyde Park, I mean; and he walked to cure his cold, and we were looking at two Arabian horſes, ſent ſome time ago to Lord Treaſurer. The Duke of Marlborough's coach overtook us, with his Grace and Lord Godolphin in it; but they did not ſee us, to our great ſatisfaction; for neither of us deſired that either of thoſe two Lords ſhould ſee us together. There was half a dozen ladies riding like cavaliers to take the air. My head is better to-day. I dined with the Secretary; but we did no buſineſs after dinner, and at ſix I walked into the fields; then I went to viſit Percival and his family, whom I had ſeen but once ſince they came to town. They are going to Bath next month. Counteſs Doll of Meath is ſuch an owl, that wherever I viſit, people are aſking me, whether I know ſuch an Iriſh lady, and her figure and her foppery? I came home early, and have been amuſing myſelf with looking into one of the volumes of Rymer's records of the Tower, and am mighty eaſy to think I have no urgent buſineſs upon my hands. My third cold is not yet off; I ſometimes cough, and am not right with it in the morning. Did I tell you, that I believe it is Lady Maſham's hot rooms that give it me? I never knew ſuch a ſtove; and in my conſcience, I believe both my Lord and ſhe, my Lord Treaſurer, Mr. Secretary, and myſelf, have

all

all ſuffered by it. We have all had colds together, but I walk home on foot.

26th, I was again buſy with the Secretary. We read over ſome papers, and did a good deal of buſineſs. I dined with him, and we were to do more buſineſs after dinner; but after dinner is after dinner; an old ſaying and a true, much drinking, little thinking. We had company with us, and nothing could be done. I am to go there to-morrow. I have now nothing to do; and the Parliament, by the Queen's recommendation, is to take ſome method for preventing libels, *&c.* which will include pamphlets, I ſuppoſe. I do not know what method they will take, but it comes on in a day or two. To-day in the morning I viſited upwards; firſt I ſaw the Duke of Ormond below ſtairs, and gave him joy of his being declared General in Flanders; then I went up one pair of ſtairs, and ſat with the Ducheſs; then I went up another pair of ſtairs, and paid a viſit to Lady Betty; and deſired her woman to go up to the garret, that I might paſs half an hour with her; but ſhe was young and handſome, and would not. The Duke is our Preſident this week, and I have beſpoke a ſmall dinner on purpoſe for good example.

27th, I was again with the Secretary this morning; but we only read over ſome papers with Sir Thomas Hanmer: then I called at Lord Treaſurer's; it was his levee-day, but I went up to his bed-chamber, and ſaid what I had to ſay. I came down and peeped in at the chamber, where a hundred fools were waiting, and two ſtreets were full of coaches. I dined in the city with my printer, and came back

at ſix to Lord Treaſurer, who had invited me to dinner, but I refuſed him. I ſat there an hour or two, and then went to Lord Maſham's. They were all abroad; ſo truly I came, and read whatever ſtuff was next me. I can ſit and be idle now, which I have not been above a year paſt. However, I will ſtay out the ſeſſion, to ſee if they have any farther commands for me, and that I ſuppoſe will end in April. But I may go ſomewhat before, for I hope all will be ended by then, and we ſhall have either a certain peace, or a certain war. The Miniſtry is contriving new funds for money by lotteries; and we go on as if the war were to continue; but I believe it will not. It is pretty late now, young women; ſo I bid you night, own dear, dear little rogues.

28th, I have been packing up ſome books in a great box I have bought, and muſt buy another for cloaths and luggage. This is a beginning towards a removal. I have ſent to Holland for a dozen ſhirts, and deſign to buy another new gown and hat. I have writ this night to the Provoſt. Our ſociety met to-day as uſual, and we were fourteen, beſide the Earl of Arran, whom his brother the Duke of Ormond brought among us againſt all order. We were mightily ſhocked; but, after ſome whiſpers, it ended in chooſing Lord Arran one of our ſociety, which I oppoſed to his face; but it was carried by all the reſt againſt me.

29th, This is leap-year, and this is leap-day; Prince George was born on this day. People are miſtaken; and ſome here think it is St. David's day; but they do not underſtand the virtue of leap-year. I

have

have nothing to do now, boys, and have been reading all this day like gumdragon; and yet I was dictating ſome trifles this morning to a printer. I dined with a friend hard by, and the weather was ſo diſcouraging I could not walk. I came home early, and have read two hundred pages of Arian. Alexander the Great is juſt dead. I do not think he was poiſoned: betwixt you and me, all thoſe are but idle ſtories. It is certain that neither Ptolemy nor Ariſtobulus thought ſo, and they were both with him when he died. It is a pity we have not their hiſtories. The bill for limiting Members of Parliament to have but ſo many places paſt the Houſe of Commons, and will paſs the Houſe of Lords, in ſpite of the Miniſtry; which you know is a great leſſening of the Queen's power. Four of the new Lords voted againſt the Court in this point. It is certainly a good bill in the reign of an ill Prince; but I think things are not ſettled enough for it at preſent, and the Court may want a majority at a pinch. Night dear little rogues. Love Pdfr.

March 1, I went into the city, to enquire after poor Stratford, who has put himſelf a priſoner into the Queen's Bench, for which his friends blame him very much, becauſe his creditors deſigned to be very eaſy with him. He graſped at too many things together, and that was his ruin. There is one circumſtance relative to Lieutenant-general Meredith, that is very melancholy: Meredith was turned out of all his employments laſt year, and had about 10000l. left to live on. Stratford, upon friendſhip, deſired he might have the management of it for Meredith,

redith, to put it into the ſtocks and funds for the beſt advantage; and now he has loſt it all. You have heard me often talk of Stratford; we were claſs-fellows at ſchool and univerſity. I dined with ſome merchants, his friends, to-day, and they ſaid they expected his breaking this good-while. I gave him notice of a treaty of peace, while it was a ſecret, of which he might have made good uſe, but that helped to ruin him; for he gave money, reckoning there would be actually a peace for this time, and conſequently ſtocks to riſe high. Ford narrowly eſcaped loſing 500l. by him, and ſo did I too. Night my two deareſt lives.

2d, Morning. I was wakened at three this morning, my man and the people of the houſe telling me of a great fire in the Hay-market. I ſlept again, and two hours after my man came in again, and told me it was my poor brother Sir William Wyndham's houſe that is burned; and that two maids leaping out of an upper room to avoid the fire, fell both on their heads, one of them upon the iron ſpikes before the door, and both lay dead in the ſtreets. It is ſuppoſed to have been ſome careleſſneſs of one or both thoſe maids. The Duke of Ormond was there helping to put out the fire. Brother Wyndham gave 6000l. but a few months ago for that houſe, as he told me, and it was very richly furniſhed. I ſhall know more particulars at night. He married lady Catherine Seymour, the Duke of Somerſet's daughter; you know her, I believe.

At night. Sir William Wyndham's young child eſcaped very narrowly; Lady Catherine eſcaped bare-

foot;

oot; they all went to Northumberland houſe. Mr. Bridges's houſe next door is damaged much, and was like to be burned. Wyndham has loſt above 10,000l. by this accident. His Lady above 1000l. worth of cloaths. He was not at Court to-day. I dined with Lord Maſham. The Queen was not at church.

3d, Pray tell Walls, that I ſpoke to the Duke of Ormond and Mr. Southwell about his friend's affair, who, I find, needed not me for a ſolicitor; for they both told me the thing would be done. I likewiſe mentioned his own affair to Mr. Southwell, and I hope that will be done too; for Southwell ſeems to think it reaſonable, and I will mind him of it again. Tell him this nakedly. You need not know the particulars. They are ſecrets, one of them is about Mrs. South having a penſion; the other about his ſalary from the government for the tythes of the park, that lies in his pariſh, to be put upon the eſtabliſhment. I dined in the city with my printer, with whom I had ſome ſmall affair. I have no large work on my hands now. I was with Lord-Treaſurer this morning; and what care you for that? You dined with the Dean to-day. Monday is parſon's holiday. And you loſt your money at cards and dice; the giver's device. So I'll go to bed. Night my two deareſt little rogues.

4th, I ſat to-day with poor Mrs. Weſley, who made me dine with her. She is much better than ſhe was. I heartily pray for her health, out of the intire love I bear to her worthy huſband. This day has paſſed very inſignificantly. But it is a great com-

comfort to me now, that I can come home and read, and have nothing upon my hands to write. I was at Lord Maſham's to-night, and ſtayed there till one. Lord Treaſurer was there; but I thought he looked melancholy, juſt as he did at the beginning of the ſeſſion, and he was not ſo merry as uſual. In ſhort, the majority in the Houſe of Lords is a very weak one. He has much ado to keep it up; and he is not able to make thoſe removes he would, and oblige his friends; and I doubt he does not take care enough about it, or rather cannot do all himſelf, and will not employ others; which is his great fault, as I have often told you. It is late. Night M. D.

5th, I wiſh you a merry Lent. I hate Lent; I hate different diets, and furmity and butter, and herb porridge; and the four devout faces of people, who only put on religion for ſeven weeks. I was at the Secretary's office this morning; and there a gentleman brought me two letters, dated laſt October; one from the Biſhop of Clogher, the other from Walls. The gentleman is called Colonel Newburgh. I think you mentioned him to me ſome time ago. He has buſineſs in the Houſe of Lords. I will do him what ſervice I can. The repreſentation of the Houſe of Commons is printed; I have not ſeen it yet; it is plaguy ſevere, they ſay. I dined with Dr. Arbuthnot, and had a true lenten dinner, not in point of victuals, but ſpleen; for his wife and a child or two were ſick in the houſe, and that was full as mortifying as fiſh. We have had mighty fine cold froſty weather for ſome days paſt. I hope you take the advan-

advantage of it, and walk now and then. You never anſwer that part of my letters, where I deſire you to walk. I muſt keep my breath to cool my lenten porridge.

6th, I hear Mr. Prior has ſuffered by Stratford's breaking. I was yeſterday to ſee Prior, who is not well, and I thought he looked melancholy. He can ill afford to loſe money. I walked before dinner in the Mall a good while with Lord Arran and Lord Dupplin, two of my brothers, and then we went to dinner, where the Duke of Beaufort was our preſident. We were but eleven to-day.

We are now in all nine Lords and ten Commoners. The Duke of Beaufort had the confidence to propoſe his brother-in-law, the Earl of Danby, to be a Member; but I oppoſed it ſo warmly, that it was waved. Danby is not above twenty, and we will have no more boys, and we want but two to make up our number. I ſtayed till eight, and then we all went away ſoberly. The Duke of Ormond's treat laſt week coſt 20l. though it was only four diſhes, and four without a deſert; and I beſpoke it in order to be cheap, yet I could not prevail to change the houſe. Lord Maſham made me go home with him to eat boiled oyſters. Take oyſters, waſh them clean; that is, waſh their ſhells clean; then put your oyſters into an earthen pot, with their hollow ſides down, then put this pot covered into a great kettle with water, and ſo let them boil. Your oyſters are boild thus in their own liquor, and not mixed with water. Lord Treaſurer was not with us; he was very ill to-day with a ſwimming

ming in the head, and is gone home to be cupped, and ſent to deſire Lady Maſham to excuſe him to the Queen.

7th, I was to-day at the Houſe of Lords about a friend's bill. Then I croſs'd the water at Weſtminſter ſtairs to Southwark, went through St. George's Fields to the Mint, which is the dominion of the King's Bench priſon, where Stratford lodges in a blind alley, and writ to me to come to him; but he was gone to the Change. I thought he had ſomething to ſay to me about his own affairs. I found him at his uſual coffee-houſe, and went to his old lodgings, and dined with him and his wife, and other company. His buſineſs was only to deſire I would intercede with the miniſtry about his brother-in-law, Benjamin Burton, of Dublin, the banker, who is likely to come into trouble, as we hear, about ſpreading falſe whiggiſh news. Mrs. Stratford tells me her huſband's creditors have conſented to give him liberty to get up his debts abroad; and ſhe hopes he will pay them all. He was chearfuller than I have ſeen him this great while. I have walked much to-day.

8th, This day twelve months Mr. Harley was ſtabbed. He is ill, and takes phyſic to-day, I hear, ('tis now morning) and cannot have the cabinet council with him, as he intended, nor me to ſay grace. I am going to ſee him. Pray read the repreſentation; it is the fineſt that ever was writ. Some of it is Pdfr's ſtile; but not very much. This is the day of the Queen's acceſſion to the Crown, ſo that it is a great day. I am going to Court, and will

will dine with Lord Maſham; but I muſt go this moment to the Secretary, about ſome buſineſs; ſo I will ſeal up this, and put it in the poſt. Farewel, deareſt hearts and ſouls, MD.

LETTER LX.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. JOHNSON.

London, March 8, 1711-12.

I Carried my forty-ſecond letter in my pocket till evening, and then put it in the General Poſt. I went in the morning to ſee Lord Treaſurer, who had taken phyſic, and was drinking his broth. I had been with the Secretary before, to recommend a friend, one Dr. Friend, to be phyſician-general; and the Secretary promiſed to mention it to the Queen. I can ſerve every body but myſelf. Then I went to Court, and carried Lord Keeper and the Secretary to dine with Lord Maſham, when we drank the Queen and Lord Treaſurer with every health, becauſe this was the day of his ſtabbing. Then I went and played at picquet with Lady Maſham and Mrs. Hill; won ten ſhillings, gave a crown to the box, and came home. Did I tell you of a race of rakes, called the Mohocks, that play the devil about this town every night, ſlit people's noſes, and beat them?

9th, I was at Court to-day, and nobody invited me to dinner, except one or two, whom I did not care to dine with; ſo I dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh. Young Davenant was telling us at Court, how

how he was ſet upon by the Mohocks, and how they ran his chair through with a ſword. It is not ſafe being in the ſtreets at night. The Biſhop of Saliſbury's ſon * is ſaid to be of the gang. They are all Whigs. A great Lady ſent to me, to ſpeak to her father, and to Lord Treaſurer, to have a care of them, and to be careful likewiſe of myſelf; for ſhe heard they had malicious intentions againſt the Miniſters, and their friends. I know not whether there be any thing in this, though others are of the ſame opinion. The weather ſtill continues very fine and froſty. I walked in the Park this evening, and came home early, to avoid the Mohocks. Lord Treaſurer is better.

10th, I went this morning again to Lord Treaſurer, who is quite recovered; and I ſtayed till he went out. I dined with a friend in the city, about a little buſineſs of printing; but not my own. You muſt buy a ſmall two-penny pamphlet, called, *Law is a bottomleſs Pit* †. It is very prettily written, and there will be a ſecond part. The Commons are very ſlow in bringing in their bill to limit the preſs, and the pamphleteers make good uſe of their time; for there come out three or four every day.

11th, Lord Treaſurer has lent the long letter I writ him to Prior ‡; and I can't get Prior to return it. I want to have it printed, and to make up this

* 'Thomas, then at the Temple, afterwards Conſul at Liſbon, and at laſt one of the Juſtices of the Common-Pleas.'

† Or, 'The hiſtory of John Bull,' written by Dr. Arbuthnot, but printed with Swift's works.

‡ Concerning the Engliſh Language.

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academy for the improvement of our language. I dined privately with my friend Lewis, and then went to ſee Ned Southwell, and talked with him about Walls's buſineſs, and Mrs. South's. The latter will be done; but his own not. Southwell tells me, that it muſt be laid before Lord Treaſurer, and the nature of it explained, and a great deal of clutter, which is not worth the while; and may be, Lord Treaſurer won't do it at laſt; and it is, as Walls ſays himſelf, not above forty ſhillings a year difference.

12th, There is the devil and all to do with theſe Mohocks. Grub-ſtreet papers about them fly like lightning, and a liſt printed of near eighty put into ſeveral priſons, and all a lie; and I begin almoſt to think there is no truth, or very little, in the whole ſtory. He that abuſed Davenant, was a drunken gentleman; none of that gang. My man tells me, that one of the lodgers heard in a coffee-houſe, publickly, that one deſign of the Mohocks was upon me, if they could catch me; and though I believe nothing of it, I forbear walking late, and they have put me to the charge of ſome ſhillings already. I dined to-day with Lord Treaſurer, and two gentlemen of the Highlands of Scotland; yet very polite men. I ſat there till nine, and then went to Lord Maſham's, where Lord Treaſurer followed me, and we ſat till twelve; and I came home in a chair, for fear of the Mohocks; and I have given him warning of it too. Little Harriſon, whom I ſent to Holland, is now actually made Queen's Secretary at

the Hague. It will be in the Gazette to-morrow. It is worth one thouſand two hundred pounds a year.

Here is a young fellow, who has writ ſome ſea-eclogues, poems of mermen, reſembling paſtorals of ſhepherds, and they are very pretty. The thought is new; mermen are he-mermaids, tritons, natives of the ſea. Do you underſtand me? I think to recommend him to our ſociety to-morrow. His name is Diaper, p—on him; I muſt do ſomething for him, and get him out of the way. I hate to have any new wits riſe; but, when they do riſe, I would encourage them: they tread on our heels, and thruſt us off the ſtage.

13th, You would laugh to ſee our printer conſtantly attending our ſociety after dinner, and bringing us whatever new thing he has printed, which he ſeldom fails to do. Lord Lanſdown, one of our ſociety, was offended at a paſſage in this day's Examiner, which, he thinks, reflects on him, as I believe it does, though in a mighty civil way. It is only that his underlings cheat; but that he is a very fine gentleman every way, *&c.* Lord Orrery was Preſident to-day; but both our Dukes were abſent. Brother Wyndham recommended Diaper to the ſociety. I believe we ſhall make a contribution among ourſelves, which I don't like. Lord Treaſurer has yet done nothing for us; but we ſhall try him ſoon. The company parted early; but Friend, and Prior, and I, ſat a while longer, and reformed the ſtate, and found fault with the Miniſtry. Prior hates his commiſſion of the Cuſtoms, becauſe it ſpoils his wit.

wit. He ſays he dreams of nothing but cockets, and dockets, and drawbacks, and other jargon, words of the Cuſtom-houſe. Our good weather went away yeſterday, and the nights are now dark, and I came home before ten.

14th, I have been plagued this morning with ſolicitors, and with no-body more than my brother, Dr. Friend, who muſt needs have me get old Dr. Lawrence, the phyſician-general, turned out, and himſelf in. He has argued with me ſo long upon the reaſonableneſs of it, that I am fully convinced it is very unreaſonable; and ſo I would tell the Secretary, if I had not already made him ſpeak to the Queen. Beſides, I know not but my friend, Dr. Arbuthnot, would be content to have it himſelf, and I love him ten times better than Friend. What's all this to you? but I muſt talk of things as they happen in the day, whether you know any thing of them or not. I dined in the city, and, coming back, one parſon Richardſon, of Ireland, overtook me. He was here laſt ſummer, upon a project of converting the Iriſh, and printing bibles, *&c.* in that language, and is now returned to purſue it. He tells me, Dr. Coghill came laſt night to town. I will ſend to ſee how he does to-morrow.

15th, I had intended to be early with the Secretary this morning, when my man admitted up-ſtairs one Mr. Newcomb, an Officer, who brought me a letter from the Biſhop of Clogher, with four lines added by Mrs. Aſhe, all about that Newcomb. I think, indeed, his caſe is hard; but God knows whether I ſhall be able to do him any ſervice. Peo-

ple will not underſtand: I am a very good ſecond, but I care not to begin a recommendation, unleſs it be for an intimate friend. However, I will do what I can. I miſſed the Secretary, and then walked to Chelſea, to dine with the Dean of Chriſt-church *, who was engaged to Lord Orrery, with ſome other Chriſt-church men. He made me go with him, whether I would or not; for they have, this long time, admitted me a Chriſt-church man. Lord Orrery, generally every winter, gives his old acquaintance of that college a dinner. There were nine clergymen at table, and four laymen. The Dean and I ſoon left them; and after a viſit or two, I went to Lord Maſham's; and Lord Treaſurer, Arbuthnot, and I, ſat till twelve. I came home afoot, but had my man with me. Lord Treaſurer adviſed me not to go in a chair, becauſe the Mohocks, inſult chairs more than they do thoſe on foot. They think there is ſome miſchievous deſign in thoſe villains. Several of them, Lord Treaſurer told me, are actually taken up. I heard, at dinner, that one of them was killed laſt night. We ſhall know more in a little time.

16th, This morning, at the Secretary's, I met General Roſs, and recommended Newcomb's caſe to him, who promiſes to join me in working up the Duke of Ormond to do ſomething for him. Lord Winchelſea told me to day at Court, that two of the Mohocks caught a maid of old Lady Winchelſea's, at the door of their houſe in the Park, with a candle, as ſhe had juſt lighted out ſomebody. They

* Dr. Francis Atterbury.

cut

cut her face, and beat her without any provocation. I hear my friend Lewis has got a Mohock in one of the meſſenger's hands. The Queen was at church to-day, but was carried in an open chair. She has got an ugly cough, as Arbuthnot, her phyſician, ſays. I dined with Crow, late Governor of Barbadoes, an acquaintance of Sterne's. After dinner, I aſked him, whether he had heard of Sterne? Here he is, ſaid he, at the door in a coach; and in came Sterne. He has been here this week. He is buying a Captainſhip, in his couſin Sterne's regiment. He told me, he left Jemmy Leigh playing at cards with you. He is to give 800 guineas for his commiſſion.

17th, Dr. Sacheverel came this morning, to give me thanks for getting his brother an employment. It was but ſix or ſeven weeks ſince I ſpoke to Lord Treaſurer for him. Sacheverel brought Trap along with him. We dined together at my printer's, and I ſat with them till ſeven. I little thought, and I believe ſo did he, that ever I ſhould be his ſolicitor to the preſent Miniſtry, when I left Ireland. This is the ſeventh I have now provided for ſince I came, and can do nothing for myſelf. I don't care; I ſhall have miniſtries and other people, obliged to me. Trap is a coxcomb, and the other is not very deep; and their judgment in things of wit and ſenſe, is miraculous. The ſecond part of *Law is a bottomleſs Pit* is juſt now printed, and better, I think, than the firſt.

18th, There is a proclamation out againſt the Mohocks. One of thoſe that are taken, is a Baronet. I dined with poor Mrs. Weſley, who is re-

turning to the Bath. I walked this evening in the Park, and met Prior, who made me go home with him, where I ſtayed till paſt twelve, and could not get a coach, and was alone, and was afraid enough of the Mohocks. I will do ſo no more, though I got home ſafe. Prior and I were talking diſcontentedly of ſome managements, that no more people are turned out, which gets Lord Treaſurer many enemies; but whether the fault be in him, or the Queen, I know not; I doubt, in both. I wiſh you good luck at ombre with the Dean.

19th, Newcomb came to me this morning, and I went to the Duke of Ormond to ſpeak for him; but the Duke was juſt going out to take the oaths for General. The Duke of Shrewſbury is to be Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. I walked with Domville and Ford to Kenſington, where we dined, and it coſt me above a crown. I don't like it, as my man ſaid. It was very windy walking. The gardens there are mighty fine. I paſſed the evening at Lord Maſham's, with Lord Treaſurer, and Arbuthnot, as uſual, and we ſtayed till paſt one; but I had my man to come with me, and at home I found three letters; one from one Fetherſton, a parſon, with a poſtſcript of Tiſdall's to recommend him. And Fetherſton, whom I never ſaw, has been ſo kind as to give me a letter of attorney, to recover a debt for him: another from Lord Abercorn, to get him the dukedom of Chatellaraut from the King of France; in which I will do what I can, for his pretenſions are very juſt: the third I warrant from our MD. It is a great air this, of getting a dukedom

from the King of France; but it is only to ſpeak to the Secretary, and get the Duke of Ormond to engage in it, and mention the caſe to Lord Treaſurer, *&c.* and this I ſhall do.

20th, I was with the Duke of Ormond this morning, about Lord Abercorn, Dr. Friend, and Newcomb. Some will do, and ſome will not do. The Duke of Shrewſbury is certainly to be your Governor. I will go in a day or two, and give the Ducheſs joy, and recommend the Archbiſhop of Dublin to her. I writ to the Archbiſhop, ſome months ago, that it would be ſo; and told him I would ſpeak a good word for him to the Ducheſs; and he ſays he has a great reſpect for her, *&c.* I made our ſociety change their houſe, and we met together at the Star and Garter in the Pall-mall. Lord Arran was preſident. The other dog was ſo extravagant in his bills, that for four diſhes, and four, firſt and ſecond courſe, without wine or deſert, he charged twenty-one pounds, ſix ſhillings, and eight-pence, to the Duke of Ormond. We deſign, when all have been preſidents this turn, to turn it into a reckoning of ſo much a head; but we ſhall break up when the ſeſſion ends.

21ſt, I am not Dean of Wells, nor know any thing of being ſo; nor is there any thing in the ſtory; and that's enough. It was not Roper ſent that news: Roper is my humble ſlave. I will bring over all the little papers I can think on. I thought I ſent you, by Leigh, all that were good at that time. The author of the Sea Eclogues ſent books to the ſociety yeſterday, and we gave him guineas

a-piece; and may be, will do farther for him. So the Biſhop of Clogher, and lady, were your gueſts for a night or two. Why Ppt. you are grown a great gameſter and company keeper. I did ſay to myſelf, when I read thoſe names, juſt what you gueſs; and you clear up the matter wonderfully. You may converſe with thoſe two nymphs if you pleaſe, but —— take me if ever I do. Yes, faith, it is delightful to hear that Ppt is every way Ppt now, in health and looks and all. Pray God keep her ſo, many, many, many years. The ſeſſion, I doubt, will not be over till the end of April; however, I ſhall not wait for it, if the miniſtry will let me go ſooner. I wiſh I were juſt now in my little garden at Laracor. I would ſet out for Dublin, and bring you an account of my young trees. I will do what you deſire me for Tiſdall, when I next ſee Lord Angleſea.

LETTER LXI.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. DINGLEY.

London, March 26, 1711-12.

UGLY, naſty weather. I dined with a friend, and went to ſee Lord Treaſurer; but he had people with him I did not know: ſo I went to Lady Maſham, and loſt a crown with her at picquet, and then ſat with Lord Maſham and Lord Treaſurer, *&c.* till paſt one; but I had my man with me, to come home. Our Mohocks are all vaniſhed; however, I ſhall take care of my perſon.

23d, I was this morning, before church, with the Secretary, about Lord Abercorn's buſineſs, and ſome

ome others. My ſoliciting ſeaſon is come, and will laſt as long as the ſeſſion. I went late to court, and the company was almoſt gone. The court ſerves me for a coffee-houſe; once a week I meet an acquaintance there, that I ſhould not otherwiſe ee in a quarter. There is a flying report, that he French have offered a ceſſation of arms, and to give us Dunkirk, and the Dutch Namure, for ſecurity, till the peace is made. The Duke of Ormond, they ſay, goes in a week. Abundance of his equipage is already gone. His friends are afraid the expence of this employment will ruin him, ſince he muſt loſe the government of Ireland. I dined privately with a friend, and refuſed all dinners offered me at court; which, however, were but two, and I did not like either. Did I tell you of a ſcoundrel about the court, that ſells employments to ignorant people, and cheats them of their money? He lately made a bargain for the Vice-chamberlain's place, for ſeven thouſand pounds, and had received ſome guineas earneſt; but the whole thing was diſcovered the other day, and examinations taken of it by Lord Dartmouth, and I hope he will be ſwinged. The Vice-chamberlain told me ſeveral particulars of it laſt night at Lord Maſham's.

24th, This morning I recommended Newcomb again to the Duke of Ormond, and left Dick Stewart to do it farther. Then I went to viſit the Ducheſs of Hamilton, who was not awake. So I went to the Ducheſs of Shrewſbury, and ſat an hour at her toilet. I talked to her about the Duke's being Lord Lieutenant. She ſaid ſhe knew nothing of it; but

I raillied

I raillied her out of that, and ſhe reſolves not to ſtay behind the Duke. I intend to recommend the Biſhop of Clogher to her for an acquaintance. He will like her very well: ſhe is, indeed, a moſt agreeable woman, and a great favourite of mine. I know not whether the ladies in Ireland will like her. I was at the Court of Requeſts, to get ſome Lords to be at a committee to-morrow, about a friend's bill: and then the Duke of Beaufort gave me a poem, finely bound in folio, printed at Stamford, and writ by a country 'ſquire. Lord Exeter deſired the Duke to give it the Queen, becauſe the author is his friend; but the Duke deſired I would let him know whether it was good for any thing. I brought it home, and will return it to-morrow, as the dulleſt thing I ever read; and adviſe the Duke not to preſent it. I dined with Domville at his lodgings, by invitation. He goes in a few days for Ireland.

25th, There is a mighty feaſt at a tory Sheriff's to-day in the city; twelve hundred diſhes of meat. About five Lords, and ſeveral hundred Gentlemen, will be there, and give four or five guineas a-piece, according to cuſtom. Dr. Coghill and I dined, by invitation, at Mrs. Van's. It has rained or mizzled all day, as my pockets feel. There are two new anſwers come out to The Conduct of the Allies. The laſt year's Examiners, printed together in a ſmall volume, go off but ſlowly. The printer over-printed himſelf by at leaſt a thouſand; ſo ſoon out of faſhion are party-papers, however ſo well writ. The Medleys are coming out in the ſame volume, and perhaps may ſell better. Our news about a ceſſation of arms begin

egins to flag, and I have not theſe three days ſeen ıy body in buſineſs to aſk them about it. We had terrible fire laſt night in Drury-Lane, or thereaouts, and three or four people deſtroyed. One of ıe maids of honour has the ſmall pox; but the eſt is, ſhe can loſe no beauty; and we have one new ıandſome maid of honour.

26th, I forgot to tell you, that on Sunday laſt, bout ſeven at night, it lightned about fifty times s I walked the Mall, which I think is extraordinary t this time of the year, and the weather was very ot. Had you any thing of this in Dublin? I inended to dine with Lord Treaſurer to-day; but ord Manſel and Mr. Lewis made me dine with em at Kit Muſgrave's. Now you don't know who Kit Muſgrave is. The news of the French deſiring ceſſation of arms, &c. was but town-talk. We hall know in a few days, as I am told, whether here will be a peace or not. The Duke of Ormond vill go in a week for Flanders, they ſay. Our Mohocks go on ſtill, and cut people's faces every night; ut they ſhan't cut mine. I like it better as it is. The dogs will coſt me at leaſt a crown a week in hairs. I believe the ſouls of your houghers of cattle have got into them, and now they don't diſtinguiſh between a cow and a Chriſtian. I forgot to viſh you yeſterday a happy new year. You know he twenty-fifth of March is the firſt day of the ear, and now you muſt leave off cards, and put out our fire. I'll put out mine the firſt of April, cold r not cold. I believe I ſhall loſe credit with you, y not coming over at the beginning of April; but I hoped

quicklets upon the flat in the garden do not g
well as thoſe famous ones on the ditch. The
digging about them. The cherry-trees, by the
ſide, my heart is ſet upon.

27th, Society-day, you know: I ſuppoſe D
buthnot was preſident. His dinner was dreſ
the Queen's kitchen, and was mighty fine. V
it at Ozinda's chocolate-houſe, juſt by St. Ja
We were never merrier, nor better company
did not part till after eleven. I did not ſun
Lord Lanſdown: he and I are fallen out.
was ſomething in an Examiner a fortnight ag
he thought, reflected on the abuſes in his offic
is Secretary at War) and he writ to the Secr
that he heard I had inſerted that paragraph.
reſented highly, that he ſhould complain of n
fore he ſpoke to me. I ſent him a peppering
and would not ſummon him by a note, as I d
reſt; nor ever will have any thing to ſay to hir
he begs my pardon. I met Lord Treaſurer t
at Lady Maſham's. He would fain have carri
home to dinner, but I begged his pardon. W
upon a ſociety day! No, no.

28th, I was with my friend Lewis to-day,
ting materials for a little miſchief; and I dined
Lord Treaſurer, and three or four fellows I
ſaw before. I left them at ſeven, and came h
and have been writing to the Archbiſhop of Du
and couſin Deane, in anſwer to one of his of

m

months ſtanding, that I ſpied by chance among my papers. Domville is going to Ireland; he came here this morning to take leave of me, but I ſhall dine with him to-morrow. Does the Biſhop of Clogher talk of coming for England this ſummer? I think Lord Moleſworth told me ſo about two months ago. The weather is bad again; rainy and very cold this evening. Do you know what the longitude is? A projector has been applying himſelf to me, to recommend him to the Miniſtry, becauſe he pretends to have found out the longitude. However, I will gravely hear what he ſays, and diſcover him a knave or a fool.

29th, I am plagued with a pain in my ſhoulder; I believe it is rheumatic; I will do ſomething for it to-night. Mr. Lewis and I dined with Mr. Domville, to take our leave of him. I drank three or four glaſſes of champaign by perfect teaſing, tho' it is bad for my pain; but if it continues, I will not drink any wine without water till I am well. The weather is abominably cold and wet. I have put flannel to my ſhoulder, and rubbed it with Hungary water. It is hard. I never would drink any wine, if it were not for my head, and drinking has given me this pain. I will try abſtemiouſneſs for a while. You muſt know I hate pain, as the old woman ſaid. My fleſh ſucks up Hungary water rarely. My man is an aukward raſcal, and makes me peeviſh. Do you know, that the other day he was forced to beg my pardon, that he could not ſhave my head, his hand ſhook ſo? He is drunk every day, and I deſign to turn him off as ſoon as ever I get to Ireland.

30th,

30th, I was not able to go to church or court to-day. The pain has left my ſhoulder, and crept to my neck and collar-bone. Dogs gnawing. I went in a chair at two, and dined with Mrs. Van, where I could be eaſy, and came back at ſeven. It has rained terribly hard all day long, and is extremely cold. I am very uneaſy, and have cruel twinges every moment.

31ſt, April 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8. All theſe days I have been extremely ill; though I twice crawled out a week ago, though very weak. The pain increaſes, with mighty violence in my left ſhoulder and collar-bone, and that ſide my neck. On Thurſday morning appeared great red ſpots in all thoſe places where my pain was, which was ſo violent, that I had not a minute's eaſe, nor hardly a minute's ſleep in three days and nights. The ſpots encreaſed every day, and red little pimples, which are now grown white, and full of coruption, though ſmall. The red ſtill continues too, and moſt prodigious hot and inflamed. The diſeaſe is the ſhingles. I eat nothing but water-gruel; am very weak; but out of all violent pain. The doctors ſay it would have ended in ſome violent diſeaſe, if it had not come out thus. I ſhall now recover faſt. I have been in no danger of life, but miſerable torture. So adieu. The next letter will not be in the old order of journal, till I have done with phyſic. Are you not ſurpriſed to ſee a letter want half a ſide?

LETTER

LETTER LXII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. JOHNSON.

London, April 24, 1712.

I HAD yours two or three days ago. I can hardly anſwer it now. Since my laſt I have been extremely ill. 'Tis this day juſt a month ſince I felt the pain on the tip of my left ſhoulder. Where my pain was, a cruel itching ſeized me, beyond whatever I could imagine, and kept me awake ſeveral nights. I rubbed it vehemently, but did not ſcratch it; then it grew into three or four great ſores like bliſters, and run; at laſt I adviſed the doctor to uſe it like a bliſter, ſo I did with melilot plaiſters, which ſtill run; and I am now in pain enough, but am daily mending. I kept my chamber a fortnight, then went out a day or two, but confined myſelf two days ago. I went to a neighbour to dine, but yeſterday again kept at home. To-day I will venture abroad, and hope to be well in a week or ten days. I never ſuffered ſo much in my life. I will go and try to walk a little. Farewel.

LETTER LXIII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. DINGLEY.

London, May 10, 1712.

I HAVE not yet eaſe or humour enough to go on in my journal method, though I have left my chamber theſe ten days. A journal, while I was ſick,

ſick, would have been a noble thing, made up of pain and phyſic, viſits, and meſſages; the two laſt were almoſt as troubleſome as the two firſt. One good circumſtance is, that I am grown much leaner. In anſwer to your good opinion of my diſeaſe, the doctors ſaid they never ſaw any thing ſo odd of the kind; they were not properly ſhingles, but *herpes miliaris*, and twenty other hard names. I can never be ſick like other people, but always ſomething out of the common way; and as for your notion of its coming without pain, it neither came, nor ſtayed, nor went, without pain, and the moſt pain I ever bore in my life. It is not a ſign of health, but a ſign, that if it had not come out, ſome terrible fit of ſickneſs would have followed. I was at our ſociety laſt Thurſday, to receive a new member, the Chancellor of the Exchequer; but I drink nothing above wine and water. We ſhall have a peace ſoon, I hope, or at leaſt intirely broke; but I believe the firſt. My letter to Lord Treaſurer, about the Engliſh tongue, is now printing; and I ſuffer my name to be put at the end of it, which I never did before in my life. The appendix to the third part of John Bull was publiſhed yeſterday; it is equal to the reſt. I hope you read John Bull. It was a Scotch gentleman, a friend of mine, that writ it; but they put it upon me. The Parliament will hardly be up till June. We were like to be undone ſome days ago with a tack*; but we carried it bravely, and

* A tack is a bill tacked to a money bill, that as both muſt be paſſed or rejected together, the tacked bill may paſs, becauſe the money bill muſt.

the

ıe Whigs came in to help us. Poor Lady Maſham, am afraid, will loſe her only ſon, about a twelve-ıonth old, with the King's evil. I never would :t Mrs. Fenton ſee me during my illneſs, though ıe often came; but ſhe has been once ſince I re-›vered. Bernage has been twice to ſee me of late. lis regiment will be broke, and he only upon half-ay; ſo perhaps he thinks he will want me again. have been returning the viſits of thoſe, that ſent ow do you in my ſickneſs; particularly the Ducheſs f Hamilton, who came and ſat with me two hours. make bargains with all people that I dine with, to :t me ſcrub my back againſt a chair; and the)ucheſs of Ormond was forced to bear it the other ay. Many of my friends are gone to Kenſington, here the Queen has been removed for ſome time. 'his is a long letter for a ſick body. I will begin ıe next in the journal way, though my journals will e ſorry ones. My left-hand is very weak, and 'embles; but my right ſide has not been touched. 'his is a pitiful letter for want of a better; but lagued with a tetter my fancy does fetter. Ah! ıy poor willows and quickſets! Well, but you muſt :ad John Bull: do you underſtand it at all? Farewel.

LETTER LXIV.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. DINGLEY.

London, May 31, 1712.

I CANNOT yet arrive to my journal letters, my pains continuing ſtill, though with leſs vio-:nce; but I don't love to write journals while I

am in pain. But however, I am ſo much mended, that I intend my next ſhall be in the old way; and yet I ſhall, perhaps, break my reſolution when I feel pain. I believe I have loſt credit with you, in relation to my coming over; but I proteſt it is impoſſible for one, who has any thing to do with this miniſtry, to be certain when he fixes any time. There is a buſineſs, which, till it take ſome turn or other, I cannot leave this place in prudence or honour. And I never wiſhed ſo much as now, that I had ſtayed in Ireland; but the die is caſt, and is now a ſpinning, and till it ſettles, I cannot tell whether it be an ace or a ſiſe. The moment I am uſed ill, I will leave them; but know not how to do it while things are in ſuſpence. The ſeſſions will ſoon be over (I believe in a fortnight) and the peace, we hope, will be made in a ſhort time; and there will be no farther occaſion for me; nor have I any thing to truſt to but court gratitude; ſo that I expect to ſee my willows a month after the Parliament is up. Have you ſeen my letter to Lord Treaſurer? There are two anſwers come out to it already; though it is no politics, but a harmleſs propoſal about the improvement of the Engliſh tongue. I believe if I writ an eſſay upon a ſtraw, ſome fool would anſwer it. I am juſt now thinking to go lodge at Kenſington, for the air. Lady Maſham has teaſed me to do it, but buſineſs has hindered me; but now Lord Treaſurer has removed thither. Fifteen of our ſociety dined together under a canopy in an arbour at Parſon's-Green laſt Thurſday; I never ſaw any thing ſo fine and romantic.

me all his cherries blaſted. Farewel. Night, deareſt ſirrahs; farewel, deareſt lives, love poor Pdfr. Farewel, deareſt little MD.

LETTER LXV.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. DINGLEY.

Kenſington, June 17, 1712.

I HAVE lodged here near a fortnight, partly for the air and exerciſe, partly to be near the court, where dinners are to be found. I generally get a lift in a coach to town, and in the evening I walk back. On Saturday I dined with the Ducheſs of Ormond, at her lodge near Sheen, and thought to get a boat as uſual. I walked by the bank to Kew, but no boat; then to Mortlake, but no boat; and it was nine o'clock. At laſt a little ſculler called, full of naſty people. I made him ſet me down at Hammerſmith, ſo walked two miles to this place, and got here by eleven. Laſt night I had another ſuch difficulty. I was in the city till paſt ten at night; it rained hard, but no coach to be had. It gave over a little, and I walked all the way here, and got home by twelve. I love theſe ſhabby difficulties when they are over; but I hate them, becauſe they ariſe from not having a thouſand pounds a year. I had yours about three days ago, which I will now anſwer. And firſt, I did not relapſe, but I came out before I ought. The firſt going abroad made people think I was quite recovered, and I had no more meſſages afterwards. Well, but John Bull is not

wrote by the perſon you imagine. It is too
d for another to own. Had it been Grub-ſtreet,
ould have let people think as they pleaſe; and I
ık that's right: is it now? ſo flap your hand
make wry mouths yourſelf, ſaucy doxy. Now
ıes DD. Why ſirrahs, I did write in a fortnight
47th; and if it did not come in due time, can
elp wind and weather? am I a Laplander? am
witch? can I work miracles? can I make eaſterly
ıds? I am againſt Dr. Smith. I drink little
er with my wine, yet I believe he is right. Dr.
:kburn told me a little wine would not hurt
; but it is hot and dry, and water is dangerous.
e worſt thing here is my evenings at Lord
ſham's, where Lord Treaſurer comes, and we ſit
after twelve. But it is convenient I ſhould be
ong them for a while as much as poſſible. I
d not tell you why. But I hope that will be
n end in a month or two, one way or other, and
n reſolved it ſhall; but I can't go to Tunbridge,
ıny where elſe out of the way, in this juncture.
ggins is here, roaring that all is wrong in Ire-
l, and would have me get him an audience of
'd Treaſurer to tell him ſo; but I will have no-
ıg to do in it, no not I. We have had no thun-
till laſt night, and till then we were dead for
ıt of rain; but there fell a great deal: no field
ced green. I reckon the Queen will go to
ndſor in three or four weeks; and if the Secre-
r takes a houſe there, I ſhall be ſometimes with
ı. But how affectedly Ppt talks of my being
e all the ſummer; which I do not intend; nor

to ſtay one minute longer in England than becomes the circumſtances I am in. I heard ſomebody coming up ſtairs, and forgot I was in the country. I was afraid of a viſiter; that is one advantage of being here, that I am not teaſed with ſolicitors. Moult the chymiſt is my acquaintance. I ſent the queſtion to him about Sir Walter Raleigh's cordial, and the anſwer he returned is in theſe words; "my ſervice to Dr. Smith; it is directly after Mr. Boyle's receipt." That commiſſion is performed; if he wants any of it, Moult ſhall uſe him fairly. I ſuppoſe Smith is one of your phyſicians. So, now your letter is fully and impartially anſwered; not as raſcals anſwer me: I believe if I writ an eſſay upon a ſtraw, I ſhould have a ſhoal of anſwerers: but no matter for that. You ſee I can anſwer without making any reflections, as becomes men of learning. Well, but now for the peace: why we expect it daily; but the French have the ſtaff in their own hands, and we truſt to their honeſty. I wiſh it were otherwiſe. Things are now in the way of being ſoon in the extremes of well or ill. I hope and believe the firſt. Lord Wharton is gone out of town in a rage, and curſes himſelf and friends for ruining themſelves in defending Lord Marlborough and Godolphin, and taking Nottingham into their favour. He ſwears he will meddle no more during this reign; a pretty ſpeech at ſixty-ſix, and the Queen is near twenty years younger, and now in very good health; for you muſt know her health is fixed by a certain reaſon, that ſhe has done with braces (I muſt uſe the expreſ-

expreſſion) and nothing ill has happened to her ſince; ſo ſhe has a new leaſe of her life. Read *The Letter to a Whig Lord.* Farewel.

LETTER LXVI.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. DINGLEY.

Kenſington, July 1, 1712.

I NEVER was in a worſe ſtation for writing letters, than this; for I go to town early; and when I come home at night, I generally go to Lord Maſham's, where Lord Treaſurer comes, and we ſtay till paſt twelve; but I am now reſolved to write journals again, though my ſhoulder is not yet well. It is now high cherry-time with us; take notice. Is it ſo ſoon with you? And we have early apricots; and gooſeberries are ripe. On Sunday Archdeacon Parnel came here to ſee me. It ſeems he has been ill for grief of his wife's death, and has been two months at Bath. He has a mind to go to Dunkirk with Jack Hill, and I perſuade him to it, and have ſpoke to Hill to receive him; but I doubt he won't have ſpirit to go. I have made Ford * Gazetteer, and got two hundred pounds a year ſettled on the employment, by the Secretaries of State, beſide the perquiſites. It is the prettieſt employment in England of its bigneſs; yet the puppy does not ſeem ſatisfied with it. I think people keep ſome follies to themſelves, till they have occaſion to produce them. He thinks it

* Charles Ford, Eſq; ſeveral of whoſe letters are in this collection.

not genteel enough, and makes twenty difficulties. It is impoſſible to make any man eaſy. His ſalary is paid him every week, if he pleaſes, without taxes or abatements. He has little to do for it. He has a pretty office, with coals, candles, papers, *&c.* can frank what letters he will; and his perquiſites, if he takes care, may be worth one hundred pounds more. I hear the Biſhop of Clogher is landing, or landed, in England; and I hope to ſee him in a few days. I was to ſee Mrs. Bradley on Sunday night. Her youngeſt ſon is to marry ſomebody worth nothing, and her daughter was forced to leave Lady Giffard, becauſe ſhe was ſtriking up an intrigue with a footman, who played well on the flute. This is the mother's account of it. Yeſterday the old Biſhop of Worceſter *, who pretends to be a prophet, went to the Queen, by appointment, to prove to her Majeſty, out of Daniel and the Revelations, that four years hence there would be a war of religion; that the King of France would be a Proteſtant, and fight on their ſide; that the popedom would be deſtroyed, *&c.* And declared, that he would be content to give up his Biſhopric, if it were not true. Lord Treaſurer, who told it me, was by, and ſome others; and I am told Lord Treaſurer confounded him ſadly in his own learning, which made the old fool very quarrelſome. He is near ninety years old. Have you ſeen Toland's invitation to *Diſmal*†? How do you like it? But it is an imitation of Ho-

* 'Dr. William Lloyd.'

† The Earl of Nottingham.

race,

race, and perhaps you do not underſtand Horace. Here has been a great ſweep of employments, and we expect ſtill more removals. The court ſeems reſolved to make thorough work. Mr. Hill intended to ſet out to-morrow for Dunkirk, of which he is appointed Governor; but he tells me to-day, he cannot go till Thurſday or Friday. I wiſh it were over. Mr. Secretary tells me, he is in no fear at all, that France will play tricks with us. If we have Dunkirk once, all is ſafe. We rail now all againſt the Dutch, who indeed have acted like knaves, fools, and madmen. Mr. Secretary is ſoon to be made a Viſcount. He deſired I would draw the preamble of his patent; but I excuſed myſelf from a work, that might loſe me a great deal of reputation, and get me very little. We would fain have the court make him an Earl, but it will not be; and therefore he will not take the title of Bolingbroke, which is lately extinct in the elder branch of his family. I have adviſed him to be called Lord Pomfret; but he thinks that title is already in ſome other family; and, beſides, he objects that it is in Yorkſhire, where he has no eſtate; but there is nothing in that, and I love Pomfret. Don't you love Pomfret? Why? 'Tis in all our hiſtories; they are full of Pomfret-caſtle. Steele was arreſted the other day for making a lottery, directly againſt an act of Parliament. He is now under proſecution; but they think it will be dropped out of pity. I believe he will very ſoon loſe his employment, for he has been mighty impertinent of late in his Spectators; and I will never offer a word in his behalf.

Raymond

Raymond writes me word, that the Biſhop of Meath was going to ſummon me, in order to ſuſpenſion, for abſence, if the Provoſt had not prevented him. I am prettily rewarded for getting them their firſt-fruits. We have had very little hot weather during the whole month of June; and for a week paſt, we have had a great deal of rain, though not every day. I am juſt now told, that the Governor of Dunkirk has not orders yet to deliver up the town to Jack Hill and his forces, but expects them daily. This muſt put off Hill's journey a while, and I don't like theſe ſtoppings in ſuch an affair. Farewel.

LETTER LXVII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. DINGLEY.

Kenſington, July 17, 1712.

I AM weary of living in this place, and glad to leave it ſoon. The Queen goes on Tueſday to Windſor, and I ſhall follow in three or four days after. I can do nothing here, going early to London, and coming late from it, and ſupping at Lady Maſham's. I dined to-day with the Duke of Argyle at Kew, and would not go to the court to-night, becauſe of writing to MD. The Biſhop of Clogher has been here this fortnight: I ſee him as often as I can. Since Dunkirk has been in our hands, Grubſtreet has been very fruitful. I have wrote five or ſix Grubſtreet papers this laſt week.

Have you ſeen Toland's invitation to *Diſmal*, or a hue and cry after *Diſmal*, or a ballad on *Dunkirk*,

or

or an agreement that *Dunkirk* is not in our hands? Poh! You have ſeen nothing. I am dead here with the hot weather; yet I walk every night home, and believe it does me good; but my ſhoulder is not yet right; itchings and ſcratchings, and ſmall akings. Did I tell you I have made Ford Gazetteer, with two hundred pounds a year ſalary, beſide perquiſites. So, now I will anſwer your letter, No. 30, date June 17. Ppt. writes as well as ever, for all her waters. I wiſh I had never come here, as often and as heartily as Ppt. What had I to do here? I can aſſure you the Biſhop of Clogher's being here, does not in the leaſt affect my ſtaying or going. I have heard of the Biſhop's making me uneaſy, but I did not think it was becauſe I never wrote to him, but I don't know what to ſay. A little would make me write to him. I find I am obliged to the Provoſt, for keeping the Biſhop from being impertinent. I never talked to Higgins but once in the ſtreet, and I believe, he and I ſhall hardly meet, but by chance. What care I, whether my letter to Lord Treaſurer be commended there or not? Why does not ſomebody among you anſwer it, as three or four have done here? We have had very little thunder here; none theſe two months. Why, pray, madam philoſopher, how did the rain hinder the thunder from doing any harm? I ſuppoſe it *ſquenched* it. So here comes Ppt. again with her little watery poſtſcript. You bold drunken ſlut you! drink Pfdr's health ten times in a morning! you are a whetter, faith. I ſup MD's fifteen times every morning in milk-porrige. There's for you now—

now—and there's for your letter, and every kind of thing—and now I muſt ſay ſomething elſe. You hear Secretary St. John is made Viſcount Bolingbroke. I could hardly perſuade him to take that title, becauſe the eldeſt branch of his family had it in an earldom, and it was laſt year extinct. Jack Hill ſent his ſiſter a pattern of a head-dreſs from Dunkirk; it was like a faſhion twenty years ago, only not quite ſo high, and looks very ugly. I have made Trap chaplain to Lord Bolingbroke, and he is mighty happy and thankful for it. Mr. Addiſon returned me my viſit this morning. He lives in our town. I ſhall be mighty retired, and mighty buſy for a while at Windſor. Pray why don't you go to Trim, and ſee Laracor, and give me an account of the garden, and the river, and the hollies, and the cherry-trees on the river-walk?

19th, I could not ſend this letter laſt poſt, being called away before I could finiſh it. I dined yeſterday with Lord Treaſurer; ſat with him till ten at night; yet could not find a minute for ſome buſineſs I had with him. He brought me to Kenſington, and Lord Bolingbroke would not let me go away till two. I am now in bed very lazy and ſleepy at nine. I muſt ſhave head and face, and meet Lord Bolingbroke at eleven, and dine again with Lord Treaſurer. To-day there will be another *Grub*, *A letter from the Pretender to a Whig Lord.* Grub-ſtreet has but ten days to live; then an act of Parliament takes place, that ruins it, by taxing every half-ſheet at a half-penny. We have news juſt come, but not the particulars, that the Earl of Albe-

Albemarle, at the head of eight thouſand Dutch, is beaten, loſt the greateſt part of his men, and himſelf made a priſoner. This perhaps may cool their courage, and make them think of a peace. The Duke of Ormond has got abundance of credit by his good conduct of affairs in Flanders. Farewel.

LETTER LXVIII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. DINGLEY.

London, Aug. 7, 1712.

I LEFT Windſor on Monday laſt, upon Lord Bolingbroke's being gone to France; and ſomebody's being here, that I ought often to conſult with in an affair I am upon: but that perſon talks of returning to Windſor again, and I ſhall follow him. I am now in a hedge lodging very buſy, as I am every day till noon; ſo that this letter is like to be ſhort, and you are not to blame me theſe two months; for I proteſt, if I ſtudy ever ſo hard, I cannot in that time compaſs what I am upon. We have a fever both here and at Windſor, which hardly any body miſſes; but it laſts not above three or four days, and kills nobody. The Queen had forty ſervants down in it at once. I dined yeſterday with Lord Treaſurer, but could do no buſineſs, though he ſent for me, I thought, on purpoſe; but he deſires I will dine with him again to-day. Windſor is a moſt delightful place, and at this time abounds in dinners. My lodgings look upon Eaton and the Thames. I wiſh I was owner of them; they belong

long to a prebend. Do you know, that Grubſtreet is dead and gone laſt week? No more ghoſts or murders now for love or money. I plied it pretty cloſe the laſt fortnight, and publiſhed at leaſt ſeven penny papers of my own, beſide ſome of other people's; but now every ſingle half ſheet pays a halfpenny to the Queen. The Obſervator is fallen; the Medleys are jumbled together with the Flying Poſt; the Examiner is deadly ſick; the Spectator keeps up, and doubles its price; I know not how long it will hold. Have you ſeen the red ſtamp the papers are marked with? Methinks the ſtamping is worth a halfpenny. Lord Bolingbroke and Prior ſet out for France laſt Saturday. My Lord's buſineſs is to haſten the peace before the Dutch are too much mauled; and hinder France from carrying the jeſt of beating them too far. Have you ſeen the fourth part of John Bull? It is equal to the reſt, and extremely good. The biſhop of Clogher's ſon has been ill of St. Anthony's fire, but is now quite well. I was afraid his face would be ſpoiled, but it is not. Dilly is juſt as he uſed to be, and puns as plentifully and as bad. Raymond wrote to me, that he intended to invite you to Trim. Are you, have you, will you be there? If you have not your letters in due time for two months hence, impute it to my being toſticated between this and Windſor. Poor Lord Winchelſea is dead, to my great grief. He was a worthy honeſt gentleman, and a particular friend of mine: and, what is yet worſe, my old acquaintance, Mrs. Finch, is now Counteſs of Winchelſea, the title being fallen to her huſband, but without much

eſtate. I have been poring my eyes all this morning, and it is now paſt two afternoon, ſo I ſhall take a little walk in the park. Do you play at ombre ſtill? Or is that off by Mr. Stoytes abſence, and Mrs. Manleys grief? Farewel.

LETTER LXIX.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. DINGLEY.

Windſor, Sept. 15, 1712.

I Never was ſo long without writing to MD. as now, ſince I left them, nor ever will again while I am able to write. I have expected from one week to another that ſomething would be done in my own affairs; but nothing at all is, nor I don't know when any thing will, or whether any at all, ſo ſlow are people at doing favours. I have been much out of order of late, with the old giddineſs in my head. I took a vomit for it two days ago, and will take another about a day or two hence. I have eat mighty little fruit; yet I impute my diſorder to that little, and ſhall henceforth wholly forbear it. I am engaged in a long work, and have done all I can of it, and wait for ſome papers from the Miniſtry for materials for the reſt; and they delay me, as if it were a favour I aſked them; ſo that I have been idle here this good while, and it happened in a right time, when I was too much out of order to ſtudy. One is kept conſtantly out of humour by a thouſand unaccountable things in public proceedings; and when I reaſon with ſome friends, we cannot conceive

ceive how affairs can laſt as they are. God only knows, but it is a very melancholy ſubject for thoſe, who have any near concern in it. I am again endeavouring, as I was laſt year, to keep people from breaking to pieces upon a hundred miſunderſtandings. One cannot with-hold them from drawing different ways, while the enemy is watching to deſtroy both. See how my ſtile is altered, by living and thinking, and talking among theſe people. Inſtead of my canal and river, walk and willows, I loſe all my money here among the ladies; ſo that I never play when I can help it, being ſure to loſe. I have loſt five pounds the five weeks I have been here. I hope you are luckier at picquet with the Dean and Mrs. Wall. I wait here but to ſee what they will do for me; and whenever preferments are given from me, I will go over.

18th, I have taken a vomit to-day, and hope I ſhall be better. I have been very giddy ſince I wrote what is before, yet not as I uſed to be; more frequent, but not ſo violent. Yeſterday we were alarmed with the Queen's being ill; ſhe had an aguiſh and feveriſh fit; and you never ſaw ſuch countenances as we all had, ſuch diſmal melancholy. Her phyſicians from town were ſent for; but towards night ſhe grew better, to-day ſhe is on her feet, and was up: we are not now in any fear; it will be at worſt but an ague, and we hope even that will not return. Lord Treaſurer would not come here from London, becauſe it would make a noiſe, if he came before his uſual time, which is Saturday, and he goes away on Mondays. The Whigs

Whigs have loſt a great ſupport in the Earl of Godolphin. It is a good jeſt to hear the miniſters talk of him with humanity and pity, becauſe he is dead, and can do them no more hurt. Lady Orkney, the late King's miſtreſs, who lives at a fine place five miles from hence (called Cliffden) and I, are grown mighty acquaintance. She is the wiſeſt woman I ever ſaw; and Lord Treaſurer made great uſe of her advice in the late change of affairs. I heard Lord Marlborough is growing ill of his *diabetes*; which, if it be true, may ſoon carry him off; and then the miniſtry will be ſomething more at eaſe. The doctor tells me I muſt go into a courſe of ſteel, though I have not the ſpleen; for that they can never give me, though I have as much provocation to it as any man alive. Bernage's regiment is broke; but he is upon half-pay. I have not ſeen him this long time; but I ſuppoſe he is over-run with melancholy. My Lord Shrewſbury is certainly deſigned to be governor of Ireland; and, I believe, the Ducheſs will pleaſe the people there mightily. I hear there are five or ſix people putting ſtrongly in for my livings, God help them. But if ever the Court ſhould give me any thing, I would recommend Raymond to the Duke of Ormond; not for any particular friendſhip to him, but becauſe it would be proper for the miniſter of Trim to have Laracor. You may keep the gold ſtudded ſnuff-box now; for my brother Hill, governor of Dunkirk, has ſent me the fineſt that ever you ſaw. It is allowed at Court that none in England comes near it, though it did not coſt above twenty pounds. And the Ducheſs of Hamilton

has made me a pocket for it, like a woman's, with a belt and buckle, (for I wear no waiſtcoat in ſummer) and there are ſeveral diviſions, and one on purpoſe for my box. We have had moſt delightful weather this whole week; but illneſs and vomiting have hindered me from ſharing in a great part of it. Lady Maſham made the Queen ſend to Kenſington for ſome of her preſerved ginger for me, which I take in the morning, and hope it will do me good. The Queen will ſtay here about a month longer, I ſuppoſe; but Lady Maſham will go in ten days to lie-in at Kenſington. Poor creature, ſhe fell down in the Court here the other day. She would needs walk acroſs it upon ſome diſpleaſure with her chairmen, and was likely to be ſpoiled, ſo near her time; but we hope all is over for a black eye and a ſore ſide; though I ſhall not be at eaſe till ſhe is brought to-bed. I find I can fill up a letter, ſome way or other without a journal. If I had not a ſpirit naturally chearful, I ſhould be very much diſcontented at a thouſand things. Pray God preſerve your health, and that I may live free from the envy and diſcontent, that attends thoſe, who are thought to have more favour at Court than they really poſſeſs. Farewel.

LETTER

LETTER LXX.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. DINGLEY.

London, Oct. 9, 1712.

I Have left Windſor theſe ten days, and am deep in pills, with *aſſa fœtida*, and a ſteel bitter drink; and I find my head much better than it was. I was very much diſcouraged; for I uſed to be ill for three or four days together, ready to totter as I walked. I take eight pills a day, and have taken, I believe, one hundred and fifty already. The Queen, Lord Treaſurer, Lady Maſham, and I, were all ill together, but are now all better; only Lady Maſham expects every day to lie-in at Kenſington. There was never ſuch a lump of lies ſpread about the town together as now. I doubt not but you will have them in Dublin before this comes to you, and all without the leaſt ground of truth. I have been mightily put back in ſomething I am writing by my illneſs, but hope to fetch it up, ſo as to be ready when the parliament meets. Lord Treaſurer has had an ugly fit of the rheumatiſm, but is now near quite well. I was playing at *one and thirty* with him, and his family, the other night. He gave us all twelve-pence a-piece to begin with. It put me in mind of Sir William Temple. I aſked both him and Lady Maſham ſeriouſly, whether the Queen were at all inclined to a dropſy? And they poſitively aſſured me ſhe was not: ſo did her phyſician Arbuthnot, who always attends her.

Yet theſe devils have ſpread that ſhe has holes in her legs, and runs at her navel, and I know not what. Arbuthnot has ſent me from Windſor a pretty diſcourſe upon lying, and I have ordered the printer to come for it. It is a propoſal for publiſhing a curious piece, called, The Art of Political Lying, in two volumes, *&c.* And then there is an abſtract of the firſt volume, juſt like thoſe pamphlets called The Works of the Learned. Pray get it when it comes out *. The Queen has a little of the gout in one of her hands. I believe ſhe will ſtay a month ſtill at Windſor. Lord Treaſurer ſhewed me the kindeſt letter from her in the world, by which I picked out one ſecret, that there will be ſoon made ſome Knights of the Garter. You know another is fallen by Lord Godolphin's death: he will be buried in a day or two at Weſtminſter-Abbey. I ſaw Tom Leigh in town once. The Biſhop of Clogher has taken his lodging for the winter; they are all well. I hear there are in town abundance of people from Ireland; half a dozen biſhops at leaſt. The poor old Biſhop of London †, at paſt fourſcore, fell down backwards going up ſtairs, and I hear broke or cracked his ſkull; yet is now recovering. The town is as empty as at Midſummer; and if I had not occaſion for phyſic, I would be at Windſor ſtill. Did I tell you of Lord Rivers's will; he has left a legacy to about twenty paultry old whores

* This is publiſhed among the Dean's works, and is part of the Miſcellany, which he printed in conjunction with Mr. Pope.

† 'Dr. Henry Compton, tranſlated to that ſee from the biſhoprick of Oxford, in 1675.'

by

by name, and not a farthing to any friend, dependent or relation: he has left from his only child, Lady Barrymore, her mother's eſtate, and given the whole to his heir male, a popiſh prieſt, a ſecond couſin, who is now Earl Rivers, and whom he uſed in his life like a footman. After him it goes to his chief wench and baſtard. Lord Treaſurer and Lord Chamberlain are executors of this hopeful will. I loved the man, and deteſt his memory. We hear nothing of peace yet: I believe verily the Dutch are ſo wilful, becauſe they are told the Queen cannot live. I believe I eſcaped the fever, becauſe I am not well; ſome phyſicians here talk very melancholy, and think it foreruns the plague, which is actually at Hamburgh. I think we both have the faculty never to part with a diſorder for ever; we are very conſtant. I have had my giddineſs twenty three years by fits.

October 11th, Lord Treaſurer ſent for me yeſterday and the day before to ſit with him, becauſe he is not yet quite well enough to go abroad; and I could not finiſh my letter. How the deuce come I to be ſo exact in your money? Juſt ſeventeen ſhillings and eight-pence more than due; I believe you cheat me. Ppt. * makes a petition with many apologies. John Danvers, you know, is lady Giffard's friend. I tell you what, as things are at preſent, I cannot poſſibly ſpeak to Lord Treaſurer for any body. I need tell you no more. Something or nothing will be done in my own affairs; if the former, I will be a ſolicitor for your ſiſter; if the latter, I have done

* Ppt. is Mrs. Johnſon.

with Courts for ever. Opportunities will often fall in my way, if I am uſed well, and I will then make it my buſineſs. It is my delight to do good offices for people who want and deſerve it, and a tenfold delight to do it to a relation of Ppt. whoſe affairs Pdfr. has ſo at heart. I have taken down his name and his caſe (not her caſe) and whenever a proper time comes, I will do all I can: that is enough to ſay, when I can do no more; and I beg your pardon a thouſand times, that I cannot do better. I hope the Dean of St. Patrick's is well of his fever; he has never wrote to me: I am glad of it; pray don't deſire him to write. I have dated your bill late, becauſe it muſt not commence till the firſt of November next. Are you good houſewifes and readers? Are you walkers? I know you are gameſters. Are you drinkers? Are you —— hold, I muſt go no farther, for fear of abuſing fine ladies. Parviſol has not ſent me one word how he ſet this year's tythes. Pray, aſk whether tythes ſet well or ill this year. Biſhop of Killaloe tells me wool bears a good rate in Ireland; but how is corn? I dined yeſterday with Lady Orkney, and we ſat alone from two till eleven at night. You have heard of her, I ſuppoſe. I have twenty letters upon my hands, and am ſo lazy and ſo buſy, I cannot anſwer them, and they grow upon me for ſeveral months. Have I any apples at Laracor? It is ſtrange every year ſhould blaſt them, when I took ſo much care for ſhelter. Lord Bolingbroke has been idle at his country houſe this fortnight, which puts me backward in buſineſs I have. I am got into an ordinary room two pair of ſtairs, and

ſee nobody, if I can help it; yet ſome puppies have found me out, and my man is not ſuch an artiſt as Patrick at denying me. Patrick has been ſoliciting to come to me again, but in vain. The printer has been here with ſome of the new whims printed, and has taken up my time. I am juſt going out, and can only bid you farewel.

LETTER LXXI.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. JOHNSON.

London, Oct. 28, 1712.

I HAVE been in phyſic this month, and have been better theſe three weeks. I ſtop my phyſic, by the Doctor's orders, till he ſends me farther directions. D. D. grows politician, and longs to hear the peace is proclaimed. I hope we ſhall have it ſoon, for the Dutch are fully humbled; and Prior is juſt come over from France for a few days; I ſuppoſe upon ſome important affair. I ſaw him laſt night, but had no private talk with him. Stocks riſe upon his coming. As for my ſtay in England, it cannot be long now, ſo tell my friends. The Parliament will not meet till after Chriſtmas, and by that time the work I am doing will be over, and then nothing ſhall keep me. I am very much diſcontented at Parviſol, about neglecting to ſell my horſes, &c.

Lady Maſham is not yet brought to-bed; but we expect it daily. I dined with her to-day. Lord Bolingbroke returned about two months ago, and

Prior about a week; and goes back (Prior I mean) in a few days. Who told you of my ſnuff-box and pocket? Did I? I had a letter to-day from Dr. Coghil, deſiring me to get Raphoe for Dean Sterne, and the Deanry for myſelf. I ſhall indeed, I have ſuch obligations to Sterne. But, however, if I am aſked who will make a good Biſhop, I ſhall name him before any body. Then comes another letter, deſiring I would recommend a Provoſt, ſuppoſing that Pratt (who has been here about a week) will certainly be promoted; but I believe he will not. I preſented Pratt to Lord Treaſurer, and truly young Molyneux would have had me preſent him too; but I directly anſwered him I would not, unleſs he had buſineſs with him. He is the ſon of one Mr. Molyneux, of Ireland. His father wrote a book *; I ſuppoſe you know it. Here is the Duke of Marlborough going out of England (Lord knows why) which cauſes many ſpeculations. Some ſay he is conſcious of guilt, and dare not ſtand it. Others think he has a mind to fling an odium on the government, as who ſhould ſay, that one, who has done ſuch great ſervices to his country, cannot live quietly in it, by reaſon of the malice of his enemies. I have helped to patch up theſe people together once more. God knows how long it may laſt. I was to-day at a trial between Lord Lanſdown and Lord Carteret, two friends of mine. It was in the Queen's-Bench, for about ſix thouſand a year (or nine, I think). I ſat under Lord Chief

* 'The caſe of Ireland's being bound by acts of Parliament in England ſtated, publiſhed in 1698, in octavo.'

Juſtice

Juſtice Parker, and his pen falling down, I reached it up. He made me a low bow; and I was going to whiſper him, that *I had done good for evil*; *for he would have taken mine from me.* I told it Lord Treaſurer and Bolingbroke. Parker would not have known me, if ſeveral Lords on the bench, and in the court, bowing, had not turned every body's eyes, and ſet them a whiſpering. I owe the dog a ſpite, and will pay him in two months at fartheſt, if I can. So much for that. But you muſt have chat, and I muſt ſay every ſorry thing that comes into my head. They ſay the Queen will ſtay a month longer at Windſor. Theſe devils of Grub-ſtreet rogues, that write the *Flying-Poſt* and *Medley* in one paper, will not be quiet. They are always mauling Lord Treaſurer, Lord Bolingbroke, and me. We have the dog under proſecution, but Bolingbroke is not active enough; but I hope to ſwinge him. He is a Scotch rogue, one Ridpath. They get out upon bail, and write on. We take them again, and get freſh bail; and ſo it goes round. They ſay ſome learned Dutchman has wrote a book, proving, by civil law, that we do them wrong by this peace; but I ſhall ſhew, by plain reaſon, that we have ſuffered the wrong, and not they. I toil like a horſe, and have hundreds of letters ſtill to read; and ſqueeze a line perhaps out of each, or at leaſt the ſeeds of a line. Strafford goes back to Holland in a day or two, and I hope our peace is very near. I have about thirty pages more to write (this is to be extracted) which will be ſixty in print. It is the moſt troubleſome part

of

of all, and I cannot keep myſelf private, though I ſtole into a room up two pair of ſtairs, when I came from Windſor; but my preſent man has not yet learned his leſſon of denying me diſcreetly.

30th, The Ducheſs of Ormond found me out to-day, and made me dine with her. Lady Maſham is ſtill expecting. She has had a cruel cold. I could not finiſh my letter laſt poſt for the ſoul of me. Lord Bolingbroke has had my papers theſe ſix weeks, and done nothing to them. Is Tiſdall yet in the world? I propoſe writing controverſies, to get a name with poſterity. The Duke of Ormond will not be over theſe three or four days. I deſign to make him join with me in ſettling all right among our people. I have ordered the Ducheſs to let me have an hour with the Duke at his firſt coming, to give him a true ſtate of perſons and things. I believe the Duke of Shrewſbury will hardly be declared your Governor yet; at leaſt, I think ſo now: but reſolutions alter very often. Duke Hamilton gave me a pound of ſnuff to-day, admirable good. I wiſh D. D. had it, and Ppt. too, if ſhe likes it. It coſt me a quarter of an hour of his politicks, which I was forced to hear. Lady Orkney is making me a writing-table of her own contrivance, and a bed night-gown. She is perfectly kind, like a mother. I think the d—— was in it the other day, that I ſhould talk to her of an ugly ſquinting couſin of hers, and the poor Lady herſelf, you know, ſquints like a dragon. The other day we had a long diſcourſe with her about love; and ſhe told us a ſaying of her ſiſter Fitzharding, which I thought excellent,

that

at *in men, deſire begets love*, and *in women, love gets deſire*. We have abundance of our old criers ll hereabouts. I hear every morning your women ith the old ſattin and taffata, *&c.* the fellow with d coats, ſuits or cloaks. Our weather is abomi- ble of late. We have not two tolerable days in enty. I have loſt money again at ombre, with ord Orkney and others; yet, after all, this year I ve loſt but three and twenty ſhillings; ſo that, nſidering card-money, I am no loſer.

Our ſociety hath not yet renewed their meetings. hope we ſhall continue to do ſome good this win- ; and Lord Treaſurer promiſes the academy for forming our language ſhall ſoon go forward. I uſt now go hunt thoſe dry letters for materials, ou will ſee ſomething very notable, I hope. So uch for that. God Almighty bleſs you.

LETTER LXXII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. DINGLEY.

London, Nov. 15, 1712.

BEFORE this comes to your hands, you will have heard of the moſt terrible accident that hath moſt ever happened. This morning, at eight, my an brought me word, that Duke Hamilton had ught with Lord Mohun, and killed him, and was ought home wounded. I immediately ſent him the Duke's houſe, in St. James's-ſquare; but the rter could hardly anſwer for tears, and a great bble was about the houſe. In ſhort, they fought at

at ſeven this morning. The dog Mohun was killed on the ſpot; but, while the Duke was over him, Mohun ſhortened his ſword, ſtabbed him in at the ſhoulder to the heart. The Duke was helped towards the cake-houſe, by the ring, in Hyde-park (where they fought) and died on the graſs, before he could reach the houſe; and was brought home in his coach by eight, while the poor Ducheſs was aſleep. Maccartney and one Hamilton were the ſeconds, who fought likewiſe, and are both fled. I am told, that a footman of Lord Mohun's ſtabbed Duke Hamilton; and ſome ſay Maccartney did ſo too. Mohun gave the affront, and yet ſent the challenge. I am infinitely concerned for the poor Duke, who was a frank, honeſt, good-natured man. I loved him very well, and I think he loved me better. He had the greateſt mind in the world to have me go with him to France, but durſt not tell it me; and thoſe he did tell, ſaid I could not be ſpared, which was true. They have removed the poor Ducheſs to a lodging in the neighbourhood, where I have been with her two hours, and am juſt come away. I never ſaw ſo melancholy a ſcene; for indeed all reaſons for real grief belong to her; nor is it poſſible for any one to be a greater loſer in all regards. She has moved my very ſoul. The lodging was inconvenient, and they would have removed her to another; but I would not ſuffer it, becauſe it had no room backwards, and ſhe muſt have been tortured with the noiſe of the Grub-ſtreet ſcreamers ringing her huſband's murder in her ears.

I be-

I believe you have heard the ſtory of my eſcape, in opening the band-box ſent to the Lord Treaſurer. The prints have told a thouſand lies of it; but at laſt we gave them a true account of it at length, printed in the Evening-poſt; only I would not ſuffer them to name me, having been ſo often named before, and teaſed to death with queſtions. I wonder how I came to have ſo much preſence of mind, which is not uſually my talent; but ſo it pleaſed God, and I ſaved myſelf and him; for there was a bullet-piece. A gentleman told me, that if I had been killed, the Whigs would have called it a judgment, becauſe the barrels were of inkhorns, with which I had done them ſo much miſchief. There was a pure Grub-ſtreet of it, full of lies and inconſiſtencies. I do not like theſe things at all, and I wiſh myſelf more and more among my willows. There is a deviliſh ſpirit among people, and the miniſtry muſt exert themſelves, or ſink.

16th, I thought to have finiſhed this yeſterday; but was too much diſturbed. I ſent a letter early this morning to Lady Maſham, to beg her to write ſome comforting words to the poor Ducheſs. I dined to-day with Lady Maſham at Kenſington, where ſhe is expecting theſe two months to lie-in. She has promiſed me to get the Queen to write to the Ducheſs kindly on this occaſion; and to-morrow I will beg Lord Treaſurer to viſit and comfort her. I have been with her two hours again, and find her worſe. Her violences not ſo frequent, but her melancholy more formal and ſettled. She has abundance of wit and ſpirit; about thirty-

thirty-three years old; handſome and airy, and ſeldom ſpared any body that gave her the leaſt provocation; by which ſhe had many enemies, and few friends. Lady Orkney, her ſiſter-in-law, is come to town on this occaſion; and has been to ſee her, and behaved herſelf with great humanity. They have been always very ill together, and the poor Ducheſs could not have patience, when people told her I went often to Lady Orkney's. But I am reſolved to make them friends; for the Ducheſs is now no more the object of envy, and muſt learn humility from the ſevereſt maſter, Affliction. I deſign to make the miniſtry put out a proclamation (if it can be found proper) againſt that villain Maccartney. What ſhall we do with theſe murderers? I cannot end this letter to-night, and there is no occaſion; for I cannot ſend it till Tueſday, and the coroner's inqueſt on the Duke's body is to be to-morrow. Then I ſhall know more. This is a very ſurpriſing event. 'Tis late, and I'll go to bed. This looks like journals.

17th, I was to-day at noon with the Ducheſs of Hamilton again, after I had been with Lady Orkney, and charged her to be kind to her ſiſter in her affliction. The Ducheſs told me Lady Orkney had been with her, and that ſhe did not treat her as gently as ſhe ought. They hate one another; but I will try to patch it up. I have been drawing up a paragraph for the Poſt-boy, to be out to-morrow, and as malicious as poſſible, and very proper for Abel Roper, the printer of it. I dined at Lord Treaſurer's at ſix in the evening, which is his uſual hour

hour of returning from Windſor: he promiſed to viſit the Ducheſs to-morrow, and ſays he has a meſſage to her from the Queen. 'Tis late; I have ſtayed till paſt one with him.

18th, The committee of council is to ſit this afternoon upon the affair of the Duke of Hamilton's murder, and I hope a proclamation will be out againſt Maccartney. I was juſt now ('tis now noon) with the Ducheſs, to let her know Lord Treaſurer will ſee her. She is mightily out of order. The jury have not yet brought in their verdict upon the coroner's inqueſt. We ſuſpect Maccartney ſtabbed the Duke while he was fighting. The Queen and Lord Treaſurer are in great concern at this event. I dine to-day again with Lord Treaſurer; but muſt ſend this to the poſt-office before, becauſe elſe I ſhall not have time; he uſually keeps me too late. Ben Tooke bid me write to D. D. to ſend her certificate, for it is high time it ſhould be ſent, he ſays. Pray make Parviſol write to me, and ſend me a general account of my affairs; and let him know I ſhall be over in ſpring, and that by all means he ſells the horſes. Prior has kiſſed the Queen's hand, and will return to France in a few days, and Lord Strafford to Holland. Now the King of Spain has renounced his pretenſions to France, the peace muſt follow very ſoon unavoidably. You muſt no more call Philip Duke of Anjou, for we now acknowledge him King of Spain. Dr. Pratt tells me, you are all mad in Ireland with your playhouſe frolics and prologues, and I know not what. Mr. Verdoen was with me yeſterday,

and

and enquired after you. He was a Lieutenant, and is now broke, and upon half-pay. He aſked me nothing for himſelf; but wanted an employment for a friend, *who would give a handſome pair of gloves.* One Hales ſent me up a letter the other day, which ſaid you lodged in his houſe, and therefore deſired I would get him a civil employment. I would not be within, and have directed my man to give him an anſwer, that I never open letters brought me by the writers, *&c.* I was complaining to a lady, that I wanted to mend an employment from forty to ſixty pounds a year in the ſalt-office, and thought it hard I could not do it. She told me, Mr. Griffin ſhould do it. And afterwards I met Griffin at her lodgings; and he was, as I found, one I had been acquainted with. I named Filby to him, and his abode ſomewhere near Nantwich. He ſaid frankly, he had formerly examined the man, and found he underſtood very little of his buſineſs; but if he heard he mended, he would do what I deſired. I will let it reſt a while, and then reſume it; and if Ppt. writes to Filby, ſhe may adviſe him to diligence, *&c.* I told Griffin poſitively I would have it done, if the man mended. This is an account of Ppt.'s commiſſion to her moſt humble ſervant. I have a world of writing to finiſh, and little time; theſe toads of miniſters are ſo *ſlow in their helps.*

LETTER

LETTER LXXIII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. DINGLEY.

London, Dec. 12, 1712.

I Proteſt ſolemnly I am not able to write to you for other buſineſs, but I will renew my journal method to you next time. I find it is eaſier, though it contains nothing but where I dine, and the occurrences of the day. I will write now but once in three weeks, till this buſineſs is off my hands, which muſt be in ſix, I think, at fartheſt. Oh! Ppt. I remember your reprimanding me for meddling in other people's affairs: I have enough of it now with a vengeance. Two women have been here ſix times a-piece; I never ſaw them yet. The firſt I have diſpatched with a letter; the other I muſt ſee, and tell her I can do nothing for her: ſhe is wife of one Mr. Connor, an old college acquaintance, and comes on a fooliſh errand, for ſome old pretenſions, that will ſucceed, when I am Lord Treaſurer. I am got up two pair of ſtairs in a private lodging, and have ordered all my friends not to diſcover where I am; yet every morning two or three ſets are plaguing me, and my preſent ſervant has not yet his leſſon perfect of denying me. I have written one hundred and thirty pages in folio to be printed, and muſt write thirty more, which will make a large book of four ſhillings*. I wiſh I had an opportunity of

* 'This ſeems to be his *Hiſtory of the Peace of* Utrecht, not publiſhed till after his death.'

ſending you ſome ſnuff. I will watch who goes to Ireland, and do it if poſſible. I had a letter from Parviſol, and find he has ſet my livings very low. Colonel Hamilton, who was ſecond to Duke Hamilton, is tried to day. I ſuppoſe he is come off, but have not heard. I din d with Lord Treaſurer, but left him by nine, and viſited ſome people. Lady Betty, his daughter, will be married on Monday next (as I ſuppoſe) to the Marquis of Caermarthen. I did not know your country place had been Portrain, till you told me ſo in your laſt. Has Swanton taken it of Wallis? That Wallis was a grave, wiſe coxcomb. God be thanked that Ppt. is better of her diſorders. God keep her ſo. The pamphlet of Political Lying is written by Dr. Arbuthnot, the author of John Bull; 'tis very pretty, but not ſo obvious to be underſtood. Higgins, firſt chaplain to Duke Hamilton? Why, Duke Hamilton never dreamed of a chaplain, nor I believe ever heard of Higgins. You are glorious newſmongers in Ireland. Dean Francis, Sir Richard Levinge, ſtuff, ſtuff, and Pratt, more ſtuff. We have loſt our fine froſt here; and Abel Roper tells me you have had floods in Dublin. So, you read one of the Grubſtreets about the bandbox. The Whig papers have abuſed me about the bandbox. God help me, what could I do? I fairly ventured my life. There is a particular account of it in the Poſt Boy, and Evening Poſt of that day. Lord Treaſurer has had the ſeal ſent him, that ſealed the box, and directions where to find the other piſtol in a tree in St. James's Park, which Lord Bolingbroke's meſſengers found accordingly;

ingly; but who ſent the preſent is not yet known. Duke Hamilton avoided the quarrel as much as poſſible, according to the foppiſh rules of honour in practice. What ſignified your writing angry to Filby? I hope you ſaid nothing of having any thing from me. The Queen is in town, and Lady Maſham's month of lying-in is within two days of being out. I was at the chriſtening on Monday. I could not get the child named Robin, after Lord Treaſurer; it is Samuel, after the father. My brother Ormond ſent me ſome chocolate to-day. I wiſh you had ſhare of it: they ſay it is good for me, and I deſign to drink ſome in the morning. Our ſociety meets next Thurſday, now the Queen is in town; and Lord Treaſurer aſſures me, that the ſociety for reforming the language ſhall ſoon be eſtabliſhed. I have given away ten ſhillings this day to ſervants. What a ſtir about company? I kept no company at all, nor have I any deſire to keep any. I never go to a coffee-houſe nor a tavern, nor have touched a card ſince I left Windſor. I make few viſits, nor go to levees; my only debauch is ſitting late where I dine, if I like the company. I have almoſt dropped the Ducheſſes of Shrewſbury and Hamilton, and ſeveral others. Lord Treaſurer, the Duke of Ormond, and Lady Orkney, are all that I ſee very often. O yes, Lady Maſham and Lord Bolingbroke, and one or two private friends. I make no figure but at court, where I affect to turn from a Lord to the meaneſt of my acquaintance, and I love to go there on Sundays to ſee the world; but, to ſay the truth, I am growing weary of it. I diſlike

a million of things in the courſe of public affairs; and if I were to ſtay here much longer, I am ſure I ſhould ruin myſelf with endeavouring to mend them. I am every day invited into ſchemes of doing this, but I cannot find any, that will probably ſucceed. It is impoſſible to ſave people againſt their own will; and I have been too much engaged in patch-work already. Do your underſtand all this ſtuff? No. Well, then, you are now returned to ombre and the Dean, and Chriſtmas; I wiſh you a very merry one. It is late, I'll go to ſleep; I don't ſleep well, and therefore never dare to drink coffee or tea after dinner.

13th, Morning. I am ſo very ſleepy in the morning, that my man wakens me above ten times; and now I can tell you no news of this day. Here is a reſtleſs dog, crying cabbages and ſavoys, plagues me every morning about this time; he is now at it. I wiſh his largeſt cabbage were ſticking in his throat. I lodge over againſt the houſe in Little Rider-ſtreet, where D. D. lodged. Don't you remember miſtreſs? To-night I muſt ſee the Abbé Gautier, to get ſome particulars for my hiſtory. It was he, who was firſt employed by France in the overtures of peace, and I have not had time this month to ſee him; he is but a puppy too. Lady Orkney has juſt ſent to invite me to dinner; ſhe has not yet given me the bed night-gown; beſides, I am come very much off from writing in bed, though I am doing it this minute; but I ſtay till my fire is burned up. My grate is very large; two buſhels of coals in a week: but I ſave it in lodgings. Lord

Abercorn

Abercorn is come to London, and he will plague me, and I can do him no ſervice. The Duke of Shrewſbury goes in a day or two for France, perhaps to-day. We ſhall have a peace very ſoon; the Dutch are almoſt entirely agreed, and if they ſtop, we ſhall make it without them. That has been reſolved. This is a fine day. I am ruined with coaches and chairs this twelve-penny weather. I muſt ſee my brother Ormond at eleven, and then the Ducheſs of Hamilton, with whom I doubt I am in diſgrace, not having ſeen her theſe ten days. Abbé Gautier ſends me word I cannot ſee him to-night. I don't value any thing but one letter he has of Petecum's ſhewing the roguery of the Dutch. Did not the Conduct of the Allies make you great politicians? Here is ſomebody coming that I muſt ſee that wants a little place; the ſon of couſin Rooke's eldeſt daughter, that died many years ago. Farewel.

LETTER LXXIV.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. DINGLEY.

London, Dec. 18, 1712.

OUR ſociety was to meet to-day, but Lord Harley, who was preſident this week, could not attend, being gone to Wimbleton with his new brother-in-law, the young Marquis of Caermarthen, who married Lady Betty Harley on Monday laſt; and Lord Treaſurer is at Wimbleton too. However, half a dozen of us met, and I propoſe our

meetings ſhould be once a fortnight; for, betwixt you and me, we do no good. It coſt me nineteen ſhillings to-day for my club-dinner; I don't like it. We have terrible ſlobbery weather. Lord Abercorn is come to town, and will ſee me, whether I will or not. You know he has a pretence to a Dukedom in France, which Duke Hamilton was ſoliciting for; but Abercorn reſolves to ſpoil their title, if they will not allow him a fourth part; and I have adviſed the Ducheſs to compound with him, and have made the Miniſtry of my opinion.

19th, Lord Treaſurer is returned from Wimbleton. 'Tis not above eight miles off, and he ſent for me to dine with him at five; but I had the grace to be abroad, and dined with another, with honeſt Ben Tooke, by invitation. The Ducheſs of Ormond promiſed me her picture, and coming home to-night, I found her's and the Duke's both in my chamber. Was not that a pretty civil ſurprize? They are in fine gilded frames too. I am writing a letter to thank her; which I will ſend to-morrow morning. I will tell her, ſhe is ſuch a prude, that ſhe will not let ſo much as her picture be alone in a room with a man, unleſs the Duke's be with it; and ſo forth. We are full of ſnow and dabbling. Lady Maſham has come abroad theſe three days, and ſeen the Queen. I dined with her the other day at her ſiſter Hill's. I hope ſhe will remove in a few days to her new lodgings at St. James's from Kenſington.

20th, I lodge up two pair of ſtairs, have but one room, and deny myſelf to every body almoſt, yet I can-

:annot be quiet; and all my mornings are loſt with ›eople, who will not take anſwers below ſtairs; ſuch as Dilly, and the Biſhop, and the Provoſt, &c. Lady Orkney invited me to dinner to-day, which ıindered me from dining with Lord Treaſurer. This is his day, that his chief friends in the miniſtry dine with him. However, I went there ıbout ſix, and ſat with him till paſt nine, when they ıll went off; but he kept me back, and told me he circumſtances of Lady Betty's match. The 'oung fellow has 60,000l. ready money, three great ıouſes furniſhed, 7,000l. a year at preſent, and a›out five more after his father and mother die. I hink Lady Betty's portion is not above 8,000l. Pray tell Mr. Wall, that Lord Angleſea thanked ne for recommending Clements to him; that he ſays, ıe is 20,000l. the better for knowing him. But ›ray don't let Clements go and write a letter of hanks, and tell my Lord, that he hears ſo and ſo, &c. Sad weather; two ſhillings in coaches to-day, ınd yet I am dirty. I am now going to read over ›omething, and correct it.

21ſt, Puppies have got a new way of plaguing ne. I find letters directed for me at Lord Treaurer's, ſometimes with incloſed ones to him, and ›metimes with projects, and ſometimes with libels. uſually keep them three or four days without ›pening. I was at Court to-day, as I always am on ›undays, inſtead of a coffee-houſe, to ſee my acquaintance. This day ſe'nnight, after I had been alking at Court with Sir William Wyndham, the

Spaniſh Ambaſſador came to him, and ſaid, he heard that was Dr. Swift, and deſired him to tell me, that his maſter, and the King of France, and the Queen were obliged more to me than to any man in Europe; ſo we bowed and ſhook hands, &c. I took it very well of him. I dined with Lord Treaſurer, and muſt again to-morrow, though I had rather not; but now the Queen is in town, he does not keep me ſo late. Our peace now will ſoon be determined; for Lord Bolingbroke tells me this morning, that four provinces of Holland have complied with the Queen, and we expect the reſt will do ſo immediately.

22d, Lord Keeper promiſed me yeſterday the firſt convenient living to poor Gery *, who is married, and wants ſome addition to what he has. He is a very worthy creature. I had a letter ſome weeks ago from Elwick, who married Betty Gery. It ſeems the poor woman died ſome time laſt ſummer. Elwick grows rich, and purchaſes lands. I dined with Lord Treaſurer to-day, who has engaged me to come again to-morrow. I gave Lord Bolingbroke a poem of Parnell's. I made Parnell inſert ſome compliments in it to his Lordſhip. He is extremely pleaſed with it, and read ſome parts of it to-day to Lord-Treaſurer, who liked it as much. And indeed he outdoes all our poets here a bar's-length. Lord Bolingbroke has ordered me to bring

* 'Mr. Gery, rector of Litcombe, in Berks, to whoſe houſe Dr. Swift retired about ten weeks before Queen Anne's death, upon occaſion of the incurable breach between the Earl of Oxford and Lord Viſcount Bolingbroke.'

him

him to dinner on Chriſtmas-day, and I made Lord Treaſurer promiſe to ſee him. It may one day do Parnell a kindneſs. You know Parnell. I believe I have told you of that.

23d, This morning I preſented one Diaper, a poet, to Lord Bolingbroke, with a new poem, which is a very good one; and I am to give him a ſum of money from my Lord. I have contrived to make a parſon of him, for he is half one already, being in deacon's orders, and ſerves a ſmall cure in the country; but has a ſword at his tail here in town. 'Tis a poor, little, ſhort wretch, but will do beſt in a gown, and we will make Lord Keeper give him a living. Lord Bolingbroke writ to Lord Treaſurer to-day, to excuſe me; ſo I dined with the former and Monteleon, the Spaniſh Ambaſſador, who made me many compliments. I ſtaid till nine, and now it is paſt ten, and my man has locked me up, and I have juſt called to mind that I ſhall be in diſgrace with Tom Leigh. That coxcomb had got into acquaintance with one Eckerſall, clerk of the kitchen to the Queen, who was civil to him at Windſor on my account; for I had done ſome ſervice to Eckerſall. Leigh teazes me to paſs an evening at his lodgings with Eckerſall. I put it off ſeveral times, but was forced at laſt to promiſe I would come to-night; and it never was in my head till I was locked up, and I have called and called, but my man is gone to-bed; ſo I will write an excuſe to-morrow. I deteſt that Tom Leigh, and am as formal to him as I can, when I happen to meet him in the park. The rogue frets me if he knew it. He aſked me, why

why I did not wait on the Biſhop of Dromore? I anſwered, I had not the honour to be acquainted with him, and would not preſume, &c. He takes me ſeriouſly, and ſays the Biſhop is no proud man, &c. He tells me of a judge in Ireland, that has done ill things. I aſk, Why is he not out? Says he, I think the Biſhops, and you, and I, and the reſt of the clergy, ſhould meet and conſult about it. I beg his pardon, and ſay, I cannot be ſerviceable that way. He anſwers, Yes, every body may help ſomething. Don't you ſee how curiouſly he continues to vex me; for the dog knows, that with half a word I could do more than all of them together. But he only does it from the pride and envy of his own heart, and not out of a humorous deſign of teaſing. He is one of thoſe, that would rather a ſervice ſhould not be done, than done by a private man, and of his own country. You take all this; don't you.

24th, I dined to-day with the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in order to look over ſome of my papers; but nothing was done.

I have been alſo mediating between the Hamilton family and Lord Abercorn, to have them compound with him; and I believe they will do it. Lord Selkirk, the late Duke's brother, is to be in town, in order to go to France, to make the demands; and the miniſtry are of opinion, they will get ſome ſatisfaction, and they empowered me to adviſe the Hamilton ſide to agree with Abercorn, who aſks a fourth part, and will go to France and ſpoil all, if they don't yield it.

25th,

25th, I carried Parnell to dine at Lord Bolingbroke's, and he behaved himſelf very well; and Lord Bolingbroke is mightily pleaſed with him. I was at St. James's chapel by eight this morning; and church and ſacrament were done by ten. The Queen has got the gout in her hand, and did not come to church to-day; and I ſtayed ſo long in my chamber, that I miſſed going to Court. Did I tell you, that the Queen deſigns to have a drawing-room and company every day?

26th, I was to wiſh the Duke of Ormond a happy Chriſtmas, and give half a crown to his porter. It will coſt me a dozen half crowns among ſuch fellows. I dined with Lord Treaſurer, who chid me for being abſent three days. Mighty kind with a p—— leſs of civility, and more of intereſt. We hear Maccartney is gone over to Ireland. Was it not comical for a gentleman to be ſet upon by highwaymen, and to tell them he was Maccartney *? Upon which they brought him to a juſtice of peace, in hopes of a reward, and the rogues were ſent to goal. Was it not great preſence of mind? But may be you heard of this already; for there was a Grubſtreet of it. Lord Bolingbroke told me I muſt walk away to day after dinner, becauſe Lord Treaſurer, and he, and another were to enter upon buſineſs; but I ſaid, it was as fit I ſhould know their buſineſs as any body; for I was to juſtify. So the reſt went, and I ſtayed, and it was ſo important, I was like to ſleep over it. I left them at nine, and it is now twelve. 27th,

* Macartney was Lord Mohun's ſecond, in the duel between him and Duke Hamilton, and fled on that occaſion.

27th, I dined to-day with General Hill, Governor of Dunkirk. Lady Maſham and Mrs Hill, his two ſiſters, were of the company, and there have I been ſitting this evening till eleven, looking over others at play; for I have left off loving play myſelf. I have a great cold on me, not quite at its height. I have them ſeldom, and therefore ought to be patient. I met Mr. Addiſon and paſtoral Philips on the Mall to-day, and took a turn with them; but they both looked terribly dry and cold. A curſe of party! And do you know I have taken more pains to recommend the whig wits to the favour and mercy of the miniſters, than any other people. Steele I have kept in his place. Congreve I have got to be uſed kindly, and ſecured. Rowe I have recommended, and got a promiſe of a place. Philips I ſhould certainly have provided for, if he had not run party-mad, and made me withdraw my recommendations. I ſet Addiſon ſo right at firſt, that he might have been employed, and have partly ſecured him the place he has; yet I am worſe uſed by that faction than any man. Well, go to cards, ſirrah Ppt. and dreſs the wine and orange, ſirrah MD, and I'll go ſleep.

28th, My cold is ſo bad, that I could not go to church to-day, nor to Court; but I was engaged to Lord Orkney's, with the Duke of Ormond, at dinner; and ventured, becauſe I could cough and ſpit there as I pleaſed. The Duke and Lord Arran left us, and I have been ſitting ever ſince with Lord and Lady Orkney till paſt eleven; and my cold is worſe, and makes me giddy. I hope it is only my cold, and

and no more; but I'll go to bed, for the fellow has bawled paſt twelve.

29th, I got out early to-day, and eſcaped all my duns. I went to ſee Lord Bolingbroke about ſome buſineſs, and truly he was gone out too. I dined in the city, upon the broiled leg of a gooſe and a bit of bacon, with my printer. Did I tell you that I forbear printing what I have in hand, till the Court decides ſomething about me? I will contract no more enemies, at leaſt I will not imbitter worſe thoſe I have already, till I have got under ſhelter; and the miniſters know my reſolution, ſo that you may be diſappointed in ſeeing this thing as ſoon as you expected. I hear Lord Treaſurer is out of order. My cold is very bad. Every body has one.

30th, I ſuppoſe this will be full by Saturday. Duke of Ormond, Lord Arran, and I, dined privately to-day at an old ſervant's houſe of his. The council made us part at ſix. One Mrs. Ramſay dined with us; an old lady of about fifty-five, that we are all very fond of. I called this evening at Lord Treaſurer's, and ſat with him two hours. He has been cupped for a cold, and has been very ill. He cannot dine with Parnell and me at Lord Bolingbroke's to-morrow; but ſays he will ſee Parnell ſome other time. I hoiſt up Parnell partly to ſpite the envious Iriſh folks here, particularly Tom Leigh. I ſaw the Biſhop of Clogher's family to-day; Miſs is mighty ill of a cold, and coughs inceſſantly.

31ſt, To-day Parnell and I dined with Lord Bolingbroke, to correct Parnell's poem. I made him ſhew all the places he diſliked; and when Parnell has

has corrected it fully, he ſhall print it. I went this evening to ſit with Lord Treaſurer. He is better, and will be out in a day or two. I ſat with him while the young folks went to ſupper, and then went down, and there were the young folks merry together, having turned Lady Oxford up to my Lord, and I ſtayed with them till twelve. There was the young couple, Lord and Lady Caermarthen, Lord and Lady Dupplin, and Lord Harley and I; and the old folks were together above. It looked like what I have formerly done ſo often; ſtealing together from the old folks, tho' indeed it was not from poor Lord Treaſurer, who is as young a fellow as any of us: but Lady Oxford is a ſilly mere old woman. My cold is ſtill ſo bad, that I have not the leaſt ſmelling. I am juſt got home, and 'tis paſt twelve; and I'll go to bed, and ſettle my head, heavy as lead.

Jan. 1ſt, Many happy years to deareſt MD. Pray God Almighty bleſs you, and ſend you ever to be happy!. I forgot to tell you, that yeſterday Lord Abercorn was here, teaſing me about his French duchy, and ſuſpecting my partiality to the Hamilton family, in ſuch a whimſical manner, that Dr. Pratt, who was by, thought he was mad. He was no ſooner gone, but Lord Orkney ſent to know, whether he might come and ſit with me half an hour upon ſome buſineſs. I returned anſwer, that I would wait on him; which I did. We diſcourſed a while, and he left me with Lady Orkney; and in came the Earl of Selkirk, whom I had never ſeen before. He is another brother of Duke Hamilton's,

milton's, and is going to France, by a power from his mother the old Ducheſs, to negociate their pretenſions to this duchy of Chaſtleherauld. He teaſed me for two hours in ſpite of my teeth, and held my hand when I offered to ſtir; would have had me engage the miniſtry to favour him againſt Lord Abercorn, and to convince them, that Lord Abercorn had no pretenſions; and deſired I would alſo convince Lord Abercorn himſelf ſo; and concluded, he was ſorry I was a greater friend to Abercorn than Hamilton. I had no patience, and uſed him with ſome plainneſs. Am not I purely handled between a couple of puppies? Ay, ſays Ppt, you muſt be meddling in other people's affairs. I appeal to the Biſhop of Clogher, whether Abercorn did not complain, that I would not let him ſee me laſt year, and that he ſwore he would take no denial from my ſervant when he came again. The miniſters gave me leave to tell the Hamilton family, it was their opinion, that they ought to agree with Abercorn. Lord Angleſea was then by, and told Abercorn; upon which he gravely tells me, I was commiſſioned by the miniſters, and ought to perform my commiſſion, *&c.* But I'll have done with them. I have warned Lord Treaſurer, and Lord Bolingbroke, to beware of Selkirk's teazing; yet Abercorn vexes me more. He owes me all the kind receptions he has had from the miniſtry. I dined to-day at Lord Treaſurer's, with the young folks, and ſat with Lord Treaſurer till nine, and then was forced to go to Lady Maſham's, and ſat there till twelve, talking of affairs, till I am out of humour, as every one muſt,

muſt, that knows them inwardly. A thouſand things wrong, moſt of them eaſy to mend; yet our ſchemes availing at beſt but little, and ſometimes nothing at all. One evil, which I patched up twice, with the hazard of all the credit I had, is now ſpread more than ever. But burn politics, and ſend me from courts and miniſters!

2d, I ſauntered about this morning, and went with Dr. Pratt to a picture auction, where I had like to be drawn in to buy a picture, that I was fond of; but, it ſeems, was good for nothing. Pratt was there to buy ſome pictures for the Biſhop of Clogher, who reſolves to lay out ten pounds to furniſh his houſe with curious pictures. We dined with the Biſhop, I being by chance diſengaged. And this evening I ſat with the Biſhop of Oſſory, who is laid up with the gout. The French Ambaſſador, Duke d'Aumont, came to town to-night; and the rabble conducted him home with ſhouts. I cannot ſmell yet, though my cold begins to break. It continues cruel hard froſty weather.

3d, Lord Dupplin and I went with Lord and Lady Orkney this morning at ten to Wimbleton, ſix miles off, to ſee Lord and Lady Caermarthen. It is much the fineſt place about this town. Did you never ſee it? I was once there before, about five years ago. I came back juſt by night-fall, and felt cruel cold weather. I am juſt now told, that poor Lady Aſhburnham, the Duke of Ormond's daughter, died yeſterday at her country-houſe. The poor creature was with child. She was my greateſt favourite, and I am in exceſſive concern for her death.

leath. I hardly knew a more valuable perſon on ll accounts. You muſt have heard me talk of her. I am afraid to ſee the Duke and Ducheſs. She was naturally very healthy, and I fear has been hrown away for want of care. Pray condole with ne. 'Tis extremely moving *. I hate life, when think it expoſed to ſuch accidents; and to ſee ſo nany thouſand wretches burdening the earth, while uch as ſhe dies, makes me think God did never ntend life for a bleſſing. Farewel.

LETTER LXXVIII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. DINGLEY.

London, Jan. 4, 1712-13.

I ENDED my laſt with the melancholy news of poor Lady Aſhburnham's death. The Bihop of Clogher and Dr. Pratt made me dine with hem to-day at Lord Mountjoy's, purſuant to an ngagement, which I had forgot. Lady Mountoy told me, that Maccartney was got ſafe out of ur clutches, for ſhe had ſpoke with one, who had letter from him from Holland. Others ſay the me thing. As I left Lord Mountjoy's, I ſaw the uke d'Aumont, the French Ambaſſador, going om Lord Bolingbroke's, where he dined, to have private audience of the Queen. I followed, and

* From theſe expreſſions, and thoſe he uſes in the account of the ucheſs of Hamilton's affliction on the death of her huſband, Swift pears to have had a ſtrong ſympathy in the diſtreſs of others; which has generally, even by his advocates, been ſuppoſed to want.

went up to court, where there was a great crowd. I was talking with the Duke of Argyle, by the fire-ſide in the bed-chamber, when the Ambaſſador came out from the Queen. Argyle preſented me to him, and Lord Bolingbroke and we talked together a while. He is a fine gentleman, ſomething like the Duke of Ormond, and juſt ſuch an expenſive man. After church to-day, I ſhewed the Biſhop of Clogher, at court, who was who.

5th, Our froſt is broke, but it is very cold. Lord Treaſurer is recovered, and went ōut this evening to the Queen. I dined with Lady Oxford, and then ſate with Lord Treaſurer till he went out. He gave me a letter from an unknown hand, relating to Dr. Brown, Biſhop of Cork, recommending him to a better Biſhoprick, as a perſon who oppoſed Lord Wharton, and was made a Biſhop on that account, celebrating him for a great politician, &c. In ſhort, all directly contrary to his character, which I made bold to explain. What dogs there are in the world? I was to ſee the poor Duke and Ducheſs of Ormond this morning. The Duke was in his public room, with Mr. Southwell, and two more gentlemen. When Southwell and I were alone with him, he talked ſomething of Lord Aſhburnham, that he was afraid the Whigs would get him again. He bore up as well as he could, but ſomething falling accidentally in diſcourſe, the tears were juſt falling out of his eyes, and I looked off to give him an opportunity (which he took) of whiping them with his handkerchief. I never ſaw any thing ſo moving,

ſuch a mixture of greatneſs of mind, and tenderneſs, and diſcretion.

th, Lord Bolingbroke, and Parnell, and I dined, invitation, with my friend Dartineuf*, whom have heard me talk of. Lord Bolingbroke likes nell mightily; and it is pleaſant to ſee, that one, o hardly paſſed for any thing in Ireland, makes way here with a little friendly forwarding. It is vy rainy weather, and I have hardly been abroad lay, nor know any thing that paſſes. Lord Treaer is quite recovered, and I hope will take care keep himſelf well. The Ducheſs of Marlborough aving England, to go to her Duke, and makes ſents of rings to ſeveral friends, they ſay worth o hundred pounds a-piece. I am ſure ſhe ought give me one, though the Duke pretended to ak me his greateſt enemy, and got people to tell ſo, and very mildly to let me know how gladly would have me ſoftened towards him. I bid a y of his acquaintance and mine let him know, t I had hindered many a bitter thing againſt a; not for his own ſake, but becauſe I thought ooked baſe; and I deſired every thing ſhould be him, except power.

7th, I dined with Lord and Lady Maſham to-, and this evening played at ombre with Mrs. nhomrigh, merely for amuſement. The Miniſs have got my papers, and will neither read

* 'This gentleman, whoſe name was ſpelt Dartiquenave, is mened, on account of his taſte for good eating, by Mr. Pope, in his tation of the ſecond Epiſtle of the ſecond book of Horace, ver. 87.'

"When Oldfield loves what Dartineuf deteſts.'

them, nor give them to me; and I can hardly do any thing. Very warm ſlabby weather, but I made a ſhift to get a walk; yet I loſt half of it, by ſhaking off Lord Rocheſter *, who is a good, civil, ſimple man. The Biſhop of Oſſory will not be Biſhop of Hereford, to the great grief of himſelf and his wife. I think it is not certain yet that Maccartney is eſcaped. I am plagued with bad authors in verſe and proſe, who ſend me their books and poems, the vileſt traſh I ever ſaw; but I have given their names to my man, never to let them ſee me.

8th, You muſt underſtand that I am in my geers, and have got a chocolate-pot, a preſent from Mrs. Aſh of Clogher, and ſome chocolate from my brother Ormond, and I treat folks ſometimes. I dined with Lord Treaſurer at five o'clock to-day, and was by while he and Lord Bolingbroke were at buſineſs; for it is fit I ſhould know all that paſſes now, becauſe, *&c.* The Duke of Ormond employed me to ſpeak to Lord Treaſurer to-day about an affair, and I did ſo; and the Duke ſpoke himſelf two hours before, which vexed me, and I will chide the Duke about it. I'll tell you a good thing; there is not one of the miniſtry but what will employ me, as gravely to ſpeak for them to Lord Treaſurer, as if I were their brother, or his; and I do it as gravely, though I know they do it only becauſe they will not make themſelves uneaſy, or had ra-

* 'Henry Hyde, ſon of Laurence, Earl of Rocheſter, younger ſon of the Lord Chancellor Clarendon. This Henry ſucceeded to the title of Earl of Clarendon, March 31, 1723, on the death of Edward, the third Earl of Clarendon.'

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ther I ſhould be denied than they. I believe our peace will not be finiſhed theſe two months; for I think we muſt have a return from Spain by a meſſenger, who will not go till Sunday next. Lord Treaſurer has invited me to dine with him again to-morrow. Your commiſſioner, Knightley, is to be there.

9th, Dr. Pratt drank chocolate with me this morning, and then we walked. I was yeſterday with him to ſee Lady Betty Butler, grieving for her ſiſter Aſhburnham. The jade was in bed in form and ſhe did ſo cant, ſhe made me ſick. I meet Tom Leigh every day in the Park, to preſerve his health. He is as ruddy as a roſe, and tells me his Biſhop of Dromore recovers very much. That Biſhop has been very near dying. This day's Examiner talks of the play of *What is it like?* and you will think it to be mine, and be bit; for I have no hand in theſe papers at all. I dined with Lord Treaſurer, and ſhall again to-morrow, which is his day when all the miniſters dine with him. He calls it whipping-day. It is always on Saturday, and we do indeed uſually railly him about his faults on that day. I was of the original club, when only poor Lord Rivers, Lord Keeper, and Lord Bolingbroke came; but now Ormond, Angleſea, Lord Steward, Dartmouth, and others intrude, and I ſcold at it; but now they pretend as good a title as I; and indeed many Saturdays I am not there. The company being too many, I don't love it.

10th, At ſeven this evening, as we ſat after dinner at Lord Treaſurer's, a ſervant ſaid, Lord Peter-

borough was at the door. Lord Treaſurer and Lord Bolingbroke went out to meet him, and brought him in. He was juſt returned from abroad, where he has been above a year. As ſoon as he ſaw me, he left the Duke of Ormond and other Lords, and ran and kiſſed me before he ſpoke to them *; but chid me terribly for not writing to him, which I never did this laſt time he was abroad, not knowing where he was; and he changed places ſo often, it was impoſſible a letter ſhould overtake him. He left England with a bruiſe, by his coach overturning, that made him ſpit blood, and was ſo ill, we expected every poſt to hear of his death; but he out-rode it, or out-drank it, or ſomething, and he is come home luſtier than ever. He is at leaſt ſixty, and has more ſpirits than any young fellow I know in England. He has got the old Oxford regiment of horſe, and I believe will have a garter. I love the hang-dog dearly.

11th, The court was crammed to-day, to ſee the French Ambaſſador; but he did not come. Did I never tell you, that I go to court on Sundays as to a coffee-houſe, to ſee acquaintance, whom I ſhould not otherwiſe ſee twice a year? The Provoſt and I dine with Ned Southwell, by appointment, in order to ſettle your kingdom, if my ſcheme can be followed; but I doubt our miniſtry will be too tedious. You muſt certainly have a new Parliament; but they would have that a ſecret yet. Our Parliament here will be prorogued for three weeks.

* The Dean had addreſſed ſome verſes to him in the year 1706.

Thoſe

Thoſe puppies the Dutch will not yet come in, though they pretend to ſubmit to the Queen in every thing; but they would fain try firſt how our ſeſſion begins, in hopes to embroil us in the Houſe of Lords; and if my advice had been taken, the ſeſſion ſhould have begun, and we would have truſted the Parliament to approve the ſteps already made towards the peace, and had an addreſs perhaps from them to conclude without the Dutch, if they would not agree. Others are of my mind, but it is not reckoned ſo ſafe, it ſeems; yet I doubt whether the peace will be ready ſo ſoon as three weeks, but that is a ſecret.

12th, Pratt and I walked into the city to one Bateman's, a famous bookſeller for old books. There I laid out four pounds like a fool, and we dined at a hedge alehouſe, for two ſhillings and two-pence, like Emperors. Let me ſee, I bought Plutarch, two volumes, for thirty ſhillings, &c. We have no news, and I have nothing more to ſay to-day, and I can't finiſh my work. Theſe miniſters will not find time to do what I would have them.

13th, I was to have dined to-day with Lord Keeper; but would not, becauſe that brute Sir John Walter was to be one of the company. You may remember he railed at me laſt ſummer was twelve months at Windſor, and has never begged my pardon, though he promiſed to do it; and Lord Manſel, who was one of the company, would certainly have ſet us together by the ears, out of pure roguiſh miſchief. So I dined with Lord Treaſurer, where there was none but Lord Bolingbroke. I ſtayed

till eight, and then went to Lady Orkney's, who has been ſick, and ſat with her till twelve. The Parliament was prorogued to-day, as I told you, for three weeks. Our weather is very bad, and ſlobbery, and I ſhall ſpoil my new hat, or empty my pockets. Lord Abercorn plagues me to death. I have now not above ſix people to provide for, and about as many to do good offices to; and thrice as many that I will do nothing for.

14th, To-day I took the circle of morning viſits. I went to the Ducheſs of Ormond, and there was ſhe, and Lady Betty, and Lord Aſhburnham together. That was the firſt time the mother and daughter ſaw each other ſince Lady Aſhburnham's death. They were both in tears, and I chid them for being together, and made Lady Betty go to her own chamber; then ſat a while with the Ducheſs, and went after Lady Betty, and all was well. There is ſomething of farce in all theſe mournings, let them be ever ſo ſerious. People will pretend to grieve more than they really do, and that takes off from their true grief. I then went to the Ducheſs of Hamilton, who never grieved *, but raged, and ſtormed, and railed. She is pretty quiet now, but has a diabolical temper. Lord Keeper and his ſon, and their two ladies, and I, dined to-day with Mr. Cæſar, treaſurer of the navy, at his houſe in the city, where he keeps his office. We happened to talk of Brutus, and I ſaid ſomething in his praiſe,

* The Dean expreſſes different ſentiments of this Lady, in his letter to Mrs. Dingley, dated Nov. 15, 1712; but it is probable he had then very little acquaintance with her.

when

when it ſtruck me immediately, that I had made a blunder in doing ſo; and therefore I recollected myſelf, and ſaid, Mr. Cæſar, I beg your pardon. So we laughed, *&c.*

15th, I forgot to tell you, that laſt night I had a preſent ſent me (I found it when I came home in my chamber) of the fineſt wild fowl I ever ſaw, with the vileſt letter, and from the vileſt poet in the world, who ſent it me as a bribe to get him an employment. I know not where the ſcoundrel lived, ſo I could not ſend them back; and therefore I gave them away as freely as I got them, and have ordered my man never to let up the poet when he comes. The rogue ſhould have kept the wings at leaſt for his muſe. One of his fowls was a large capon pheaſant, as fat as a pullet. I ate ſhare of it to-day with a friend. We have now a drawing room every Wedneſday, Thurſday, and Saturday, at one o'clock. The Queen does not come out; but all her miniſters, foreigners, and perſons of quality, are at it. I was there to-day; and as Lord Treaſurer came towards me, I avoided him, and he hunted me thrice about the room. I affect never to take notice of him at church or court. He knows it, for I have told him ſo; and to-night, at Lord Maſham's, he gave an account of it to the company; but my reaſons are, that people ſeeing me ſpeak to him, cauſes a great deal of teaſing. I tell you what comes into my head, that I never knew whether you were Whigs or Tories, and I value our converſation the more, that it never turned on that ſubject. I have a fancy that Ppt. is a Tory,

Tory, and a rigid one. I don't know why; but methinks ſhe looks like one, and D. D. a ſort of a trimmer. Am I right? I gave the Examiner a hint about this prorogation, and to praiſe the Queen for her tenderneſs to the Dutch, in giving them ſtill more time to ſubmit. It fitted the occaſion at preſent.

16th, I was buſy to-day at the Secretary's office, and ſtayed till paſt three. The Duke of Ormond and I were to dine at Lord Orkney's. The Duke was at the committee, ſo I thought all was ſafe. When I went there, they had almoſt dined; for the Duke had ſent to excuſe himſelf, which I never knew. I came home at ſeven, and began a little whim, which juſt came into my head, and will make a three-penny pamphlet. It ſhall be finiſhed and out in a week; and if it ſucceeds, you ſhall know what it is; otherwiſe not. I cannot ſend this to-morrow, and will put it off till next Saturday, becauſe I have much buſineſs. So my journals ſhall be ſhort, and Ppt. muſt have patience.

17th, This rogue Parnell has not yet corrected his poem, and I would fain have it out. I dined to-day with Lord Treaſurer, and his Saturday's company, nine of us in all. They went away at ſeven, and Lord Treaſurer and I ſat talking an hour after. After dinner, he was talking to the Lords about the ſpeech the Queen muſt make when the Parliament meets. He aſked me how I would make it? I was going to be ſerious, becauſe it was ſeriouſly put; but I turned it to a jeſt. And becauſe they had been ſpeaking of the Ducheſs of Marl-

borough

orough going to Flanders after the Duke, I ſaid, ıe ſpeech ſhould begin thus: My Lords and Gen- emen, In order to my own quiet, and that of my ıbjects, I have thought fit to ſend the Ducheſs of Marlborough abroad, after the Duke. This took ell, and turned off the diſcourſe. I muſt tell you, do not at all like the preſent ſituation of affairs, nd remember I tell you ſo. Things muſt be on nother foot, or we are all undone. I hate this riving always to an inch.

18th, We had a mighty full court to-day. Dilly vas with me at the French church, and edified nightily. Duke of Ormond and I dined at Lord Ork- ıey's; but I left them at ſeven, and came home to ny whim. I have made a great progreſs. My large reatiſe * ſtands ſtock-ſtill. Some think it too dan- gerous to publiſh, and would have me print only what relates to the peace. I cannot tell what I hall do. The Biſhop of Dromore is dying. They thought yeſterday he could not live two hours: yet he is ſtill alive, but is utterly paſt all hopes.

19th, I was this morning to ſee the Duke and Ducheſs of Ormond. The Duke d'Aumont came in while I was with the Duke of Ormond, and we complimented each other like dragons. A poor fellow called at the door where I lodge, with a parcel of oranges for a preſent for me. I bid my man learn what his name was, and whence it came. He ſent word his name was Bun, and that I knew him very well. I bid my man tell him I was buſy, and he could not ſpeak to me; and not to

* 'His *Hiſtory of the Peace of* Utrecht.'

let

let him leave his oranges. I know no more of it, but I am ſure I never heard the name, and I ſhall take no ſuch preſents from ſtrangers. Perhaps he might be only ſome beggar, who wanted a little money. Perhaps it might be ſomething worſe. Let them keep their poiſon for their rats. I don't love it.

20th, A committee of our ſociety dined to-day with the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Our ſociety does not meet now as uſual, for which I am blamed; but till Lord Treaſurer will agree to give us money and employments to beſtow, I am averſe to it; and he gives us nothing but promiſes. Biſhop of Dromore is ſtill alive, and that is all. We expect every day he will die, and then Tom Leigh muſt go back, which is one good thing to the town. I believe Pratt will drive at one of theſe biſhoprics. Our Engliſh biſhopric * is not yet diſpoſed of. I believe the peace will not be ready by the ſeſſion.

21ſt, I was to-day with my printer, to give him a little pamphlet I have written, but not politics. It will be out by Monday. If it ſucceeds, I will tell you of it; otherwiſe not. We had a prodigious thaw to-day, as bad as rain; yet I walked like a good boy all the way. The Biſhop of Dromore ſtill draws breath, but cannot live two days longer. My large book lies flat. Some people think a great part of it ought not to be now printed. I believe I told you ſo before. This letter ſhall not go till

* 'Probably that of Hereford, vacant by the death of Dr. Humphry Humphreys, on the twentieth of November, 1712, who was ſucceeded by Dr. Philip Biſſe, tranſlated from the ſee of St. David's.'

Satur-

Saturday, which makes up the three weeks exactly, and I allow ſix weeks.

22d, This is one of our Court days, and I was there. I told you there is a drawing-room Wedneſday, Thurſday, and Saturday. The Hamilton's and Abercorn's have done teaſing me. The latter, I hear, is actually going to France. Lord Treaſurer quarelled with me at Court, for being four days without dining with him; ſo I dined there to-day, and he has at laſt fallen in with my project (as he calls it) of coining half-pence and farthings with devices, like medals, in honour of the Queen, every year changing the device. I wiſh it may be done.

23d, Duke of Ormond and I appointed to dine with Ned Southwell to-day, to talk of ſettling your affairs of Parliament in Ireland; but there was a mixture of company, and the Duke of Ormond was in haſte, and nothing was done. If your Parliament meets this ſummer, it muſt be a new one; but I find ſome are of opinion there ſhould be none at all theſe two years. I will trouble myſelf no more about it. My deſign was to ſerve the Duke of Ormond. Dr. Pratt and I ſat this evening with the Biſhop of Clogher, and played at ombre for three-pence. That I ſuppoſe is but low with you. I found, at coming home, a letter from M, No. 37. I ſhall not anſwer it this bout, but will the next. I have got a terrible new cold, before my old one was quite gone, and don't know how. I ſhall have D. D's money ſoon from the Exchequer. The Biſhop of Dromore is dead now at laſt.

24th,

24th, I was at Court to-day, and it was comical to ſee Lord Abercorn bowing to me, but not ſpeaking, and Lord Selkirk the ſame. I dined with Lord Treaſurer, and his Saturday club, and ſat with him two hours after the reſt were gone, and ſpoke freer to him of affairs than I am afraid others do, who might do more good. All his friends repine, and ſhrug their ſhoulders; but will not deal with him ſo freely as they ought. It is an odd buſineſs; the Parliament juſt going to ſit, and no employments given. They ſay they will give them in a few days. There is a new Biſhop made of Hereford; ſo Oſſory is diſappointed. I hinted ſo to his friends two months ago, to make him leave off deluding himſelf and being indiſcreet, as he was.

LETTER LXXIX.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. DINGLEY.

London, January 25, 1712-13.

WE had ſuch a terrible ſtorm to-day, that going to Lord Bolingbroke's I ſaw a hundred tiles fallen down; and one ſwinger fell about forty yards before me, that would have killed a horſe: ſo after church and court, I walked through the Park, and took a chair to Lord Treaſurer's. Next door to his houſe a tin chimney-top had fallen down, with a hundred bricks. It is grown calm this evening. I wonder had you ſuch a wind to-day? I hate it as much as any hog does. Lord Treaſurer has engaged me to dine again with him to-morrow. He

s has thoſe tricks ſometimes of inviting me from
y to day, which I am forced to break through.
y little pamphlet is out: 'tis not politics. If it
es I ſay again you ſhall hear of it.

26th, This morning I felt a little touch of gid-
ieſs, which has diſordered and weakened me with
ugly remains all this day. After dinner at Lord
eaſurer's, the French Ambaſſador, Duke d'Au-
nt, ſent Lord Treaſurer word, that his houſe
s burned down to the ground. It took fire in
upper rooms, while he was at dinner with
ntoleon, the Spaniſh Ambaſſador, and other per-
s; and ſoon after Lord Bolingbroke came to us
h the ſame ſtory. We are full of ſpeculations
n it, but I believe it was the careleſſneſs of his
nch raſcally ſervants. 'Tis odd, that this very
Lord Somers, Wharton, Sunderland, Halifax,
l the whole club of Whig Lords, dined at Pon-
's in the city, as I received private notice they
re ſome damned deſign. I tell you another odd
ng; I was obſerving it to Lord Treaſurer, that
was ſtabbed on the day King William died, and
day I ſaved his life, by opening the band-box,
s King William's birth-day. My friend Mr.
wis * has had a lye ſpread on him by the miſ-
e of a man, who went to another of his name, to
e him thanks for paſſing his privy ſeal to come

* Eraſmus Lewis, ſecretary to the Earl of Dartmouth, one of the
etaries of State, and afterwards to the Earl of Oxford, Lord High
aſurer. He was member for Leſtwithiel, in Cornwall, in the
iament, which began April 9, 1713. A particular account of
affair may be ſeen in the Examiner, Vol. III. No. 21, for Feb. 2,
2-13, and in Boyer's Political State, Vol. V. p. 25, & ſeq.'

from

from France. That other Lewis ſpread about, that the man brought him thanks from Lord Perth and Lord Melfort, (two Lords with the Pretender) for his great ſervices, *&c.* The Lords will examine that other Lewis to-morrow in council; and I believe you will hear of it in the prints, for I will make Abel Roper give a relation of it.

27th, I dined to-day with Lord Treaſurer: this makes four days together; and he has invited me again to-morrow, but I abſolutely refuſed him. I was this evening at a chriſtening with him of Lord Dupplin's daughter. He went away at ten; but they kept me and ſome others till paſt twelve; ſo you may be ſure 'tis late, as they ſay. We have now ſtronger ſuſpicions, that the Duke d'Aumont's houſe was ſet on fire by malice. I was to-day to ſee Lord Keeper, who has quite loſt his voice with a cold. There Dr. Ratcliffe told me, that it was the Ambaſſador's confectioner ſet the houſe on fire by boiling ſugar, and going down and letting it boil over. Yet others ſtill think differently; ſo I know not what to judge.

28th, I was to-day at court, where the Ambaſſador talked to me, as if he did not ſuſpect any deſign in burning d'Aumont's houſe, but the Abbé Gautier, Secretary for France here, ſaid quite otherwiſe; and that d'Aumont had a letter the very ſame day, to let him know his houſe ſhould be burned, and tells ſeveral other circumſtances, too tedious to write. One is, that a fellow mending the tiles juſt when the fire broke out, ſaw a pot with wild-fire in the room. I dined with Lord Orkney. Neither

Lord

Lord Abercorn nor Selkirk will now ſpeak with me, have diſobliged both ſides.

29th, Our ſociety met to-day, fourteen of us, nd at the tavern. We now reſolve to meet but nce a fortnight, and have a committee every other veek of ſix or ſeven to conſult about doing ſome ood. I propoſed another meſſage to Lord Treaurer by three principal members, to give one hunred guineas to a certain perſon, and they are to urge it as well as they can. We alſo raiſed ſixty guineas upon our own ſociety; but I made them do t by aſſeſſors, and I was one of them, and we fitted our tax to the ſeveral eſtates. The Duke of Ormond pays ten guineas, and I the third part of a guinea; at that rate, they may tax as often as they pleaſe.

30th, I have drank Spa waters theſe two or three days; but they do not paſs, and make me very giddy. I am not well; I will take them no more.

I ſauntered after church to-day with the Proſt; to ſee a library to be ſold, and dined at five with Lord Orkney. We ſtill think there was malice in burning d'Aumont's houſe. I hear little Harriſon is come over; it was he I ſent to Utrecht. He is now Queen's ſecretary to the embaſſy, and has brought with him the barrier treaty, as it is now corrected by us, and yielded to by the Dutch, which was the greateſt difficulty to retard the peace. I hope he will bring over the peace a month hence, for we will ſend him back as ſoon as poſſible. I long to ſee the little brat, my own creature. His pay is in all a thouſand pounds a year, and they

have never paid him a groat, though I have teaſed their hearts out. He muſt be three or four hundred pounds in debt at leaſt. Poor brat! Let me go to bed ſirrahs—Night dear MD.

31ſt, Harriſon was with me this morning; we talked three hours, and then I carried him to court. When we went down to the door of my lodging, I found a coach waited for him. I chid him for it; but he whiſpered me, it was impoſſible to do otherwiſe; and in the coach he told me, he had not one farthing in his pocket to pay it; and therefore took the coach for the whole day, and intended to borrow money ſome where or other. So there was the Queen's miniſter intruſted in affairs of the greateſt importance, without a ſhilling in his pocket to pay a coach. I paid him while he was with me ſeven guineas, in part of a dozen of ſhirts he bought me in Holland. I preſented him to the Duke of Ormond, and ſeveral Lords at court; and I contrived it ſo, that Lord Treaſurer came to me, and aſked (I had Parnell by me) whether that was Dr. Parnell, and came up and ſpoke to him with great kindneſs, and invited him to his houſe. I value myſelf upon making the miniſtry deſire to be acquainted with Parnell, and not Parnell with the miniſtry. His poem is almoſt fully corrected, and ſhall be ſoon out. Here is enough for to-day; only to tell you, that I was in the city with my printer to alter an Examiner, about my friend Lewis's ſtory, which will be told with remarks.

February 1ſt, I could do nothing till to-day about the Examiner, but the printer came this morning, and I dictated to him what was fit to be ſaid, and then Mr. Lewis came and corrected it as he would have it; ſo I was neither at church nor court. The Duke of Ormond and I dined at Lord Orkney's. I left them at ſeven, and ſat with Sir Andrew Fountain, who has a very bad ſore leg, for which he deſigns to go to France. The Parliament is to ſit on the third, but will adjourn for three or four days; for the Queen is laid up with the gout, and both Speakers out of order, though one of them, Lord Keeper, is almoſt well. I ſpoke to the Duke of Ormond a good deal about Ireland. We do not altogether agree, nor am I judge enough of Iriſh affairs; but I will ſpeak to Lord Treaſurer to-morrow, that we three may ſettle ſome way or other.

2d, It rained all this day, and Dilly came to me, and was coaching it into the city; ſo I went with him for a ſhaking, becauſe it would not coſt me a farthing. There I met my friend Stratford, the merchant, who is going abroad to gather up his debts, and be clear in the world. He begged me I would dine with ſome merchant friends of ours there, becauſe it was the laſt time I ſhould ſee him: ſo I did, and thought to have ſeen Lord Treaſurer in the evening, but he happened to go out at five; ſo I viſited ſome friends, and came home. The Parliament meets to-morrow, but will be prorogued for a fortnight; which diſappointment, will, I believe, vex abundance of them, though they are not Whigs; for they are forced

to be in town at expence for nothing: but we want an anſwer from Spain, before we are ſure of every thing being right for the peace; and God knows whether we can have that anſwer this month. It is a moſt tickliſh juncture of affairs; we are always driving to an inch: I am weary of it.

3d, The Parliament met, and was prorogued, as I ſaid, and I found ſome cloudy faces, and heard ſome grumbling. We have got over all our difficulties with France, I think. They have now ſettled all the articles of commerce between us and them, wherein they were very much diſpoſed to play the rogue, if we had not held them to; and this buſineſs we wait for from Spain, is to prevent ſome other rogueries of the French, who are finding an evaſion to trade to the Spaniſh Weſt-Indies; but I hope we ſhall prevent it. I dined with Lord Treaſurer, and he was in good humour enough. I gave him that part of my book in manuſcript to read, where his character was, and drawn pretty freely. He was reading and correcting it with his pencil, when the Biſhop of St. David's * (now removing to Hereford) came and interrupted us. I left him at eight, and ſat till twelve with the Provoſt and Biſhop of Clogher.

4th, I was to-day at court, but kept out of Lord Treaſurer's way, becauſe I was engaged to the Duke of Ormond, where I dined, and, I think, eat and drank too much. I ſat this evening with Lady Maſham, and then with Lord Maſham and Lord Treaſurer at Lord Maſham's. It was laſt year, you

* 'Dr. Philip Biſſe.'

may

may remember, my conſtant evening place. I ſaw Lady Jerſey with Lady Maſham, who has been laying out for my acquaintance, and has forced a promiſe from me to drink chocolate with her in a day or two, which I know not whether I ſhall perform, for I do not much like her character; but ſhe is very malicious, and therefore I think I muſt keep fair with her. I did not write to Dr. Coghill that I would have nothing in Ireland; but that I was ſoliciting nothing any where, and that is true. I have named Dr. Sterne * to Lord Treaſurer, Lord Bolingbroke, and the Duke of Ormond, for a Biſhoprick, and I did it heartily. I know not what will come of it; but I tell you as a great ſecret, that I have made the Duke of Ormond promiſe me to recommend no-body till he tells me, and this for ſome reaſons too long to mention. My head is ſtill in no good order.

5th, I dined to-day with Sir Andrew Fountain and the Provoſt, and played at ombre with him all the afternoon. I won, yet Sir Andrew is an admirable player. Lord Pembroke came in, and I gave him three or four ſcurvy *Dilly*-puns, that begin with an *if*. I believe I ſhall write no more this good while, nor publiſh what I have done. Pray God mend people's health; mine is but very indifferent. I have left off Spa water; it makes my legs ſwell.

6th, This is the Queen's birth-day, and I never ſaw it celebrated with ſo much hurry and fine cloaths. I went to court to ſee them, and I dined with Lord

* 'Dean of St. Patrick's.'

Keeper, where the ladies were fine to admiration. I paſſed the evening at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, and came home pretty early, to anſwer your letter again. Pray God keep the Queen; ſhe was very ill about ten days ago, and had the gout in her ſtomach. When I came from Lord Keeper's, I called at Lord Treaſurer's, becauſe I heard he was very fine, and that was a new thing, and it was true; for his coat and waiſtcoat were embroidered. All things grow dear in Ireland, but corn to the parſons; for my livings are fallen much this year by Parviſol's account.

7th, I was at court to-day, but ſaw no birth-day cloaths; the great folks never wear them above once or twice. I dined with Lord Orkney, and ſat the evening with Sir Andrew Fountain, whoſe leg is in a very dubious condition. This, I believe, will hardly go till Saturday; for being not very well, I dare not ſtudy much: ſo I let company come in a morning, and paſs the afternoon in dining and ſitting ſomewhere. Lord Treaſurer is angry, if I don't dine with him every ſecond day, and I cannot part with him till late. He kept me laſt night till near twelve. Our weather is conſtant rain above theſe two months, which hinders walking, ſo that our ſpring is not like yours. I have not ſeen Fanny Manly yet; I cannot find time. I am in rebellion with all my acquaintance, but I will mend with my health and the weather. Colds! why we are all dying with colds; but now they are a little off, and my ſecond is almoſt over.

8th, It was terribly rainy to-day from morning till night. I intended to have dined with Lord Trea-

Treaſurer, but went to ſee Sir Andrew Fountain, and he kept me to dinner, which ſaved coach hire, and I ſtaid with him all the afternoon, and loſt thirteen ſhillings and ſix-pence at ombre. There was management! and Lord Treaſurer will chide; but I'll dine with him to-morrow. The Biſhop of Clogher's daughter has been ill ſome days, and it proves the ſmall pox. She is very full; but it comes out well, and they apprehend no danger. Lady Orkney has given me her picture; a very fine original of Sir Godfrey Kneller's; it is now a mending. He has favoured her ſquint admirably; and you know I love a caſt in the eye. I was to ſee Lady Worſley to-day, who is juſt come to town; ſhe is full of rheumatic pains. All my acquaintance grow old and ſickly.

9th, I thought to have dined with Lord Treaſurer to-day, but he dined abroad at Tom Harley's; ſo I dined at Lord Maſham's, and ſo was winning all I had loſt playing with Lady Maſham at crown picquet, when we went to Pool's, and I loſt it again. Lord Treaſurer came to us, and chid me for not following him to Tom Harley's. I was this morning to ſee Lady Jerſey, and we have made twenty parties about dining together, and I ſhall hardly keep one of them. She is reduced after all her greatneſs to ſeven ſervants, and a ſmall houſe, and no coach. I like her tolerably as yet.

10th, I made viſits this morning to the Duke and Ducheſs of Ormond, and Lady Betty, and the Ducheſs of Hamilton. When I was writing this near twelve o'clock, the Ducheſs of Hamilton ſent

to have me dine with her to-morrow. I am forced to give my anſwer through the door, for my man has got the key, and is gone to bed; but I cannot obey her, for our ſociety meets to-morrow. I ſtole away from my Lord Treaſurer by eight, and intended to have paſſed the evening with Sir Thomas Clarges and his lady; but met them in another place, and have there ſat till now. My head has not been ill to-day. I was at court, and made Lord Manſel walk with me in the Park before we went to dinner. Yeſterday and to-day have been fair, but yet it rained all laſt night. I ſaw Sterne ſtaring at court to-day. He has been often to ſee me, he ſays; but my man has not yet let him up. He is in deep mourning; I hope it is not for his wife. I did not aſk him.

12th, I have reckoned days wrong all this while; for this is the twelfth. I do not know when I loſt it. I dined to-day with our ſociety, the greateſt dinner I have ever ſeen. It was at Jack Hill's, the Governor of Dunkirk. I gave an account of ſixty guineas I had collected, and am to give them away to two authors to-morrow. And Lord Treaſurer has promiſed me one hundred pounds to reward ſome others. I found a letter on my table laſt night, to tell me, that poor little Harriſon, the Queen's ſecretary, that came lately from Utrecht with the barrier treaty, was ill, and deſired to ſee me at night; but it was late, and I could not go till to-day. I have often mentioned him in my letters, you may remember. I went in the morning, and found him mighty ill, and got thirty guineas

guineas for him from Lord Bolingbroke, and an order for one hundred pounds from the Treaſury, to be paid him to-morrow; and I have got him removed to Knightſbridge for air. He has a fever and inflammation on his lungs; but I hope will do well.

13th, I was to ſee a poor poet, one Mr. Diaper, in a naſty garret, very ſick. I gave him twenty guineas from Lord Bolingbroke, and diſpoſed the other ſixty to two other authors, and deſired a friend to receive the one hundred for poor Harriſon, and will carry it to him to-morrow morning. I ſent to ſee how he did, and he is extremely ill; and I am very much afflicted for him, as he is my own creature in a very honourable poſt, and very worthy of it. I dined in the city. I am much concerned for this poor lad. His mother and ſiſter attend him, and he wants nothing.

14th, I took Parnell this morning, and we walked to ſee poor Harriſon. I had the one hundred pounds in my pocket. I told Parnell I was afraid to knock at the door; my mind miſgave me. I did knock, and his man in tears told me his maſter was dead an hour before. Think what grief this is to me! I went to his mother, and have been ordering things for his funeral with as little coſt as poſſible, to-morrow at ten at night. Lord Treaſurer was much concerned when I told him. I could not dine with Lord Treaſurer, nor any where elſe; but got a bit of meat towards evening. No loſs ever grieved me ſo much: poor creature! Pray God Almighty bleſs you. Adieu. I ſend this away to-night, and I am ſorry it muſt go while I am in ſo much grief.

LET-

LETTER LXXXII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. DINGLEY.

London, Feb. 15. 1712-13.

I dined to-day with Mr. Rowe, and a projector who has been teaſing me with twenty ſchemes to get grants; and I don't like one of them; and, beſides, I was out of humour for the loſs of poor Harriſon. At ten this night I was at his funeral, which I ordered to be as private as poſſible. We had but one coach with four of us; and when it was carrying us home after the funeral, the braces broke; and we were forced to ſit in it, and have it held up, till my man went for chairs, at eleven at night, in terrible rain. I am come home very melancholy, and will go to bed.

16th, I dined to-day with Lord Dupplin, and ſome company, to divert me; but left them early, and have been reading a book for amuſement. I ſhall never have courage again to care for making any body's fortune. The Parliament meets to-morrow, and will be prorogued another fortnight, at which ſeveral of both parties were angry; but it cannot be helped, though every thing about the peace is paſt all danger. I never ſaw ſuch a continuance of rainy weather. We have not had two fair days together theſe ten weeks. I have not dined with Lord Treaſurer theſe four days, nor can I till Saturday; for I have ſeveral engagements till then, and he will chide me to ſome purpoſe. I am perplexed with this one hundred pounds of poor Harriſon's, what to do with it.

. I cannot pay his relations till they adminiſter, or he is much in debt; but I will have the ſtaff in ay own hands, and venture nothing.

17th, Lady Jerſey and I dined by appointment o-day with Lord Bolingbroke. He is ſending his rother to ſucceed Mr. Harriſon. It is the prettieſt oſt in Europe for a young gentleman. I loſt my oney ſadly at ombre; I make a thouſand blunders t it, and play but three-penny ombre; but it is hat you call running ombre. Lady Clarges, and drab I hate, won a dozen ſhillings of me laſt ight. The Parliament was prorogued to-day. 'ople grumble; and the good of it is, the peace annot be finiſhed by the time they meet, there are many fidling things to do. I reckon you have all our cards from France, for ours pay ſix-pence a ack taxes, which goes deep to the box. I have iven away all my Spa water, and take ſome naſty eel drops, and my head has been better this week aſt. I ſend every day to ſee how Miſs Aſhe does. he is very full, they ſay, but in no danger. I ar ſhe will loſe ſome of her beauty. The ſon lies ut of the houſe. I wiſh he had them too, while e is ſo young.

18th, The Earl of Abingdon had been teaſing e theſe three months to dine with him; and this ay was appointed about a week ago, and I named ay company; Lord Stawell, Colonel Diſney, and r. Arbuthnot; but the two laſt ſlipped out their ecks, and left Stawell and me to dine there. We id not dine till ſeven, becauſe it is Aſh-Wedneſ-ay. We had nothing but fiſh, which Lord Sta-

well

well could not eat, and got a broiled leg of a turkey. Our wine was poiſon; yet the puppy has twelve thouſand pounds a year. His carps were raw, and his candles tallow. He ſhall not catch me in haſte again, and every body has laughed at me for dining with him. I was to-day to let Harriſon's mother know I could not pay till ſhe adminiſters; which ſhe will do. There were more Whigs to-day at Court than tories. I believe they think the peace muſt be made, and ſo come to pleaſe the queen. She is ſtill lame with the gout.

19th, I was at Court to-day, to ſpeak to Lord Bolingbroke, to look over Parnell's poem ſince it is corrected; and Parnell and I dined with him, and he has ſhewn him three or four more places to alter a little. Lady Bolingbroke came down to us while we were at dinner, and Parnell ſtared at her, as if ſhe were a goddeſs. I thought ſhe was like Parnell's wife, and he thought ſo too. Parnell is much pleaſed with Lord Bolingbroke's favour to him, and I hope it may one day turn to his advantage. His poem will be printed in a few days. Our weather continues raining as freſh as if it had not rained at all. I ſat to-night at Lady Maſham's, where Lord Treaſurer came and ſcolded me for not dining with him. I told him, I would not till Saturday. I have ſtayed there till paſt twelve; ſo good night.

20th, Lady Jerſey, Lady Catherine Hyde *, the Spaniſh Ambaſſador, the Duke D'Atree, another Spaniard, and I, dined to-day, by appointment,

* Afterwards Ducheſs of Queenſberry.

with

with Lord Bolingbroke; but they fell a drinking ſo many Spaniſh healths in champagne, that I ſtole away to the ladies, and drank tea till eight; and then went on and loſt my money at ombre with Sir Andrew Fountain, who has a very bad leg. Miſs Aſhe is paſt all danger; and her eye, which was lately bad (I ſuppoſe one effect of her diſtemper) is now better. I do not let the Biſhop ſee me, nor ſhall this good while. I will ſpeak to Mr. Griffin to-morrow, about Ppt's brother Filby, and deſire that his employment may be mended.

21ſt, I ſaw Griffin at Court. He ſays he knows nothing of a ſalt-work at Recton; but that he will give Filby a better employment, and deſires Filby will write to him. If I knew where to write to Filby, I would; but pray do you. Bid him make no mention of you; but only let Mr. Griffin know, that he has had the honour to be recommended by Dr. Swift, *&c.* that he will endeavour to deſerve, *&c.* I think Mr. Griffin lives in Bury-ſtreet, near St. James's-ſtreet, hard by me; but I ſuppoſe your brother may direct to him to the ſalt-office, and, as I remember, he knows his chriſtian name, becauſe you ſent it to me in a liſt of the commiſſioners.

I dined with Lord Treaſurer and ſeven Lords to-day. You know Saturday is his great day. I ſat with them till eight, and then came home, and have been writing a letter to Mrs. Davis, at York. She took care to have a letter delivered for me at Lord Treaſurer's; for I would not own one ſhe ſent by poſt. She reproaches me for not writing to her

her theſe four years; and I have honeſtly told her, it was my way never to write to thoſe whom I am never likely to ſee, unleſs I can ſerve them, which I cannot her, *&c.* Davis, the ſchoolmaſter's widow.

22d, I dined to-day at Lord Orkney's, with the Duke of Ormond and Sir Thomas Hanmer. Have you ever heard of the latter? He married the Ducheſs of Grafton in his youth (ſhe dined with us too). He is the moſt conſiderable man in the Houſe of Commons. He went laſt ſpring to Flanders, with the Duke of Ormond; from thence to France, and was going to Italy; but the miniſtry ſent for him, and he has been come over about ten days. He is much out of humour with things. He thinks the peace is kept off too long, and is full of fears and doubts. It is thought he is deſigned for Secretary of State, inſtead of Lord Dartmouth. We have been acquainted theſe two years; and I intend, in a day or two, to have an hour's talk with him on affairs. I ſaw the Biſhop of Clogher at Court. Miſs is recovering. I know not how much ſhe will be marked. The Queen is ſlowly mending of her gout, and intends to be brought in a chair to Parliament, when it meets, which will be on the 3d of March; for I ſuppoſe they will prorogue no more; yet the peace will not be ſigned then, and we apprehend the tories themſelves will many of them be diſcontented.

23d, It was ill weather to-day, and I dined with Sir Andrew Fountain, and in the evening played at ombre with him and the provoſt, and won twenty-

five

five ſhillings; ſo I recovered myſelf pretty well. Dilly has been dunning me to ſee Fanny Manly; but I have not yet been able to do it.

24th, I walked this morning to Chelſea, to ſee Dr. Atterbury, Dean of Chriſt-church. I had buſineſs with him about entering Mr. Fitz-Maurice, Lord Kerry's ſon, into his college; and Lady Kerry is a great favourite of mine. Lord Harley, Lord Dupplin, young Bromley, the Speaker's ſon, and I, dined with Dr. Stratford and ſome other clergymen; but I left them at ſeven, to go to Lady Jerſey, to ſee Monteleon, the Spaniſh ambaſſador, play at ombre. Lady Jerſey was abroad, and I chid the ſervants, and made a rattle; but ſince I came home, ſhe ſent me a meſſage, that I was miſtaken, and that the meeting is to be to-morrow. I have a worſe memory than when I left you, and every day forget appointments; but here my memory was by chance too good. But I'll go to-morrow; for Lady Catherine Hyde, and Lady Bolingbroke, are to be there by appointment.

25th, Lord Treaſurer met me laſt night at Lord Maſham's, and thanked me for my company in a jeer, becauſe I had not dined with him in three days. He chides me if I ſtay away but two days together. What will this come to? Nothing. My grand-mother uſed to ſay, more of your lining, and leſs of your dining. However, I dined with him, and could hardly leave him at eight, to go to Lady Jerſey's, where five or ſix foreign miniſters were, and as many ladies. Monteleon played like the Engliſh, and cried gacco, and knocked his knuckles,

knuckles for trump, and played at ſmall games like Ppt. Lady Jerſey whiſpered me to ſtay, and ſup with the ladies when the fellows were gone; but they played till eleven, and I would not ſtay. Lady Catherine Hyde had a mighty mind I ſhould be acquainted with Lady Dalkeith, her ſiſter, the Duke of Monmouth's eldeſt ſon's widow, who was of the company to-night; but I did not like her; ſhe paints too much.

26th, This day our ſociety met at the Duke of Ormond's; but I had buſineſs that called me another way; ſo I ſent my excuſe, and dined privately with a friend. Beſides, Sir Thomas Hanmer whiſpered me laſt night, at Lady Jerſey's, that I muſt attend Lord Treaſurer and Duke of Ormond at ſupper, at his houſe to-night; which I did, at eleven, and ſtayed till one. There was the Ducheſs of Graſton, and the Duke her ſon; nine of us in all. Duke of Ormond chid me for not being at the ſociety to-day, and ſaid ſixteen were there. I ſaid I never knew ſixteen people good company in my life; no, nor eight neither. We have no news in this town at all. I wonder why I don't write you news. I know leſs of what paſſes than any body, becauſe I go to no coffee-houſe, nor ſee any but miniſters, and ſuch people; and miniſters never talk politics in converſation. The whigs are forming great ſchemes againſt the meeting of Parliament, which will be next Tueſday, I ſtill think, without fail; and we hope to hear, by then, that the peace is ready to ſign. The Queen's gout mends daily.

27th,

27th, I paſſed a very inſipid day, and dined pri-ately with a friend in the neighbourhood. Did I ell you that I have a very fine picture of Lady)rkney, an original, by Sir Godfrey Kneller, three uarters length? I have it now at home, with a fine rame. Lord Bolingbroke and Lady Maſham have romiſed to ſit for me; but I deſpair of Lord Trea-ırer; only I hope he will give me a copy, and then ſhall have all the pictures of thoſe I really love ere; juſt half a dozen; only I will make Lord .eeper give me his print in a frame. I have little) do now with my pen; for my grand buſineſs * ops till they are more preſſing, and till ſomething r other happens; and I believe I ſhall, with diſ-uſt, return to finiſh it, it is ſo very laborious. Sir 'homas Hanmer has my papers now. You are ow at ombre with the Dean, always on Friday ight. I ſtood by, the other night, while the Duke 'Atree loſt ſix times with Manille, Baſto, and three nall trumps; and Lady Jerſey won above twenty ounds.

28th, I was at court to-day, when the Abbé lautier whiſpered me, that a courier was juſt come ith an account, that the French King had con-nted to all the Queen's demands, and his conſent as carried to Utrecht, and the peace will be ſigned a few days. I ſuppoſe the general peace cannot ə ſo ſoon ready; but that is no matter. The news ·eſently ran about the court. I ſaw the Queen ırried out in her chair, to take the air in the gar-:n. I met Griffin at court, and he told me

* 'His Hiſtory of the Peace of Utrecht.'

that orders were ſent to examine Filby; and, if he be fit, to make him, I don't know what, ſuperviſor. It is ſome employment, a good deal better than his own. The Parliament will have another ſhort prorogation; though it is not known yet. I dined with Lord Treaſurer, and his Saturday company, and left him at eight. Farewel.

LETTER LXXXIII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. DINGLEY.

London, March 1, 1712-13.

I SEE I anſwered a good deal of your laſt letter about your brother, *&c.* I dined with Lady Orkney, and we talked politicks till eleven at night; and, as uſual, found every thing wrong, and put ourſelves out of humour. Yes, I have Lady Giffard's picture ſent me by your mother. It is bound up at a place where my other things are. I have goods in two or three places; and when I leave a lodging, I box up the books I get (for I always get ſome) and come naked into a new lodging; and ſo on. Talk not to me of deanries; I know leſs of that than ever by much.

2d, I went into the city, to ſee Pat Rolt, who lodges with a city couſin, a daughter of couſin Cleve; (you are much the wiſer). I had never been at her houſe before. My he-couſin Thomſon the butcher is dead, or dying. I dined with my printer, and walked home, and went to ſit with Lady Clarges. I found four of them at whiſt; of which

Lady Godolphin was one. I ſat by her, and talked of her cards, &c. But ſhe would not give one look, nor ſay a word to me. She refuſed ſome time ago to be acquainted with me. You know ſhe is Lord Marlborough's eldeſt daughter. She is a fool for her pains, and I'll pull her down. What can I do for Dr. Smith's daughter's huſband? I have no perſonal credit with any of the commiſſioners. I will ſpeak to Keightley; but I believe it will ſignify nothing. In the cuſtoms people muſt riſe by degrees, and he muſt at firſt take what is very low, if he be qualified for that. Ppt. miſtakes me; I am not angry at your recommending any one to me, provided you will take my anſwer. Some things are in my way, and then I ſerve thoſe I can. But people will not diſtinguiſh, but take things ill, when I have no power; but Ppt. is wiſer, and employments in general are very hard to get.

3d, I dined to-day with Lord Treaſurer, who chid me for my abſence, which was only from Saturday laſt. The Parliament was again prorogued for a week, and I ſuppoſe the peace will be ready by then, and the Queen will be able to be brought to the Houſe, and make her ſpeech. I ſaw Dr. Griffith two or three months ago, at a Latin play at Weſtminſter; but did not ſpeak to him. I hope he will not die; I ſhould be ſorry for Ppt's ſake; he is very tender of her. I have long loſt all my colds, and the weather mends a little. I take ſome ſteel drops, and my head is pretty well. I walk when I can, but am grown very idle; and, not finiſhing my thing, I ramble abroad, and play at

ombre. I ſhall be more careful in my phyſic than Mrs. Price: 'tis not a farthing matter her death, I think; and ſo I ſay no more to-night, but will read a dull book, and go ſleep.

4th, Mr. Ford has been this half year inviting me to dine at his lodgings; ſo I did to-day, and brought the Provoſt and Dr. Parnell with me, and my friend Lewis was there. Parnell went away, and the other three played at ombre, and I looked on, which I love, and would not play. Tiſdall is a pretty fellow, as you ſay; and when I come back to Ireland with nothing, he will condole me with abundance of ſecret pleaſure. I believe I told you what he wrote to me, *That I have ſaved* England, *and he* Ireland: but I can bear that. I have learned to hear and ſee, and ſay nothing. I was to ſee the Ducheſs of Hamilton to-day, and met Bligh of Ireland juſt going out of her houſe into his coach. I aſked her how ſhe came to receive young fellows. It ſeems he had a ball in the Duke of Hamilton's houſe when the Duke died; and the Ducheſs got an advertiſement put in the Poſt-boy, reflecting on the ball, becauſe the Marlborough daughters were there; and Bligh came to beg the Ducheſs's pardon, and clear himſelf. He is a ſad dog. Night dear MD.

5th, Lady Maſham has miſcarried; but is almoſt well again. I have paid many viſits to-day. I met Bligh at the Duke of Ormond's; and he begged me to carry him to the Ducheſs of Hamilton, to beg her pardon again. I did on purpoſe to ſee how the blunderbuſs behaved himſelf; but I begged the

Ducheſs

Ducheſs to uſe him mercifully, for ſhe is the devil of a teazer. The good of it is, ſhe ought to beg his pardon, for he meant no harm; yet ſhe would not allow him to put in an advertiſement to clear himſelf from hers, though hers was all a lie. He appealed to me, and I gravely gave it againſt him. I was at court to-day, and the foreign miniſters have got a trick of employing me to ſpeak for them to Lord Treaſurer and Lord Bolingbroke; which I do when the caſe is reaſonable. The college need not fear; I will not be their governor. I dined with Sir Thomas Hanmer and his Ducheſs. The Duke of Ormond was there, but we parted ſoon, and I went to viſit Lord Pembroke for the firſt time; but it was to ſee ſome curious books. Lord Cholmondeley came in; but I would not talk to him, though he made many advances. I hate the ſcoundrel for all he is your Griffith's friend. Yes I am abuſed enough, if that be all. Night MD.

6th, I was to-day at an auction of pictures with Pratt, and laid out two pounds four ſhillings for a picture of Titian, and if it were a Titian, it would be worth twice as many pounds. If I am cheated, I'll part with it to Lord Maſham: if it be a bargain, I'll keep it to myſelf. That's my politicks. But I made Pratt buy ſeveral pictures for Lord Maſham. Pratt is a great virtuoſo that way. I dined with Lord Treaſurer, but made him go to court at eight. I always teaſe him to be gone. I thought to have made Parnell dine with him, but he was ill; his head is out of order like mine, but more conſtant. Poor boy! I was at Lord Trea-

ſurer's levee with the Provoſt, to aſk a book for the college. I never go to his levee, unleſs it be to preſent ſome body.

7th, Yes, I hope Leigh will ſoon be gone. A p— on him! I met him once, and he talked gravely to me of not ſeeing the Iriſh Biſhops here, and the Iriſh gentlemen; but I believe my anſwers fretted him enough. I would not dine with Lord Treaſurer to-day, though it was Saturday, for he has engaged me for to-morrow; but went and dined with Lord Maſham, and played at ſix-penny running ombre for three hours. There were three voles againſt me, and I was once a great loſer, but came off for three ſhillings and ſix-pence. One may eaſily loſe five guineas at it. Lady Orkney is gone out of town to-day, and I could not ſee her for lazineſs, but wrote to her. She has left me ſome phyſic. I knew MD's politicks before, and I think it pretty extraordinary, and a great compliment to you, and I believe never three people converſed ſo much with ſo little politicks. I avoid all converſation with the other party; it is not to be borne, and I am ſorry for it. Parviſol has ſent me a bill of fifty pounds, as I ordered him, which, I hope, will ſerve me, and bring me over. I was not at court to-day; a wonder!

8th, You muſt know, I give chocolate almoſt every day to two or three people, that I ſuffer to come to ſee me in a morning. My man begins to lie pretty well. 'Tis nothing for people to be denied ten times. My man knows all I will ſee, and denies

denies me to every body elſe. This is the day of the Queen's coming to the crown, and the day Lord Treaſurer was ſtabbed by Guiſcard. I was at court, where every body had their birth-day cloaths on, and I dined with Lord Treaſurer, who was very fine. He ſhewed me ſome of the Queen's ſpeech, which I corrected in ſeveral places, and penned the vote of addreſs of thanks for the ſpeech; but I was of opinion the Houſe ſhould not ſit on Tueſday next, unleſs they hear the peace is ſigned; that is, provided they are ſure it will be ſigned the week after, and ſo have one ſcolding for all.

9th, Lord Treaſurer would have had me dine with him to-day; he deſired me laſt night, but I refuſed, becauſe he would not keep the day of his ſtabbing with all the cabinet, as he intended: ſo I dined with my friend Lewis; and the Provoſt, and Parnell, and Ford were with us. I loſt ſixteen ſhillings at ombre; I don't like it. At night Lewis brought us word, that the Parliament does not ſit to-morrow. I hope they are ſure of the peace by next week, and then they are right, in my opinion: otherwiſe I think they have done wrong, and might have ſat three weeks ago. People will grumble; but Lord Treaſurer cares not a ruſh. Lord Keeper is ſuddenly taken ill of a quinſy, and ſome Lords are in commiſſion. I think Lord Treaſurer is to prorogue the Parliament in his ſtead. You never ſaw a town ſo full of ferment and expectation. Mr. Pope has publiſhed a fine poem, called *Windſor Foreſt*. Read it.

10th, I was early this morning to ſee Lord Bolingbroke. I find he was of opinion the Parliament ſhould ſit; and ſays, they are not ſure the peace will be ſigned next week. The prorogation is to this day ſe'nnight. I went to look on a library I am going to buy, if we can agree. I have offered one hundred and twenty pounds, and will give ten pounds more. Lord Bolingbroke will lend me the money. I was two hours poring over the books. I will ſell ſome of them, and keep the reſt; but I doubt they won't take the money. I dined in the city, and ſat an hour in the evening with Lord Treaſurer, who was in a very good humour; but reproached me for not dining with him yeſterday and to-day. What will all this come to? Lord Keeper had a pretty good night, and is better. I was in pain for him.

11th, I was this morning to viſit the Duke and Ducheſs of Ormond, and the Ducheſs of Hamilton, and went with the Provoſt to an auction of pictures, and laid out fourteen ſhillings. I am in for it, if I had money; but I doubt I ſhall be undone; for Sir Andrew Fountain invited the Provoſt and me to dine with him, and play at ombre, when I fairly loſt fourteen ſhillings. I am come home; 'tis late, and my puppy let out my fire, and I am gone to bed, and writing there, and it is paſt twelve a good while. Went out four mattadores and a trump in black, and yet was baſted.

12th, I was at another auction of pictures to-day, and a great auction it was. I made Lord Maſham lay out forty pounds. There were pictures ſold of twice

twice as much value a-piece. Our ſociety met to-day at the Duke of Beaufort's; a prodigious fine dinner, which I hate; but we did ſome buſineſs. Our printer was to attend us, as uſual; and the Chancellor of the Exchequer * ſent the author of the Examiner † twenty guineas. He is an ingenious fellow, but the moſt confounded coxcomb in the world, ſo that I dare not let him ſee me, nor am acquainted with him. I had much diſcourſe with the Duke of Ormond this morning, and am driving ſome points, to ſecure, *&c.*—I left the ſociety at ſeven. I can't drink now at all with any pleaſure. I love white Portugal wine better than claret, Champagne, or Burgundy. I have a ſad vulgar appetite; I cannot endure above one diſh, nor ever could ſince I was a boy, and loved ſtuffing. It was a fair day, which is a rarity with us, I aſſure you. Never fair two days together.

13th, I had a rabble of Iriſh parſons this morning drinking my chocolate. I cannot remember appointments. I was to have ſupped laſt night with the Swediſh Envoy at his houſe, and ſome other company; but forgot it, and he raillied me to-day at Lord Bolingbroke's, who excuſed me, ſaying, the Envoy ought not to be angry, becauſe I ſerve Lord Treaſurer and him the ſame way. For that reaſon, I very ſeldom promiſe to go any where. I dined with Lord Treaſurer, who chid me for being abſent ſo long, as he always does, if I miſs a day. I ſat three hours this evening with Lady

* 'Robert Benſon, Eſq.'

† 'Mr. Oldiſworth.'

Jerſey

Jerſey; but the firſt two hours ſhe was at ombre with ſome company. I left Lord Treaſurer at eight; I fancied he was a little thoughtful, for he was playing with an orange by fits, which I told him, among common men, looked like the ſpleen. I wiſh the peace may be ready; I mean, that we have notice it is ſigned, before Tueſday; otherwiſe the grumbling will increaſe.

LETTER LXXXIV.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. DINGLEY.

London, March 14, 1712-13.

IT was a lovely day this, and I took the advantage of walking a good deal in the Park, before I went to court. Colonel Diſney, one of our ſociety, is ill of a fever, and, we fear, in great danger. We all love him mightily, and he would be a great loſs. I doubt I ſhall not buy the library; for a roguiſh bookſeller has offered ſixty pounds more than I deſigned to give. So you ſee I meant to have a good bargain. I dined with Lord Treaſurer, and his Saturday company; but there were but ſeven at table. Lord Peterborough is ill, and ſpits blood, with a bruiſe he got before he left England; but, I believe, an Italian lady he has brought over is the cauſe that his illneſs returns. You know old Lady Bellaſis is dead at laſt? She has left Lord Berkeley of Stratton one of her executors, and it will be of great advantage to him; they ſay above ten thouſand pounds. I ſtaid with Lord Treaſurer, upon buſineſs, after the company was gone; but I dare not

not tell you upon what. My letters would be good memoirs, if I durſt venture to ſay a thouſand things that paſs; but I hear ſo much of letters opening at your poſt-office, that I am fearful, &c.

15th, Lord Treaſurer engaged me to dine with him again to-day, and I had ready what he wanted; but he would not ſee it, but put me off till to-morrow. The Queen goes to chapel now. She is carried in an open chair, and will be well enough to go to Parliament on Tueſday, if the Houſes meet, which is not yet certain; neither, indeed, can the miniſters themſelves tell; for it depends on winds and weather, and circumſtances of negotiation. However, we go on as if it was certainly to meet; and I am to be at Lord Treaſurer's to-morrow, upon that ſuppoſition, to ſettle ſome things relating that way. Ppt. may underſtand me. The doctors tell me, that if poor Colonel Diſney does not get ſome ſleep to-night, he muſt die. What care you? Ah! but I do care. He is one of our ſociety; a fellow of abundance of humour; an old battered rake; but very honeſt. Not an old man, but an old rake. It was he that ſaid of Jenny Kingdom, the maid of honour, who is a little old, that, ſince ſhe could not get a huſband, the Queen ſhould give her a brevet, to act as a married woman. You don't underſtand this. They give brevets to Majors and Captains, to act as Colonels in the army. Brevets are commiſſions. Aſk ſoldiers.

16th, I was at Lord Treaſurer's before he came; and, as he entered, he told me, the Parliament was prorogued till Thurſday ſe'nnight. They have had

ſome

ſome expreſſes, by which they count, that the peace will be ſigned by that time; at leaſt that France, Holland, and we will ſign ſome articles, by which we ſhall engage to ſign the peace, when it is ready. But Spain has no miniſter there; for Monteleon, who is to be their Ambaſſador at Utrecht, is not yet gone from hence; and till he is there, the Spaniards can ſign no peace. And one thing take notice of, that a general peace can hardly be finiſhed theſe two months, ſo as to be proclaimed here; for, after ſigning, it muſt be ratified; that is, confirmed by the ſeveral Princes at their courts, which to Spain will coſt a month; for we muſt have notice, that it is ratified in all courts, before we can proclaim it; ſo be not in too much haſte.

17th, The Iriſh folks were diſappointed, that the Parliament did not meet to-day, becauſe it was St. Patrick's-day; and the Mall was ſo full of croſſes, that I thought all the world was Iriſh. Miſs Aſhe is almoſt quite well, and I ſee the Biſhop, but ſhall not yet go to his houſe *. I dined again with Lord Treaſurer; but the Parliament being prorogued, I muſt keep what I have till next week; for I believe he will not ſee it till juſt the evening before the ſeſſion. He has engaged me to dine with him again to-morrow, though I did all I could to put it off; but I don't care to diſoblige him.

18th, I have now dined ſix days ſucceſſively with Lord Treaſurer; but at night I ſtole away, while he was talking with ſomebody elſe, and ſo am at liberty

* Swift never had the ſmall-pox.

to-mor-

to-morrow. There was a flying report of a general ceſſation of arms: every body had it court; but, I believe, there is nothing in it. I aſked a certain French miniſter how things went? And he whiſpered me in French, Your Plenipotentiaries and ours play the fool. None of us indeed approve of the conduct of either at this time; but Lord Treaſurer was in full good humour for all that. He had invited a good many of his relations; and, of a dozen at table, they were all of the Harley family but myſelf. Diſney is recovering, though you don't care a ſtraw. Dilly murders us with his if-puns. You know them.

19th, The Biſhop of Clogher has made an if-pun, that he is mighty proud of, and deſigns to ſend it over to his brother Tom; but Sir Andrew Fountain has wrote to Tom Aſhe laſt poſt, and told him the pun, and deſired him to ſend it over to the Biſhop as his own; and, if it ſucceeds, it will be a pure bite. The Biſhop will tell it us as a wonder, that he and his brother ſhould jump ſo exactly. I'll tell you the pun, If there was a hackney coach at Mr. Pooley's door, what town in Egypt would it be? Why, it would be Hecatompolis; Hack at Tom Pooley's. Silly, ſays Ppt. I dined with a private friend to-day; for our ſociety, I told you, meet but once a fortnight. I have not ſeen Fanny Manley yet; I can't help it. Lady Orkney is come to town: why, ſhe was at her country-houſe; but what care you?

20th, Dilly read me a letter to-day, from Ppt. She ſeems to have ſcratched her head when ſhe wrote

wrote it. 'Tis a ſad thing to write to people without taſte. There you ſay, you hear I was going to Bath. No ſuch thing; I am pretty well, I thank God. The town is now ſending me to Savoy; forty people have given me joy of it, yet there is not the leaſt truth that I know in it. I was at an auction of pictures, but bought none. I was ſo glad of my liberty, that I would dine no where; but, the weather being fine, I ſauntered into the city, and ate a bit about five, and then ſupped at Mr. Burke's, your accomptant-general, who had been engaging me this month. The Biſhop of Clogher was to have been there, but was hindered by Lord Paget's funeral. The Provoſt and I ſat till one o'clock; and, if that be not late, I don't know what is late. Parnell's poem will be publiſhed on Monday, and to-morrow I deſign he ſhall preſent it to Lord Treaſurer and Lord Bolingbroke at court. The poor lad is almoſt always out of order with his head. Burke's wife is his ſiſter.

21ſt, Morning. I will now finiſh my letter; for company will come, and a ſtir, and a clutter; and I'll keep the letter in my pocket, and give it into the poſt. I muſt go to court, and you know on Saturday I dine with Lord Treaſurer of courſe. Farewel.

LETTER

LETTER LXXXV.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. DINGLEY.

London, March 21, 1712-13.

I DINED with Lord Treaſurer to-day, and find he has been at a meeting at Lord Halifax's houſe with four principal Whigs; but he is reſolved to begin a ſpeech againſt them when the Parliament ſits; and I have begged that the miniſters may have a meeting on purpoſe to ſettle that matter, and let us be the attackers; and I believe it will come to ſomething, for the Whigs intend to attack the miniſters: and if, inſtead of that, the miniſters attack the Whigs, it will be better. And farther, I believe we ſhall attack them on thoſe very points they intend to attack us. The Parliament will be again prorogued for a fortnight, becauſe of Paſſion-week. I forgot to tell you, that Mr. Griffin has given Ppt's brother a new employment, about ten pounds a year better than his former; but more remote, and conſequently cheaper. I wiſh I could have done better, and hope that you will take what can be done in good part, and that Ppt's brother will not diſlike it.

22d, I dined to-day with Lord Steward. There Frank Anneſley (a parliamentman) told me he had heard, that I had wrote to my friends in Ireland to keep firm to the Whig intereſt; for that Lord Treaſurer would certainly declare for it after the peace. Anneſley

Anneſley ſaid twenty people had told him this. You muſt know this is what they endeavour to report of Lord Treaſurer, that he deſigns to declare for the Whigs; and a Scotch fellow has wrote the ſame to Scotland; and his meeting with thoſe Lords gives occaſion to ſuch reports. Let me henceforth call Lord Treaſurer Eltee, becauſe poſſibly my letters may be opened. Pray remember L. T. and Eltee are pronounced the ſame way. You ſee why I cannot come over the beginning of April; but as hope ſaved it is not Pdfr's fault. Whoever has to do with this miniſtry can fix no time.

23d, I dined to-day at Sir Thomas Hanmer's, by an old appointment: there was the Duke of Ormond, and Lord and Lady Orkney. I left them at ſix; every body is as ſour as vinegar. I endeavour to keep a firm friendſhip between the Duke of Ormond and Eltee. I have great deſigns, if I can compaſs them; but delay is rooted in Eltee's heart; yet the fault is not altogether there, that things are no better. Here is the curſedeſt libel in verſe come out that ever was ſeen, called The Ambaſſadreſs *; it is very dull too; it has been printed three or four different ways, and is handed about, but not ſold. It abuſes the Queen horribly. The Exa-

* 'It was intitled, The Britiſh Ambaſſadreſs's Speech to the French King; for publiſhing of which Mr. William Hart, the printer of the Flying Poſt, was tried in the Court of King's Bench, June 27, 1713, and ſentenced to ſtand twice in the pillory, to pay a fine of 50l. to her Majeſty, to be impriſoned two years, and till he ſhould pay the ſaid fine; and to find ſufficient ſureties for his good behaviour during life.'

miner

* has clear'd me to-day of being author of
ıer, and done it with great civilities to me. I
it will ſtop people's mouths; if not, they
o on and be hanged, I care not. 'Tis ter-
ıiny weather, I'll go ſleep.

ı, It rained all this day, and ruined me in
hire. I went to ſee Colonel Diſney, who is
nger. Then I viſited Lord Keeper, who was
ıer. I would not dine with him, but drove
l Treaſurer (Eltee I mean) paid the coachman
ınt in; but he dined abroad: ſo I was forced
the coachman again, and went to Lord Bo-
ɔke's. He dined abroad too; and at Lord
in's I alighted, and by good luck got a dinner
and then went to the Latin play at Weſtmin-

ıe paper is No. 35. Vol. III. and the paſſage as follows:
have been a long time laying a load upon a gentleman of the
aracter for learning, good ſenſe, wit, and more virtues, than
hey can ſet off and illuſtrate by all the oppoſition and ex-
of vice, which are the compounds of their party. He is
fully accompliſhed to be mortally hated by them, and they
l not to charge him with writing the Examiner, as if that
ſufficient revenge; in which they ſhew as little judgment as
I here pronounce him clear of that imputation; and, out
e regard to juſtice, ſtrip myſelf of all the honour that lucky
h did this paper, reſerving to myſelf the entertaining reflec-
hat I was once taken for a man, who has a thouſand other
mendations, beſides the malice of the worſt men, to make
ıved and eſteemed by the beſt: This is the ſecond time I have
ıred that party, by publicly declaring who is not the author of
aminer. I will lend them no more light, becauſe they do not
. I could only wiſh, that their invectives againſt that gentle-
ad been conſiderable enough to call forth his public reſentments;
ſtand amazed at their folly, in provoking ſo much ruin to their
Their intellectuals muſt be as ſtupid as their conſciences,
dread the terrors of his pen, though they met him with all
pite to his perſon, which they ever expreſſed againſt his
"

ſter ſchool, acted by the boys; and Lord Treaſurer, Eltee I mean again, honoured them with his preſence. Lady Maſham's eldeſt ſon, about two years old, is ill, and I am afraid will not live. She is full of grief, and I pity and am angry with her. Four ſhillings to-day in coach-hire; it won't do. Our peace will certainly be ready by Thurſday fortnight; but our Plenipotentiaries were to blame, that it was not done already. They thought their powers were not full enough to ſign the peace, unleſs every prince was ready, which cannot yet be; for Spain has no miniſter yet at Utrecht; but now ours have new orders.

25th, Weather worſe than ever; terrible rain all day, but I was reſolved I would ſpend no more money. I went to an auction of pictures with Dr. Pratt, and there met the Duke of Beaufort, who promiſed to come with me to Court, but did not. So a coach I got, and went to Court, and did ſome little buſineſs there, but was forced to go home; for you muſt underſtand I take a little phyſic overnight, which works me next day. Lady Orkney is my phyſician. It is hierapicra two ſpoonfuls, deviliſh ſtuff! I thought to have dined with Eltee, but would not, merely to ſave a ſhilling; but I dined privately with a friend, and played at ombre, and won ſix ſhillings. Here are ſeveral people of quality lately dead of the ſmall-pox. I have not yet ſeen Miſs Aſhe, but hear ſhe is well. The Biſhop of Clogher has bought abundance of pictures, and Dr. Pratt has got him very good pennyworths. I can get no walks, the weather is ſo bad.

26th, Though it was ſhaving-day, head and beard, yet I was out early to ſee Lord Bolingbroke, and talk over affairs with him; and then I went to the Duke of Ormond, and ſo to Court, where the miniſters did not come, becauſe the Parliament was prorogued till this day fortnight. We had terrible rain and hail to-day. Our ſociety met this day, but I left them before ſeven, and went to Sir Andrew Fountain, and played at ombre with him and Sir Thomas Clarges till ten, and then went to Sir Thomas Hanmer. His wife, the Ducheſs of Grafton, left us after a little while, and I ſtayed with him about an hour upon ſome affairs, *&c.* Lord Bolingbroke left us at the ſociety before I went; for there is an expreſs from Utrecht, but I know not yet what it contains; only I know the miniſters expect the peace will be ſigned in a week, which is a week before the ſeſſion.

27th, Parnell's poem is mightily eſteemed; but poetry ſells ill. I am plagued with poor Harriſon's mother; you would laugh to ſee how cautious I am of paying her the 100*l.* I received for her ſon from the treaſury. I have aſked every creature I know, whether I may do it ſafely; yet durſt not venture, till my Lord Keeper aſſured me there was no danger. Yet I have not paid her, but will in a day or two; though I have a great mind to ſtay till Ppt. ſends me her opinion, becauſe Ppt. is a great lawyer. I dined to-day with a mixture of people at a Scotchman's, who made the invitation to Mr. Lewis and me, and has ſome deſign upon us, which we know very well. I went afterwards to ſee a

famous moving picture, and I never ſaw any thing ſo pretty. You ſee a ſea ten inches wide, a town at the other end, and ſhips ſailing in the ſea, and diſcharging their cannon. You ſee a great ſky, with moon and ſtars, &c. I am a fool.

28th, I had a mighty levee to-day. I deny myſelf to every body, except about half a dozen, and they were all here, and Mr. Addiſon was one. I had chocolate twice, which I don't like. Our rainy weather continues. Coach-hire goes deep. I dined with Eltee and his Saturday company, as uſual, and could not get away till nine. Lord Peterborough was making long harangues, and Eltee kept me in ſpite. Then I went to ſee the Biſhop of Oſſory, who had engaged me in the morning; he is going to Ireland. The Biſhop of Killaloe and Tom Leigh were with us. The latter had wholly changed his ſtile by ſeeing how the Biſhops behaved themſelves; and he ſeemed to think me one of more importance than I really am. I put the ill conduct of the Biſhops about the firſt-fruits, with relation to Eltee and me, ſtrongly upon Killaloe, and ſhewed how it had hindered me from getting a better thing for them, called The Crown Rents, which the Queen had promiſed. He had nothing to ſay, but was humble, and deſired my intereſt in that and ſome other things.

29th, I have been employed in endeavouring to ſave one of your * junior fellows, who came over here for a diſpenſation from taking orders, and, in

* Mr. Charles Grattan.

ſoliciting

ſoliciting it, has run out his time, and now his fellowſhip is void, if the college pleaſes, unleſs the Queen ſuſpends the execution, and gives him time to take orders. I ſpoke to all the miniſters yeſterday about it; but they ſay the Queen is angry, and thought it was a trick to deceive her; and ſhe is poſitive, and ſo the man muſt be ruined, for I cannot help him. I never ſaw him in my life; but the caſe was ſo hard, I could not forbear interpoſing. Your government recommended him to the Duke of Ormond, and he thought they would grant it; and by the time it was refuſed, the fellowſhip, by rigour, is forfeited. I dined with Dr. Arbuthnot (one of my brothers) at his lodgings in Chelſea, and was there at chapel; and the altar put me in mind of Tiſdall's outlandiſh mould at your hoſpital for ſoldiers. I was not at Court to-day, and I hear the Queen was not at church. Perhaps the gout has ſeized her again. Terrible rain all day.

30th, Morning. I was naming ſome time ago, to a certain perſon, another certain perſon, that was very deſerving, and poor and ſickly; and the other, that firſt certain perſon, gave me 100l. to give the other, which I have not yet done. The perſon, who is to have it, never ſaw the giver, nor expects one farthing, nor has the leaſt knowledge or imagination of it; ſo I believe it will be a very agreeable ſurpriſe; for I think it a handſome preſent enough.

At night I dined in the city, at Pontac's, with Lord Dupplin *, and ſome others. We were treated

* Then one of the Tellers of the Exchequer.

by one Colonel Cleland, who has a mind to be Governor of Barbadoes, and is laying theſe long traps for me and others, to engage our intereſt for him. He is a true Scotchman. I payed the 100l. this evening, and it was a great ſurpriſe to the receiver. We reckon the peace is now ſigned, and that we ſhall have it in three days. I believe it is pretty ſure.

31ſt, I thought to-day on Ppt. when ſhe told me ſhe ſuppoſed I was acquainted with the ſteward, when I was giving myſelf airs of being at ſome Lord's houſe. Sir Andrew Fountain invited the Biſhop of Clogher and me, and ſome others, to dine where he did; and he carried us to the Duke of Kent's, who was gone out of town; but the ſteward treated us nobly, and ſhewed us the fine pictures, &c. This evening Lady Maſham, Dr. Arbuthnot, and I, were contriving a lye for to-morrow, that Mr. Noble *, who was hanged laſt Saturday, was recovered by his friends, and then ſeized again by the ſheriff, and is now in a meſſenger's hands at the Black Swan in Holborn. We are all to ſend to our friends, to know whether they have heard any thing of it, and ſo we hope it will ſpread. However, we ſhall do our endeavours; nothing ſhall be wanting on our parts, and leave the reſt to fortune.

April 1ſt, We had no ſucceſs in our ſtory, though I ſent my man to ſeveral houſes, to inquire among the footmen, without letting him into the ſecret;

* 'Richard Noble, an attorney at New Inn, executed at Kingſton, for the murder of John Sayer, Eſq; whoſe wife, the daughter of Admiral Nevill, he had ſeduced from her huſband.'

but

but I doubt my collegues did not contribute as they ought. Parnell and I dined with Dartineuf to-day. You have heard of Dartineuf: I have told you of him. After dinner we all went to Lord Bolingbroke's, who had desired me to dine with him; but I would not, because I heard it was to look over a dull poem of one parson Trap, upon the peace. The Swedish Envoy told me to-day at Court, that he was in great apprehensions about his master; and indeed we are afraid that Prince * is dead among those Turkish dogs. I prevailed on Lord Bolingbroke to invite Mr. Addison to dine with him on Good Friday. I suppose we shall be mighty mannerly. Addison is to have a play on Friday in Easter week: 'tis a tragedy, called Cato; I saw it unfinished some years ago. Did I tell you, that Steele has begun a new daily paper, called the Guardian †: they say good for nothing. I have not seen it.

2d, I was this morning with Lord Bolingbroke, and he tells me a Spanish courier is just come, with the news that the King of Spain has agreed to every thing that the Queen desires; and the Duke Ossuna has left Paris, in order to his journey to Utrecht. I was prevailed on to come home with Trap, and read his poem, and correct it; but it was good for nothing. While I was thus employed, Sir Thomas Hanmer came up to my chamber, and baulked me of a journey he and I intended this week to Lord Orkney's, at Cliffden; but he is not well, and his

* Charles the XIIth.

† 'That paper began to be published on Thursday, March 12, 1712-13.'

phyſician will not let him undertake ſuch a journey. I intended to dine with Lord Treaſurer; but going to ſee Colonel Diſney, who lives with General Withers, I liked the General's little dinner ſo well, that I ſtayed and took ſhare of it, and did not go to Lord Treaſurer till ſix, where I found Dr. Sacheverell, who told us, that the bookſeller had given him 100l. for his * ſermon, preached laſt Sunday, and intended to print 30,000; but I believe he will be confoundedly bit, and will hardly ſell above half. I have fire ſtill, though April is begun, againſt my old maxim; but the weather is wet and cold. I never ſaw ſuch a long run of ill weather in my life.

3d, I was at the Queen's chapel to-day, but ſhe was not there. Mr. St. John, Lord Bolingbroke's brother, came this day at noon with an expreſs from Utrecht, that the peace is ſigned by all the miniſters there, but thoſe of the Emperor, who will likewiſe ſign in a few days; ſo that now the great work is in effect done, and I believe will appear a moſt excellent peace for Europe, particularly for England. Addiſon and I, and ſome others, dined with Lord Bolingbroke, and ſat with him

* 'His (Sacheverell's) ſermon, preached at St. Saviour's church, in Southwark, of which he was one of the chaplains, on Luke xxiii. 34. on occaſion of the expiration of the three years ſilence impoſed upon him by the Houſe of Lords, in conſequence of his impeachment in 1702. The ſermon was publiſhed under the title of 'The Chriſtian triumph, or the duty of praying for our enemies.' In April, 1713, he was preſented by the Queen to the rectory of St. Andrew's, Holborn, which had been held *in commendam* by Dr. Thomas Manningham, with the Biſhoprick of Chicheſter.'

till

ll twelve. We were very civil, but yet when we ew warm, we talked in a friendly manner of arty. Addiſon raiſed his objections, and Lord olingbroke anſwered them with great complaiſance. ddiſon began Lord Somers's health, which went bout; but I bid him not name Lord Wharton's, or I would not pledge it; and I told Lord Bolingroke frankly, that Addiſon loved Lord Wharton s little as I did: ſo we laughed, *&c.* Well, but ou are glad of the peace, you Ppt. the trimmer, are ot you? As for D. D. I don't doubt her.

4th, This Paſſion-week people are ſo demure, ſpecially this laſt day, that I told Dilly, who called ere, that I would dine with him, and ſo I did; nd had a ſmall ſhoulder of mutton of my own eſpeaking. It rained all this day. I came home t ſeven, and have never ſtirred out, but have been eading Sacheverell's long dull ſermon, which he ent me. It is the firſt ſermon ſince his ſuſpenſion s expired; but not a word in it upon the occaſion, except two or three remote hints. The Biſhop of Clogher has been ſadly bit by Tom Aſhe, who ſent him a pun, which the Biſhop had made, and deſigned to ſend to him, but delayed it; and Lord Pembroke and I made Sir Andrew Fountain write it to Tom. I believe I told you of it in my laſt; it ſucceeded right, and the Biſhop was wondering to Lord Pembroke how he and his brother could hit on the ſame thing. I'll go to bed ſoon, for I muſt be at church by eight to-morrow, Eaſter-day.

5th, Warburton wrote to me two letters about a living of one Foulkes, who is lately dead in the county

county of Meath. My anſwer is, that before I received the firſt letter, General Gorge had recommended a friend of his to the Duke of Ormond, which was the firſt time I heard of its vacancy, and it was the Provoſt told me of it. I believe verily that Foulkes was not dead when Gorge recommended the other. For Warburton's laſt letter ſaid, that Foulkes was dead the day before the date. This has prevented me from ſerving Warburton, as I would have done, if I had received notice early enough. Pray ſay or write this to Warburton, to juſtify me to him. I was at church at eight this morning, and ſhaved and dreſſed after. I came back, but was too late at Court; and Lord Abington had like to have ſnapped me for dinner, and I believe will fall out with me for refuſing him: but I hate dining with him, and I dined with a private friend, and took two or three good walks; for it was a very fine day, the firſt we have had a great while. Remember, was Eaſter-day a fine day with you? I have ſat with Lady Worſley till late.

6th, I was this morning, at ten, at the rehearſal of Mr. Addiſon's play, called Cato, which is to be acted on Friday. There were not above half a ſcore of us to ſee it. We ſtood on the ſtage, and it was fooliſh enough to ſee the actors prompted every moment, and the poet directing them; and the drab, that acts Cato's daughter*, out in the midſt of a paſſionate part, and then calling out, what's next? The Biſhop of Clogher was there too, but he ſtood privately in a gallery. I went to dine

* 'Mrs. Oldfield.'

with

with Lord Treaſurer, but he was gone to Wimbledon, his daughter Caermarthen's country ſeat, ſeven miles off; ſo I went back, and dined privately with Mr. Addiſon, whom I had left to go to Lord Treaſurer. I keep fire yet; I am very extravagant. I ſat this evening with Sir Andrew Fountain, and we amuſed ourſelves with making if-puns for Dilly. It is rainy weather; never ſaw the like. Pray tell Swanton I had his letter, but cannot contrive how to ſerve him. If a Governor were to go over, I would recommend him as far as lay in my power, but I can do no more; and you know all employments in Ireland, at leaſt almoſt all, are engaged in reverſions. If I were on the ſpot, and had credit with a Lord Lieutenant, I would very heartily recommend him; but employments here are no more in my power than the monarchy itſelf.

7th, Morning. I have had a viſiter here, that has taken up my time. I write by this poſt to the Dean, but it is not above two lines; and one incloſed to you, but that incloſed to you is not above three lines; and then one incloſed to the Dean, which he muſt not have, but upon condition of burning it immediately after reading, and that before your eyes; for there are ſome things in it I would not have liable to accident. You ſhall only know in general, that it is an account of what I have done to ſerve him in his pretenſions on theſe vacancies, &c. But he muſt not know that you know ſo much. Don't this perplex you? what care I? But love Pdfr. Farewel, deareſt MD.

LET-

LETTER LXXXVI.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. DINGLEY.

London, April 7, 1713.

I DINED with Lord Treaſurer, and though the buſineſs I had with him is ſomething againſt Thurſday, when the Parliament is to meet, and this is Tueſday, yet he put it off till to-morrow. I dare not tell you what it is, leſt this letter ſhould miſcarry, or be opened; but I never ſaw his fellow for delays. The Parliament will now certainly ſit, and every body's expectations are ready to burſt. At a council to-night, the Lord Chief Juſtice Parker *, a Whig, ſpoke againſt the peace; ſo did Lord Cholmondeley, another Whig, who is Treaſurer of the Houſhold. My Lord Keeper was this night made Lord Chancellor. We hope there will ſoon be ſome removes.

8th, Lord Cholmondeley is this day removed from his employment, for his laſt night's ſpeech; and Sir Richard Temple, Lieutenant-general, the greateſt Whig in the army, is turned out; and Lieutenant-general Palmer will be obliged to ſell his regiment. This is the firſt fruits of a friendſhip I have eſtabliſhed between two great men. I dined with Lord Treaſurer, and did the buſineſs I had for him to his ſatisfaction. I won't tell you what it was. The Parliament ſits to-morrow for certain. Here is a letter printed in Maccartney's name, vindicating

* Afterwards Earl of Macclesfield.

himſelf

himſelf from the murder of Duke Hamilton. I muſt give ſome hints to have it anſwered; 'tis full of lies, and will give an opportunity of expoſing that party. To-morrow will be a very important day. All the world will be at Weſtminſter. Lord Treaſurer is as eaſy as a lamb. They are muſtering up the proxies of the abſent Lords; but they are not in any fear of wanting a majority, which death and accidents have increaſed this year.

9th, I was this morning with Lord Treaſurer, to preſent to him a young ſon of the late Earl of Jerſey, at the deſire of the widow. There I ſaw the mace and great coach ready for Lord Treaſurer, who was going to Parliament. Our ſociety met to-day; but I expected the Houſes would ſit longer than I cared to faſt; ſo I dined with a friend, and never enquired how matters went till eight this evening, when I went to Lord Orkney's, where I found Sir Thomas Hanmer. The Queen delivered her ſpeech very well, but a little weaker in her voice. The crowd was vaſt. The order for an addreſs was moved, and oppoſed by Lords Nottingham, Halifax, and Cowper. Lord Treaſurer ſpoke with great ſpirit and reſolution; Lord Peterborough flirted againſt the Duke of Marlborough (who is in Germany, you know) but it was in anſwer to one of Lord Halifax's impertinences. The order for an addreſs paſſed by a majority of thirty-three, and the Houſes roſe before ſix. This is the account I heard at Lord Orkney's. The Biſhop of Cheſter *, a high Tory, was againſt the Court. The Ducheſs of Marlborough ſent for

* 'Dr. Francis Gaſtrell, conſecrated to that ſee April 4, 17 3.'

him

him ſome months ago, to juſtify herſelf to him in relation to the Queen, and ſhewed him letters, and told him ſtories, which the weak man believed, and was converted.

10th, I dined with a couſin in the city, and poor Patty Rolt was there. I have got her rogue of a huſband leave to come to England from Portmahon. The Whigs are much down; but I reckon they have ſome ſcheme in agitation. This Parliament-time hinders our Court-meetings on Wedneſdays, Thurſdays, and Saturdays. I had a great deal of buſineſs to-night, which gave me a temptation to be idle, and I loſt a dozen ſhillings at ombre with Dr. Pratt and another. It rains every day, and yet we are all over duſt. Lady Maſham's eldeſt boy is very ill: I doubt he will not live, and ſhe ſtays at Kenſington to nurſe him, which vexes us all. She is ſo exceſſively fond, it makes me mad. She ſhould never leave the Queen, but leave every thing, to ſtick to what is ſo much the intereſt of the publick, as well as her own. This I tell her; but talk to the winds.

11th, I dined at Lord Treaſurer's with his Saturday company. We had ten at table, all Lords, but myſelf, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Argyle went off at ſix, and was in very indifferent humour, as uſual. Duke of Ormond and Lord Bolingbroke were abſent. I ſtaid till near ten. Lord Treaſurer ſhewed us a ſmall picture, enamelled work, and ſet in gold, worth about twenty pounds; a picture, I mean of the Queen, which ſhe gave to the Ducheſs of M———gh, ſet in diamonds. When the

the Ducheſs was leaving England, ſhe took off all the diamonds, and gave the picture to one Mrs. Higgins, (an old intriguing woman, whom every body knows) bidding her make the beſt of it ſhe could. Lord Treaſurer ſent to Mrs. Higgins for this picture, and gave her one hundred pounds for it. Was ever ſuch an ungrateful beaſt as that Ducheſs? or did you ever hear ſuch a ſtory? I ſuppoſe the Whigs will not believe it. Pray, try them. She takes off the diamonds, and gives away the picture to an inſignificant woman, as a thing of no conſequence; and gives it to her to ſell, like a piece of old-faſhioned plate. Is ſhe not a deteſtable ſlut?

12th, I went to Court to-day, on purpoſe to preſent Mr. Berkeley *, one of your fellows of Dublin college, to Lord Berkeley of Stratton. That Mr. Berkeley is a very ingenious man, and a great philoſopher, and I have mentioned him to all the miniſters, and have given them ſome of his writings; and I will favour him as much as I can. This I think I am bound to, in honour and conſcience, to uſe all my little credit towards helping forward men of worth in the world †. The Queen was at chapel to-day, and looks well. I dined at Lord Orkney's with the Duke of Ormond, Lord Arran, and Sir Thomas Hanmer. Mr. St. John, ſecretary at Utrecht, expects every moment to return there with the ratification of the peace.

* This Mr. Berkeley was afterwards the celebrated Biſhop of Cloyne.

† Swift procured him to be ſent ſecretary and chaplain to Sicily, with the Earl of Peterborough.

13th,

13th, This morning my friend, Mr. Lewis, came to me, and ſhewed me an order for a warrant for the three vacant Deanries; but none of them to me. This was what I always foreſaw, and received the notice of it better, I believe, than he expected. I bid Mr. Lewis tell my Lord Treaſurer, that I take nothing ill of him, but his not giving me timely notice, as he promiſed to do, if he found the Queen would do nothing for me. At noon, Lord Treaſurer hearing I was in Mr. Lewis's office, came to me, and ſaid many things, too long to repeat. I told him, I had nothing to do but go to Ireland immediately; for I could not, with any reputation, ſtay longer here, unleſs I had ſomething honourable immediately given to me. We dined together at the Duke of Ormond's. He there told me, he had ſtopped the warrants for the Deans, that what was done for me, might be at the ſame time, and he hoped to compaſs it to-night; but I believe him not. I told the Duke of Ormond my intentions. He is content Sterne ſhould be a Biſhop, and I have St. Patrick's; but, I believe, nothing will come of it, for ſtay I will not; and ſo I believe you will ſee me in Dublin before April ends. I am leſs out of humour than you would imagine; and if it were not, that impertinent people will condole with me, as they uſed to give me joy, I would value it leſs. But I will avoid company, and muſter up my baggage, and ſend them next Monday by the carrier to Cheſter, and go ſee my willows, againſt the expectation of all the world. What care I? Night, deareſt rogues.

14th,

14th, I dined in the city to-day, and ordered a lodging to be got ready for me againſt I came to pack up my things; for I will leave this end of the town as ſoon as ever the warrants for the Deaneries are out, which are yet ſtopped. Lord Treaſurer told Mr. Lewis, that it ſhould be determined to-night; and ſo he will ſay an hundred nights; ſo he ſaid yeſterday, but I value it not. My daily journals ſhall be but ſhort till I get into the city, and then I will ſend away this, and follow it myſelf; and deſign to walk it all the way to Cheſter, my man and I, by ten miles a day. It will do my health a great deal of good. I ſhall do it in fourteen days.

15th, Lord Bolingbroke made me dine with him to-day, (I was as good company as ever) and told me the Queen would determine ſomething for me to-night. The diſpute is Windſor, or St. Patrick's. I told him I would not ſtay for their diſputes, and he thought I was in the right. Lord Maſham told me, that Lady Maſham is angry I have not been to ſee her ſince this buſineſs, and deſires I will come to-morrow.

16th, I was this noon at Lady Maſham's, who was juſt come from Kenſington, where her eldeſt ſon is ſick. She ſaid much to me of what ſhe had talked to the Queen, and Lord Treaſurer. The poor Lady fell a ſhedding tears openly. She could not bear to think of my having St. Patrick's, &c. I was never more moved than to ſee ſo much friendſhip. I would not ſtay with her, but went and dined with Dr. Arbuthnot, with Mr. Berkeley, one of your fellows,

whom I have recommended to the Doctor, &c. Mr. Lewis tells me, that the Duke of Ormond has been to-day with the Queen; and ſhe was content, that Dr. Sterne ſhould be Biſhop of Dromore, and I Dean of St. Patrick's; but then out came Lord Treaſurer, and ſaid, he would not be ſatisfied, but that I muſt be a Prebendary of Windſor. Thus he perplexes things. I expect neither; but I confeſs, as much as I love England, I am ſo angry at this treatment, that, if I had my choice, I would rather have St. Patrick's. Lady Maſham ſays, ſhe will ſpeak to the purpoſe to the Queen to-morrow.

17th, I went to dine at Lady Maſham's to-day, and ſhe was taken ill of a ſore throat, and is aguiſh. She ſpoke to the Queen laſt night, but had not much time. The Queen ſays, ſhe will determine to-morrow with Lord Treaſurer. The warrants for the Deaneries are ſtill ſtopped, for fear I ſhould be gone. Do you think any thing will be done? I don't care whether it is or no. In the mean time I prepare for my journey, and ſee no great people, nor will ſee Lord Treaſurer any more, if I go. Lord Treaſurer told Mr. Lewis it ſhould be done to-night; ſo he ſaid five nights ago.

18th, This morning Mr. Lewis ſent me word, that Lord Treaſurer told him the Queen would determine at noon. At three Lord Treaſurer ſent to me to come to his lodgings at St. James's, and told me the Queen was at laſt reſolved, that Dr. Sterne ſhould be Biſhop of Dromore, and I Dean of St. Patrick's; and that Sterne's warrant ſhould be drawn immediately. You know the Deanery is in the

Duke of Ormond's gift; but this is concerted between the Queen, Lord Treaſurer, and the Duke of Ormond, to make room for me. I do not know whether it will yet be done; ſome unlucky accident may yet come. Neither can I feel joy at paſſing my days in Ireland; and I confeſs, I thought the Miniſtry would not let me go; but perhaps they can't help it.

19th, I forgot to tell you, that Lord Treaſurer forced me to dine with him yeſterday as uſual, with his Saturday company; which I did, after frequent refuſals. To-day I dined with a private friend, and was not at Court. After dinner, Mr. Lewis ſent me word, that the Queen ſtayed till ſhe knew whether the Duke of Ormond approved of Sterne for a Biſhop. I went this evening, and found the Duke Ormond at the Cockpit, and told him, and deſired he would go to the Queen, and approve of Sterne. He made objections, and deſired I would name any other Deanery, for he did not like Sterne; that Sterne never went to ſee him; that he was influenced by the Archbiſhop of Dublin, *&c.* ſo all is now broken again. I ſent out for Lord Treaſurer, and told him this. He ſays all will do well; but I value not what he ſays. This ſuſpenſe vexes me worſe than any thing elſe.

20th, I went to-day, by appointment, to the Cockpit, to talk with the Duke of Ormond. He repeated the ſame propoſals of any other Deanery, *&c.* I deſired he would put me out of the caſe, and do as he pleaſed. Then, with great kindneſs, he ſaid he would conſent; but would do it for no man alive but me, &c. And he will ſpeak to the Queen

to-day or to-morrow: ſo, perhaps, ſomething will come of it. I can't tell.

21ſt, The Duke of Ormond has told the Queen, he is ſatisfied, that Sterne ſhould be Biſhop, and ſhe conſents I ſhall be Dean; and I ſuppoſe the warrants will be drawn in a day or two. I dined at an alehouſe with Parnell and Berkeley; for I am not in humour to go among the Miniſters, though Lord Dartmouth invited me to dine with him to-day, and Lord Treaſurer was to be there. I ſaid I would, if I were out of ſuſpenſe.

22d, The Queen ſays warrants ſhall be drawn, but ſhe will diſpoſe of all in England and Ireland at once, to be teazed no more. This will delay it ſome time; and, while it is delayed, I am not ſure of the Queen, my enemies being buſy. I hate this ſuſpenſe.

23d, I dined yeſterday with General Hamilton. I forgot to tell you. I write ſhort journals now. I have eggs on the ſpit. This night the Queen hath ſigned all the warrants, among which Sterne is Biſhop of Dromore, and the Duke of Ormond is to ſend over an order for making me Dean of St. Patrick's. I have no doubt of him at all, I think 'tis now paſt. And I ſuppoſe MD is malicious enough to be glad, and rather have it than *Wells*. But you ſee what a condition I am in. I thought I was to pay but ſix hundred pounds for the houſe; but the Biſhop of Clogher ſays eight hundred pounds; firſt-fruits about one hundred and fifty pounds Iriſh, and ſo with a patent, &c. a thouſand pounds in all; ſo that I ſhall not be the better for the Deanery theſe three years. I hope, in ſome time, they will be

per-

perſuaded here to give me ſome money to pay off theſe debts. I muſt finiſh the book * I am writing, before I can go over; and they expect I ſhall paſs next winter here, and then I will drive them to give me a ſum of money. However, I hope to paſs four or five months with you. I received yours to-night; juſt ten weeks ſince I had your laſt. I ſhall write next poſt to Biſhop Sterne. Never man had ſo many enemies in Ireland as he. I carried it with the ſtrongeſt hand poſſible. If he does not uſe me well, and gently, in what dealings I ſhall have with him, he will be the moſt ungrateful of mankind. The Archbiſhop of York †, my mortal enemy, has ſent, by the third hand, that he would be glad to ſee me. Shall I ſee him, or not? I hope to be over in a month. I ſhall anſwer your rattle ſoon; but no more journals. I ſhall be very buſy. Short letters from henceforward. I ſhall not part with Laracor. That is all I have to live on, except the Deanery be worth more than four hundred pounds a year. Is it? Pray write to me a good-humoured letter immediately, let it be ever ſo ſhort. This affair was carried with great difficulty, which vexes me. But they ſay here, it is much to my reputation, that I have made a Biſhop, in ſpite of all the world, and to get the beſt Deanery in Ireland.

24th, I forgot to tell you I had Sterne's letter yeſterday, in anſwer to mine. I dined in the city to-day with my printer, and came home early, and

* 'The Hiſtory of the Peace of Utrecht.'

† Dr. Sharp, who, with the Ducheſs of Somerſet, prevented the Queen from giving him a Biſhopric.

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am going to be buſy with my work. I will ſend this to-morrow, and I ſuppoſe the warrants will go then. I wrote to Dr. Coghill, to take care of paſſing my patent; and to Parviſol, to attend him with money, if he has any, or to borrow ſome where he can.

25th, Morning. I know not whether my warrant be got ready from the Duke of Ormond. I ſuppoſe it will by to-night. I am going abroad, and will keep this unſealed, till I know whether all be finiſhed.

I had this letter all day in my pocket, waiting till I heard the warrants were gone over. Mr. Lewis ſent to Southwell's Clerk at ten; and he ſaid the Biſhop of Killaloe had deſired they ſhould be ſtopped till next poſt. He ſent again, that the Biſhop of Killaloe's * buſineſs had nothing to do with ours. Then I went myſelf, but it was paſt eleven, and aſked the reaſon. Killaloe is removed to Raphoe, and he has a mind to have an order for the rents of Raphoe, that have fallen due ſince the vacancy, and he would have all ſtop till he has gotten that. A pretty requeſt! But the Clerk, at Mr. Lewis's meſſage, ſent the warrants for Sterne and me; but then it was too late to ſend this, which frets me heartily, that MD ſhould not have intelligence firſt from Pdfr. I think to take a hundred pound a year out of the Deanery, and divide between * * * * but will talk of that when I come over. Night, dear MD. Love Pdfr.

26th, I was at Court to-day, and a thouſand people gave me joy; ſo I ran out. I dined with

* 'Dr. Thomas Lindſay.'

Lady

Lady Orkney. Yeſterday I dined with Lord Treaſurer, and his Saturday people, as uſual; and was ſo be-dean'd, &c. The Archbiſhop of York ſays, he will never more ſpeak againſt me, Pray ſee, that Parviſol ſtirs about getting my patent. I have given Took D. D.'s note, to prove ſhe is alive.

27th, Nothing new to-day. I dined with Tom Harley, *&c.* I'll ſeal up this to-night. Pray write ſoon.

LETTER LXXXVII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mrs. DINGLEY.

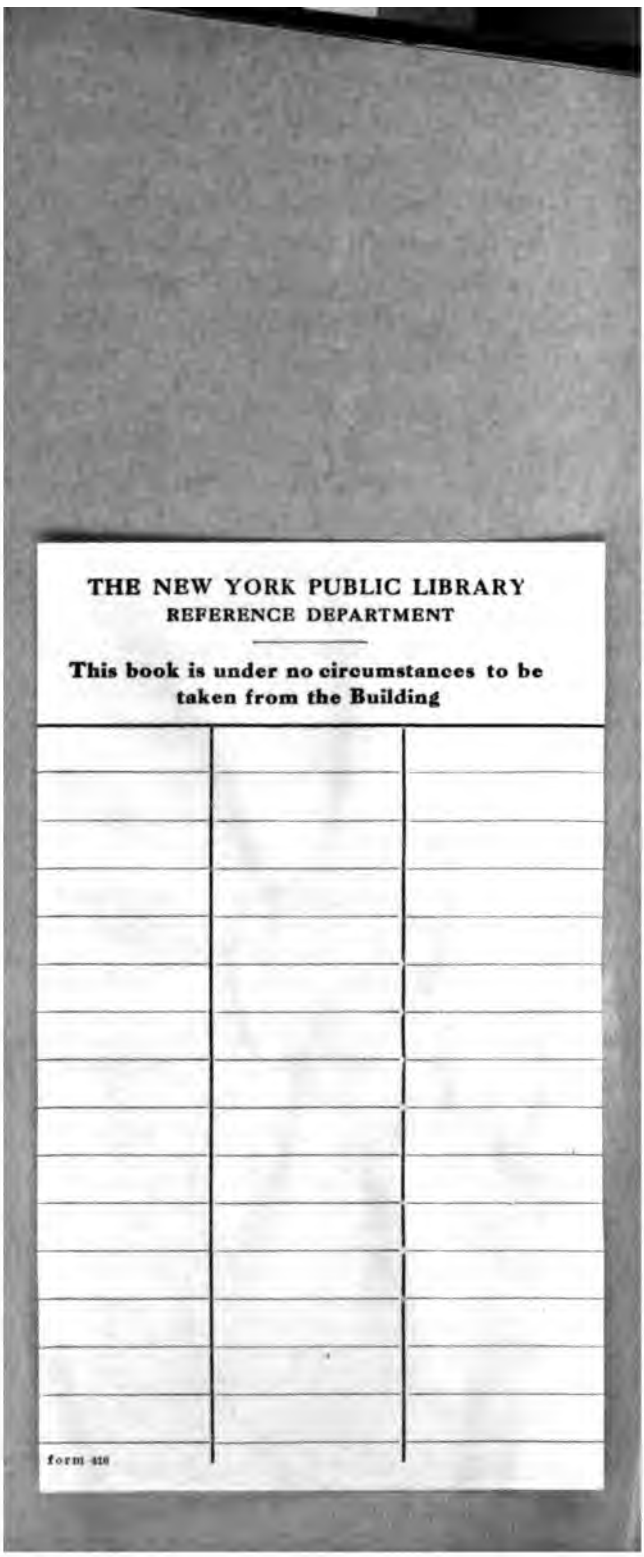
London, May 16, 1713.

I HAD your's, No. 40, yeſterday. Your new Biſhop acts very ungratefully. I cannot ſay ſo bad of him as he deſerves. I begged by the ſame poſt his warrant and mine went over, that he would leave thoſe livings to my diſpoſal. I ſhall write this poſt to him, to let him know how ill I take it. I have letters to tell me, that I ought to think of employing ſomebody to ſet the tythes of the Deanery. I know not what to do at this diſtance. I cannot be in Ireland under a month. I will write two orders; one to Parviſol, and the other to Parviſol and ——— a blank for whatever fellow the laſt Dean employed; and I would deſire you to adviſe with friends, which to make uſe of. If the latter, let the fellow's name be inſerted, and both may act by commiſſion. If the former, then ſpeak to Parviſol, and know whether he can undertake it. I doubt it is hardly to be done by a ſtranger alone, as Parviſol

Parviſol is. He may perhaps venture at all, to keep up his intereſt with me; but that is needleſs, for I am willing to do him any good, that will do me no harm. Pray adviſe with Walls and Raymond, and a little with Biſhop Sterne for form: Tell Raymond I cannot ſucceed to get him the living of Moymed. It is repreſented here as a great fine-cure. Several Chaplains have ſolicited for it; and it has vexed me ſo, that, if I live, I will make it my buſineſs to ſerve him better in ſomething elſe. I am heartily ſorry for his illneſs. I thank Mr. Walls for his letter. Tell him, that muſt ſerve for an anſwer, with my ſervice to him and her. I ſhall buy Biſhop Sterne's hair, as ſoon as his houſhold goods. I ſhall be ruined or at leaſt ſadly cramped, unleſs the Queen will give me one thouſand pounds. I am ſure ſhe owes me a great deal more. Lord Treaſurer rallies me upon it, and I believe intends it; but *quando?* I am adviſed to haſten over as ſoon as poſſible, and ſo I will, and hope to ſet out the beginning of June. Take no lodging for me; what at your old tricks again? I can lie ſomewhere after I land, and care not where, nor how. Pray think immediately, and give me ſome commiſſions, and I will perform them. You did not write to the Dean, &c. and I think you might have had a Dean under your girdle for the ſuperſcription. I have juſt finiſhed my Treatiſe *, and muſt be ten days in correcting it. Farewell, deareſt MD. Fw. Me. Lele.

* 'His Hiſtory of the Peace of Utrecht.'

END OF THE FIFTEENTH VOLUME.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